

# WESTERN GUEST JULY 1962



**FRONT  
COPY**



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# WESTERN GUEST

Published bi-monthly for the Very Special Persons who stay in Western Hotels  
Vol. 1, No. 1—July, 1962

**COVER** The Space Needle at the Seattle World's Fair is this year's most photographed vacation attraction. This cover is by Steven C. Wilson, one of America's promising young freelance photographers. Bronica, Professional Ektachrome, f.11 at 1/100th.

**SEATTLE WORLD'S FAIR** Five worlds of tomorrow, ringed by satellites of today's fun, comprise the first international exhibition in this country since 1940 . . . . . **PAGE 4**

**FIVE AT THE FAIR**, by William L. Worden A handful of characters, all with a common denominator, find the fair adds up to fun. Worden is a nationally-known writer and author who lives in Seattle . **PAGE 7**

**FASHION** A wee bit of advice—fashionwise—for the ladies who visit the Seattle World's Fair or any fair on vacation. Fashion photographs by Peter Stackpole . . . . . **PAGE 14**

**P. S. I LOVE YOU** One of the beautiful spots in the world is Puget Sound, which is the backdrop for the World's Fair . . . . . **PAGE 11**

**IN PRAISE OF FISH**, by Angelo M. Pellegrini Gourmet Pellegrini, inspired by delicacies which are "out of this world," recommends seafood to fledgling gastronomes . . . . . **PAGE 17**

**8 HINTS/4 RECIPES**, by Reinhold Keller Chef Keller, the executive in charge of cuisine at all Western Hotels, lists some specific points for preparing seafood . . . . . **PAGE 18**

**SPACE NEEDLE** A dramatic aerial photograph of the new Seattle landmark, showing its relation to the city . . . . . **PAGE 20**

**ON DRINK** Two luscious new drinks are described, complete with recipes . . . . . **PAGE 21**

**NOTES FOR NIGHTCRAWLERS**, by Emmett Watson Baseball-player-turned-sportswriter, turned-columnist Emmett Watson gives the low-down on Seattle from his vantage point on the city's morning newspaper, The Post-Intelligencer . . . . . **PAGE 22**

**FRONT!** Recommendations on Western Hotels in Seattle . **PAGE 24**

**THE MAGIC OF COLOR** Notes on interior design from the desk of Don Robbins, leading West Coast interior designer . . . . . **PAGE 26**

**EXPO-LODGING: INNKEEPER FOR AN INVASION** A unique system of reservations and accommodations is being operated in cooperation with hotels and motels for Seattle World's Fair visitors . . . **PAGE 28**

**WHO SEZ IT ALWAYS RAINS?** by Walter Rue Guest expert Rue, with an eye on the clouds and a hand on the umbrella, discloses a few amazing facts about Seattle weather . . . . . **PAGE 30**

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FAIR



WORDEN



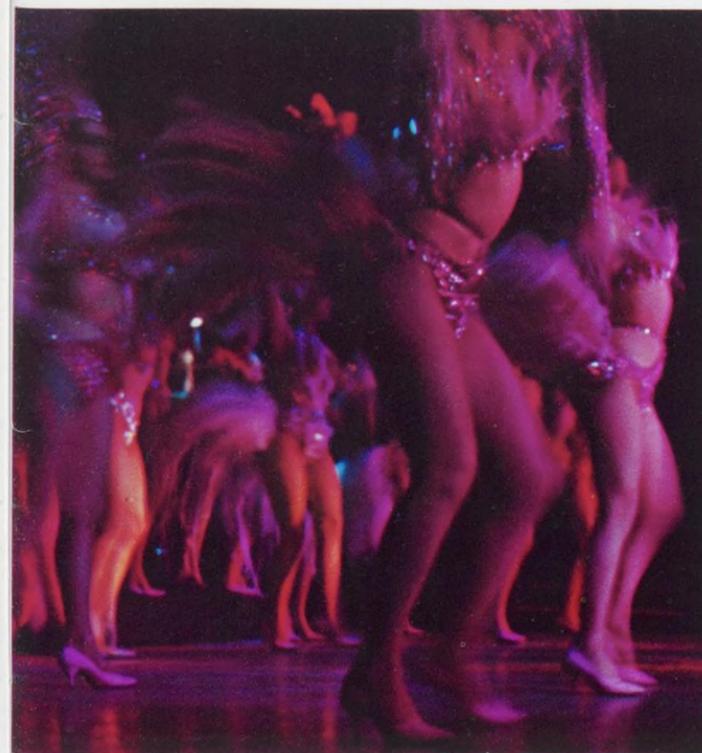
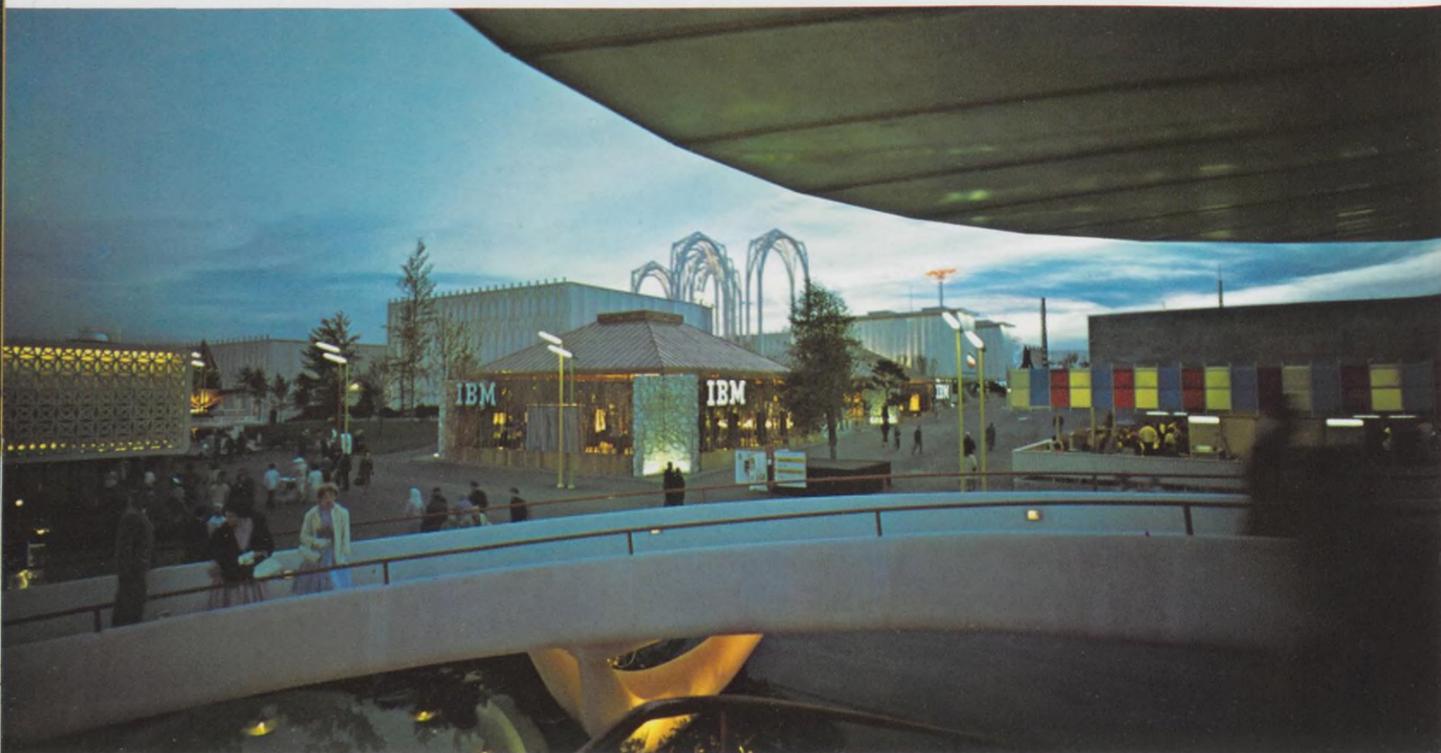
FASHION



WATSON



KELLER



From its rotating sky-high restaurant to its swivel-hipped earthy shows the Seattle World's Fair is in full swing

The parade of summer nomads, festooned with dark glasses and automatic-eye Brownies, is swarming the compact fairground for a close look at the even more shaded and automated future.

This fair is no mere slapdash of color, cuties and culture. It is a highly-refined and unexpectedly-excellent prognostication of what lies ahead in the space age. Seattle staged its extravaganza with liberal applications of quality control and that makes it a success.

However, the fun has not been overlooked.

Beyond the horizon of the five great theme "worlds" of the fair, explorers find an amusement zone which covers and uncovers everything from hot-rod rides to girls (what else is there?).

Those with unilateral interests can concentrate on Barry Ashton's production numbers *a tempo* at the lavish Paradise International or look ahead from the wings of Backstage U.S.A.

The other hemisphere of the fair is visionary—the elaborate World of Science; the exploratory World of Century 21; the wares-to-come of the World of Commerce and Industry. The World of Art presents an extensive collection of painting and sculpture, masters to moderns. And the World of Entertainment is a showbill never before been seen in so short a period of time on the West Coast.

In the delicately graceful complex of buildings encompassing the U.S. Science Exhibit, the federal government presents a sobering portfolio on science.

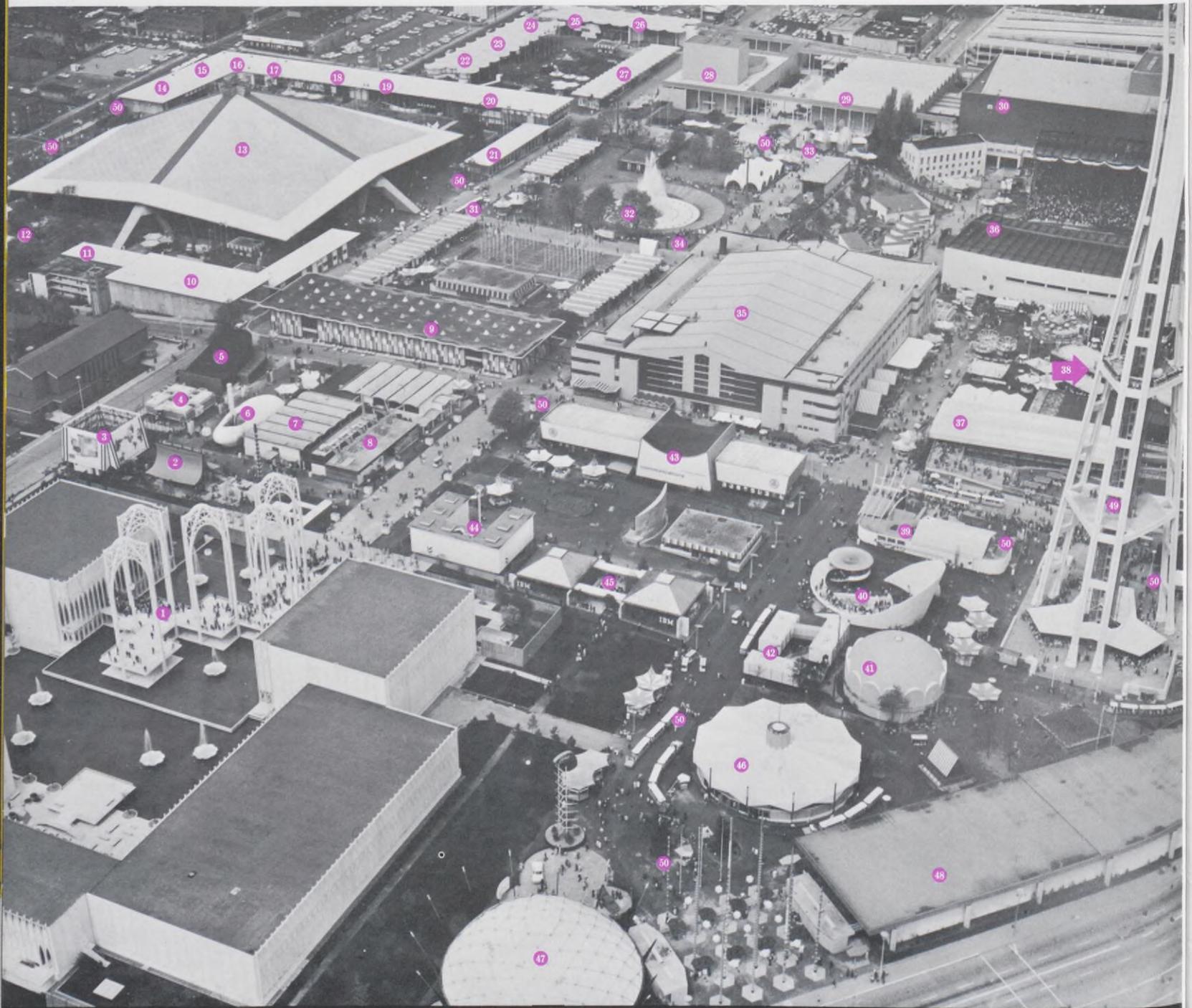
The World of Century 21—life beyond the tick of the next minute—is unfolded inside the vast pillarless Coliseum. Beholders are propelled upward into the aluminum-cube catacomb exhibit by a spherical plexiglass lift curiously called "the bubbleator."

American business make-believes about future conveniences in a dozen and more pavilions of the World of Commerce and Industry. Foreign nations—Seattle is recognized as the only international fair in the United States this decade—have spectacular displays.

The Seattle World's Fair is nearly in the heart of downtown—only 96 seconds from the crossroads corner by the monorail. It is condensed into an 80-acre site, a capsulized time-ride into the next century.

And it is perhaps the only place in the world this summer that officially recognizes there can be no next century without sex!





- |                           |                               |                 |                            |  |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------|----------------------------|--|
| 1. U. S. Science Pavilion | 13. Washington State Coliseum | 19. Canada      | 30. Opera House            | 41. Alaska Exhibit                           |
| 2. Information Center     | General Motors                | 20. Denmark     | 31. Concessions            | 42. Transport 21                             |
| 3. Bank                   | American Library Assn.        | 21. Sweden      | 32. Fountain               | 43. Bell System                              |
| 4. Home of Future         | RCA                           | 22. San Marino  | 33. Plywood House          | 44. Standard Oil                             |
| 5. Sermons from Science   | Cancer Research               | 23. Korea       | 34. Concessions            | 45. IBM Exhibit                              |
| 6. Nalley's               | France                        | 24. India       | 35. Food Circus            | 46. Gas Industries                           |
| 7. Club 21                | Pan American                  | 25. Thailand    | 36. Stadium                | 47. Ford Motor Co.                           |
| 8. Christian Witness      | 14. United Arab Republic      | 26. Philippines | 37. Monorail Terminal      | 48. Interiors, Fashion,<br>Commerce Pavilion |
| 9. Hall of Industry       | 15. Brazil                    | 27. Berlin      | 38. To Gayway, Show Street | 49. Space Needle                             |
| 10. Great Britain         | 16. European Communities      | 28. Playhouse   | 39. General Electric       | 50. Programs, Guide Books                    |
| 11. Republic of China     | 17. Japan                     | 29. Fine Arts   | 40. Electric Power Exhibit |  |
| 12. NASA Exhibit          | 18. Mexico                    |                 |                            |  |

# FIVE AT THE FAIR

by William L. Worden

The small boy had the most fun. Never had he seen as many flashing and brilliant lights as he wished, nor eaten enough hot dogs. His dream of personal transport had been limited to a go-cart powered by a lawnmower engine, his aerial activities to a hand-over-hand trip between the porch roof and a maple tree on a rope strung—so complained his mother—a hazardous 10 feet above the ground.

But one day changed all that, demolished dreams with new wonders, armed him with heady experience. For months to come, he would be able to describe to the neighborhood—the gape-mouthed and envious neighborhood—not only the business of riding his own, individual car through needle-sharp curves and precipices of a super scenic railway, but a trip on a real aerial tram car, a whisk far into the air on an elevator which rose as if it would explode through the top of a 600-foot tower and descended so fast that his ears popped. He now could say that he alone of all the neighborhood actually had driven a sports car. That's hard to top, for any 12-year-old.

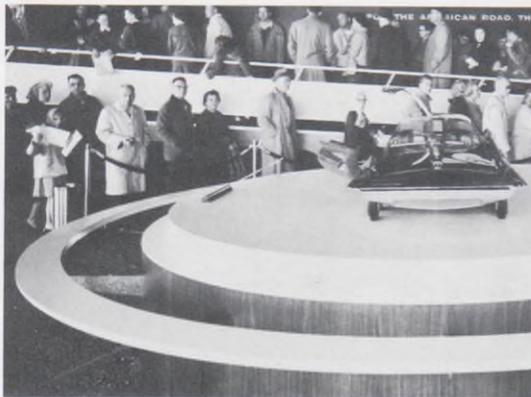
In all that day, the small boy spent no time on fountains, saw no art and not much science—although he was briefly diverted by a chance to play a pinball machine (demonstrating something about atoms) which was not reserved for adults alone. But more important was the discovery of at least one new sandwich or confection on nearly every corner.

At home, when the boy displayed a stuffed panda bear he had won with a ring toss, his elders made inexplicable sounds about “kewpie dolls” but never did explain precisely what they meant. And his grandfather was disappointed. The boy did not know whether there had been a new version of Little Egypt at the fair. And he had neglected to look at many other things which other people thought he should have seen. He had been too busy doing things, all day long.

Also, he did not feel really well. Perhaps that last foot-long frankfurter . . .

The provincial was not really in a fair-going mood. Before even seeing them, he resented the concrete pillars which now line a downtown street he remembered (and the odd trains which run on a track over them). They were new and therefore he did not expect to like them—nor the curious buildings now risen where old houses had been, nor anything which would make his own country strange to him.

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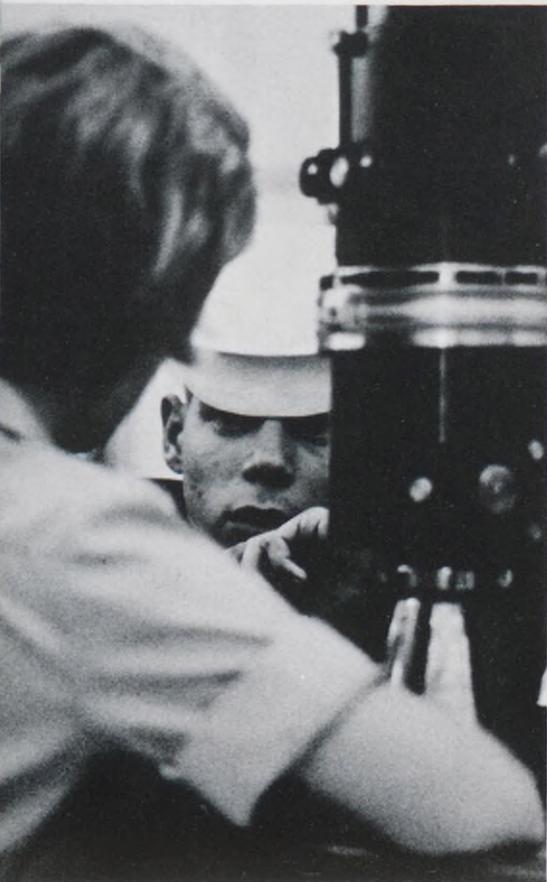




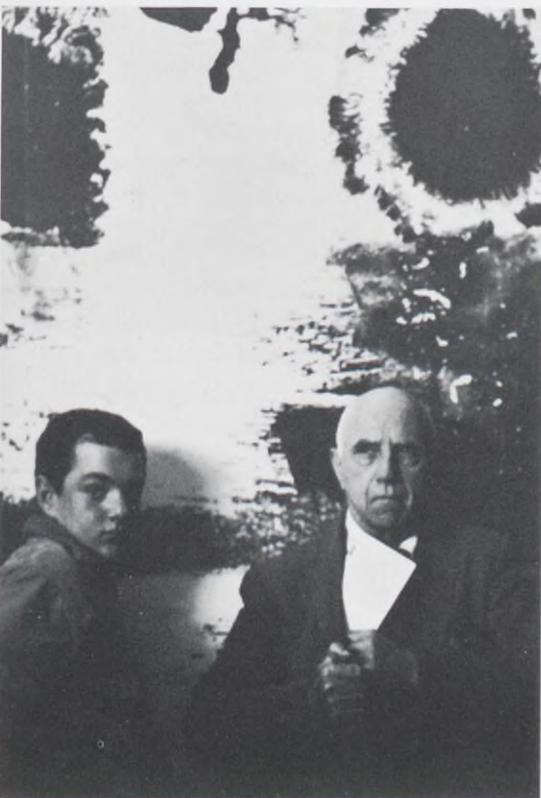
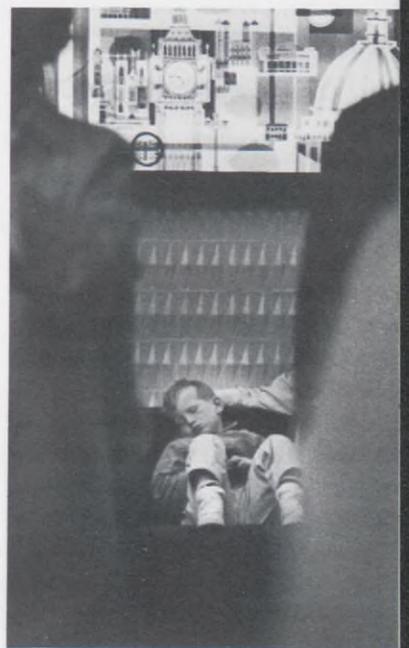
The license plates on automobiles—plates from Delaware and Mexico, Quebec and Mississippi—added to his dismay as he threaded through traffic. These belonged to outlanders. He feared for the clams on his beaches, the firs on his hillsides. But, trying not to appear curious, he sidled between clusters of pillars which formed a gateway.

He glanced at the Stadium—which he remembered as drab and tired—and found it newly painted, flanked by grass and trees. He peeked into what had been an auditorium noted chiefly for its impossible acoustics and found it completely new, pillarless, exorcised of echoes—an Opera House now justifying the name. As he walked out of it into a fountain-dominated court, he also noticed the Fine Arts building across the way and the smaller Playhouse beyond it.

The provincial was not an easy man to change. So he still frowned as he crossed the Plaza of the States, skirted another fountain, shield away from the exotic odors of the Food Circus, barely glanced at the suspended aluminum cubes in the Coliseum. Only in the courtyard of the Science Pavilion did he pause, watching pools of water, another fountain and symbolic arches. A friendly employe at his elbow said something about the beauty of the place and the provincial



ONCE THE KEYS HAVE FULLY OPENED THE DOORS THEY FIT IN  
A REALLY HUMAN CIVILIZATION WILL BE BORN



admitted it was worth seeing. "But," he said, "it's going to be a mess when these buildings come down."

"They're not coming down," said the attendant. "These are permanent; all the science buildings, the theaters, the Coliseum and the Space Needle . . . some others, too. These are what Seattle will have after the fair is ended."

Thoughtfully, the provincial found his way out another gate to a street, where presently he was quite pleasant to a tourist from Iowa, who asked directions. The tourist was grateful. He said, "That's a real fine fair over there . . . looks good."

"Yes," said the provincial, "and you should have seen it before *we* began putting it together . . . just a lot of old houses and parking lots. *We* had our work cut out."

The philosopher was a little tricky, as philosophers often are. He permitted himself to be shepherded into an odd elevator built like a bubble and dutifully followed crowds down through passageways between cubes—vistas of the future, said the Coliseum billings.

But later, in the first building of the Science Pavilion, by stepping aside at just the right moment, he managed to stay through two showings of the huge film which showed in a few minutes "the whole history of science." He was fascinated by the expansion of an



Continued, Page 10

idea on a screen—one small oblong to show the beginnings of science, then more and more oblongs to show its digressions, faster and faster changes to demonstrate its ever-increasing pace. But he could not be sure, even in two showings, whether he had been watching a history of science or a history of man, less only the factors which make man human—art, mores, laughter and kindness—and make science worthwhile.

The philosopher stopped once more, troubled, to watch a pigeon in a cage earning its dinner by pecking at the proper color of light. The pigeon apparently did not mind that a machine controlled the lights, that he could eat well only if he obeyed the machine. The philosopher was gloomy to be reminded that living things can be controlled by a bit of electronic tape. He shivered a bit about 21st century possibilities as he made his way back out into the sunshine.

But, presently, he was reassured. In and out of the Science Pavilion, mothers towed children as they always have, with complaints on both sides. In the small electric cars touring the boulevards, elderly men, as they always have, told each other too much about what they had seen at other times and other fairs. People in front of the philosopher stared upwards, as people always have at any opportunity, until the backs of their necks were sore. And people beside him sat down and rubbed their weary feet, as people undoubtedly did at the circuses in Rome. He felt considerably better about the advances of science. He stopped once more, beside a panel in a building on which, for no very obvious reason, a quotation from Wilhelm von Humboldt had been inscribed. The quotation read: "The philosophical concept, mankind, signifies merely the unconquerable power of the mind."

The philosopher was whistling as he left . . .

The traveler had been to some important places and expected, some day, to go to most of the others. In theory, he did not care for temporary palm trees, replicas of treasures or transplanted atmosphere.

Nevertheless, he, too, went through the gates and promptly was distracted by music coming from a 12-sided building. Inside the Polynesian Hut, he was back in a Hawaii he knew and liked—music featuring tuned bamboos and conch shells, a dancer who understood the hula. This could have been the Kona Coast.

Rapidly, he moved through Japanese pavilion and was again on the Tokyo Ginza, in his mind. Exhibits from Thailand, Canada, Mexico, the Philippines and Taiwan affected him similarly and even the paintings

in the art pavilion contributed to the conclusion: the countries he knew had sent their best here to be shown. He moved through a British exhibition (only the British, of all the world, would have included prosthetic devices in it) and displays from Africa, Brazil, Egypt and the European Communities. Presently, he stood with his hand on a cannon from the *Vasa*—a cannon hunter's delight taken from a Swedish ship which sank in the 17th century—and still his conclusion was valid: the transplanted atmosphere was authentic, the products and treasures were real.

The traveler was glad he had come. From the fair, he headed for a travel agency—perhaps he could get away soon to see the rest of the raised *Vasa* and a few other countries. . . .

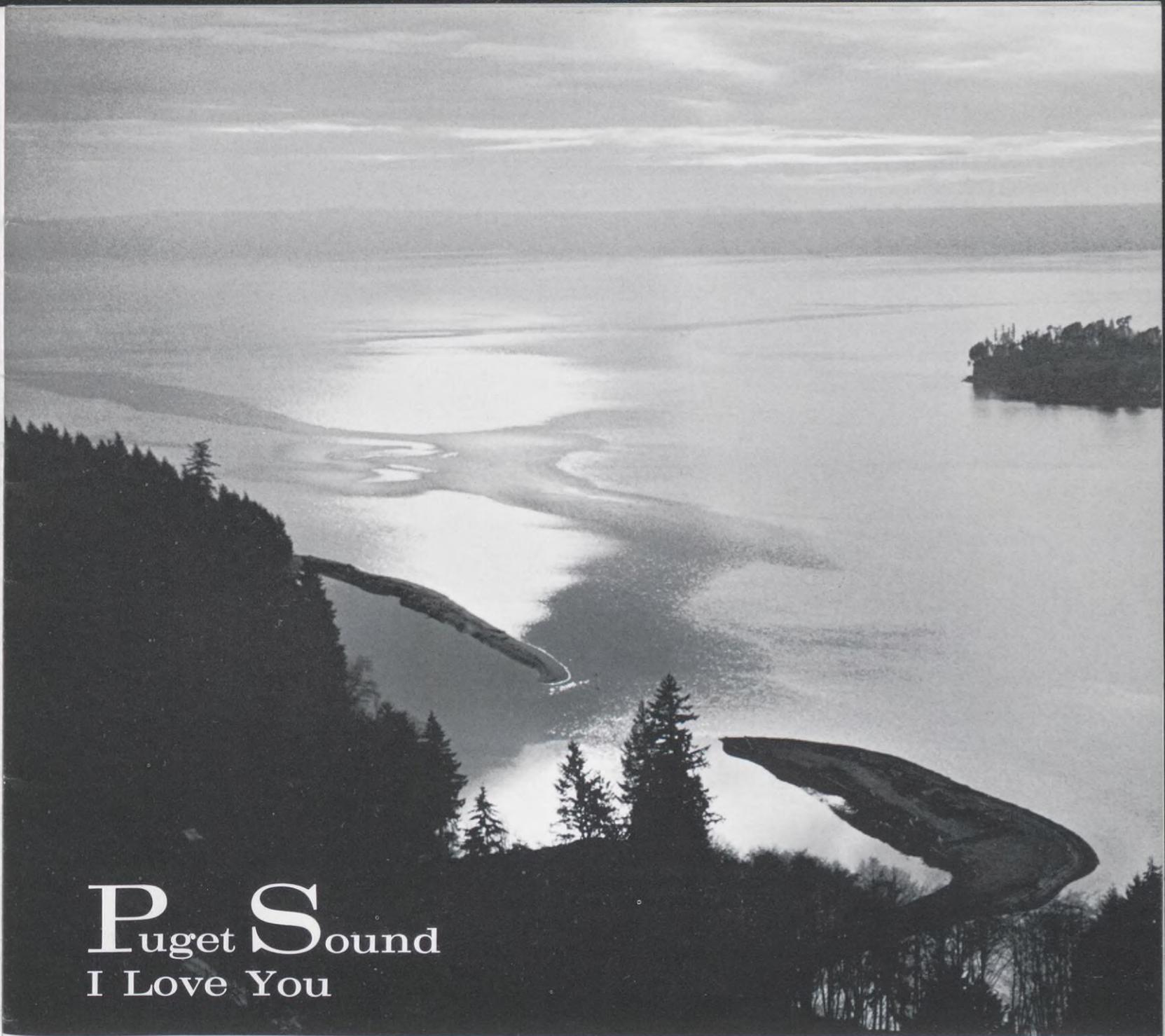
The country fellow came, wearing his best suit and with his wages in his pocket, mainly to see the girls. See them he did: some in grass skirts, some in tights, some in nothing much. Some of the girl shows pleased him and some he thought he would not describe to his aunt. But as he left the last (his money was running low), he wondered if there was something wrong with his mind. He could remember the unicyclist better than the undressed girls; he kept forgetting the details of the sensuous dances but wondering whether the smart performing dogs would be any better than his own Fido at catching rabbits in a field.

But while he waited for a hamburger at an open-air stand, a stage door opened and a girl hurried out. She wore a wrapper, rather like his mother's dressing gown, over whatever brevity constituted her costume; but her make-up had not been removed. In the sunlight, she looked younger than on the stage and not very glamorous. At the food stand, her order was the same as his and the sandwiches arrived at the same time. But she was faster than he in getting her hands around the bun. When she had it up to her mouth she looked over it at him, wrinkling her nose. She said: "Man, I'm starved. I'll bet I can eat twice as fast as you."

The country fellow knew then that he never would remember the elaborate girl shows very well, nor forget the showgirl with the wrinkling nose and the appetite. He did not care at all. . . .

In all honesty, there was no complete small boy, no whole provincial, philosopher, traveler or rustic. There were only the bits and pieces of these sometime-people which had managed to survive in one middle-aged man who went to the fair. I had fun.





# Puget Sound

## I Love You

There are as many stories in Puget Sound as there are whitecaps on its waves. There is as much beauty as there is shoreline. There are as many "ins" and "arounds" and "beyonds" as the eye can see.

Puget Sound is a dimple in the tree-whiskered chin of the Pacific North American continent. It really is an inland extension of the Pacific Ocean, salty as brine and the same temperature all year around.

Geographically, the Sound begins at Admiralty Inlet, which is south of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. It does not, as some think, run all the way out to the ocean, nor all the way north to British Columbia. It carves into the trench between the Olympic and Cas-

cade mountains as far south as Olympia.

The elements have combined to make the Sound one long water playground.

Seattle, for example, claims the largest per capita pleasure boat fleet of any city in the world. And task forces of little outboards push out from resorts around the Sound every summer day to encounter those submarine adversaries, King and silver salmon.

Huge paper mills at the strategic cities chew up the logs from the mountains beyond and roll out streamers of paper. Tiny oysters cower in the mud, hiding from fate of becoming succulent on someone's plate.

Water skiers knife through the waves, bouncing off

*Continued, Page 12*



the rubbery blobs of jellyfish. And big freighters stand outside harbors, moaning for help from the tiny tugs.

Puget Sound can be at once the lousiest place in the world and the best.

It spends the winter uncomfortably under a cloud which continuously drips from the underside. But its summers are the brightest, freshest and most radiant of any summers anywhere.

The Puget Sound country is populated by perhaps two million people and an unsung number of ducks. Those of the people-population who are not by philosophy ducks spend most of the winter bitterly complaining about the weather.

The mental-duck humans love it. In fact, they have urged on the modern scene a number of bards whose purpose is to free the world from a dampening impression of Puget Sound.

Their function is to say positively: "We like it here, so there!" And it is a fad, now, to suddenly have discovered Puget Sound—there, floating in that puddle.

But in the summer no one complains. Universally, they sigh and relax and enjoy.

Sunrises and sunsets on Puget Sound cannot be described. Early, early in the morning, the sun creeps up east of the Cascades, casting first a mauve shadow on the undersides of the cloud. It comes higher and is a burning-bright orb for a few minutes, before it climbs to become the high light of day.

And at night, it sets majestically, beautifully, pulling its delicate pastels down with it.

Beyond the shorelines is a land influenced by the moist climate—a lush forest of variegated green. First is the moss, then the ferns, then the salal and then the brambles of wild blackberries. Above that is the bark-brown and green of the trees—the cedar and fir and hemlock. And above all that is the thin blue and sharp white of the distant mountains.

The Puget Sound country is a place where people live—loving it and hating it. But above all, they *live* it.



## FASHIONS AT THE FAIR

A world's fair is no place to be footsore and fancy-cramped. So, think first of your feet. The smart gal—and the fashionable one—will build her fair-a-going wardrobe from the ground up.

Don't let the fair's promoters fool you. They have billed the Seattle World's Fair as a "compact jewelcase exhibition," but the fact remains that all the gems are spread over 80 acres. And that—like any vacation activity—means plenty of walking.

There are exciting new styles in walking footwear this season, from light and cool (and inexpensive) plastic and rubber combinations to traditional "flats."

Here are a few hints for the fair: you'll want to be dressed in your prettiest, but not your finest. Easy-to-pack, easy-to-maintain combination outfits are the best bet. You'll want to be comfortable while walking through the exhibits, but you'll also want to be in vogue for a cocktail at the Eye of the Needle restaurant or any of the other nicer lounges on the grounds. And, you'll want to be able to slip into heels for that "evening out" at the Opera House or Playhouse.

You'll find the days in Seattle are pleasantly warm. Evenings are refreshingly cool. Keep these barometer facts in mind when selecting your wardrobe.

And, finally, be sure to find the Fashion Pavilion, where there are daily fashion shows (2, 4, 6 and 8 p. m.) featuring the latest garments from 20 leading American fashion houses.

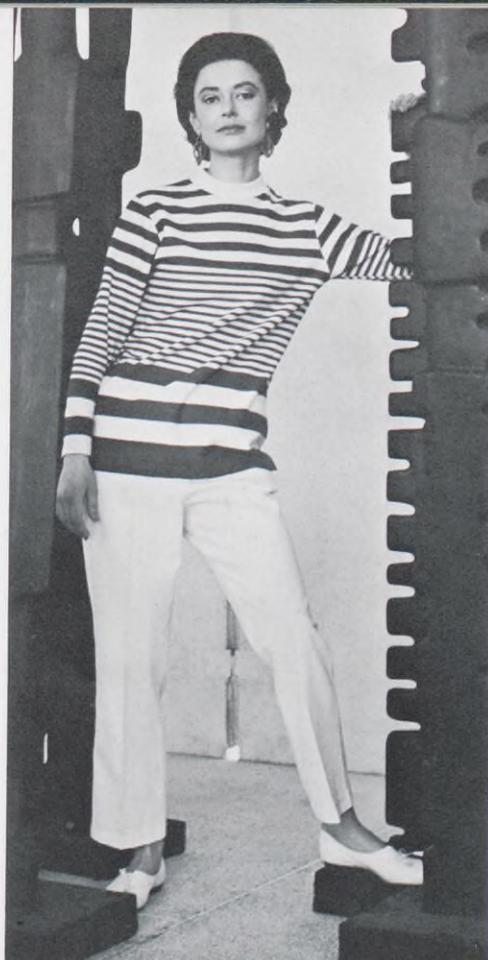


This filmy rayon georgette dress loves to go places! It is designed in brown and white zebra stripes. The merest suggestion of a sleeve enhances the bodice and skirt. Leslie Fay, \$25.





For the warmer days—this Century of Boston presentation of blouse and a white box pleated skirt, both of sharkskin. Blouse, \$7; skirt, \$8.



Jantzen combines a new striped version of the T-shirt with white duck pants for this saltwater sailing outfit. Pants, \$8; cotton knit shirt, \$6.



Perfect for the fair—world or country! A get-together blouse and softly pleated skirt by Koret of California. Blouse, \$8; skirt, \$13.

Cool and sweet and ready for a picnic or the amusement zone is this outfit by Bobbie Brooks. Cardigan \$7; shorts, \$5; blouse, \$4.

A good basic outfit for the fair—white pleated skirt, sweater and cardigan, all by Garland. Skirt, \$13; sweater, \$10; cardigan, \$12.

There are no mermaids in the pools at the Science Pavilion, but Uncle Sam let this model show off a Rose Marie Reid swimsuit, \$30.





# front!

SALUTE TO MAGNIFICENT  
SEATTLE WORLD'S FAIR



VSP  
SERVICE  
HIGH  
in the  
SKY



FROM THE  
CHAIRMAN  
OF THE BOARD



Here it is... a brand new FRONT! wrapped in an equally new Western Guest. We designed the package this way for a purpose. *Western Guest* is primarily published as a valuable communication from us to the people who stay in our hotels. In its pages every two months we will tell our guests about the scenic, recreational and entertainment attractions in the areas where we operate. We also plan to write about many other features of interest to the traveller—food, fashions and, of course, lodgings.

FRONT! has been bound into *Western Guest* because we think it's important that you and your families be fully informed also. Every one of you is a salesman for Western Hotels and the communities in which we operate.

All of us can serve the public better if we are informed—if we can do a good job of selling our communities, our hotels and ourselves.

Not as much space is devoted in each issue to all the hotels. This issue features the properties in the Puget Sound Area, but subsequent editions will play up your region.

We'd like to see "Going Western" packed with news about you. This isn't a job for a handful of correspondents. We need your help to make this department a success. If you have any news, please pass it on to your correspondent listed on this page.

Good luck!

S. W. THURSTON  
Chairman of the Board of Directors

# front!

A bi-monthly publication written and edited for employees of Western Hotels

## COVER

The beautiful decor of the Eye of the Needle is matched by the attractiveness and competence of its personnel. Handsome uniforms complete the picture. From left, John White, restaurant manager; Laura Templeton, waitress; Rene Schiess, chef, and Bonnie Nelson, waitress. Inset, this color "clock" quickly identifies location of the customers.



## EYE OF THE NEEDLE . . . . . Page C

High above Seattle's Puget Sound, lakes and impressive skyline, Western's employees provide VSP service to World's Fair guests.



## OLYMPIC DOLLS UP FOR FAIR . . . . . Page F

Things are humming at the Olympic Western Hotel. In tune with the Fair, the Marine Room was redone to feature big name entertainment.



## EDMOND MEANY AND MONARCH . . . . . Page G

Meany employees extend hand of welcome to Seattle World's Fair guests while the Dominion Monarch offers visitors resort living afloat.



## "WE HAVE A BIG JOB" . . . . . Page H

Edward E. Carlson, president of Western Hotels, Inc., and one of the charter Fair boosters, describes our responsibilities.

## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND MONORAIL . . . . . Page I

Employees of the Ben are in an ideal location to welcome visitors to the Pacific Northwest, Seattle and Western Hotels.



## GOING WESTERN . . . . . Page J

What's going on in your hotel? Interesting tidbits about Western's hotels and the people who make them the best anywhere.



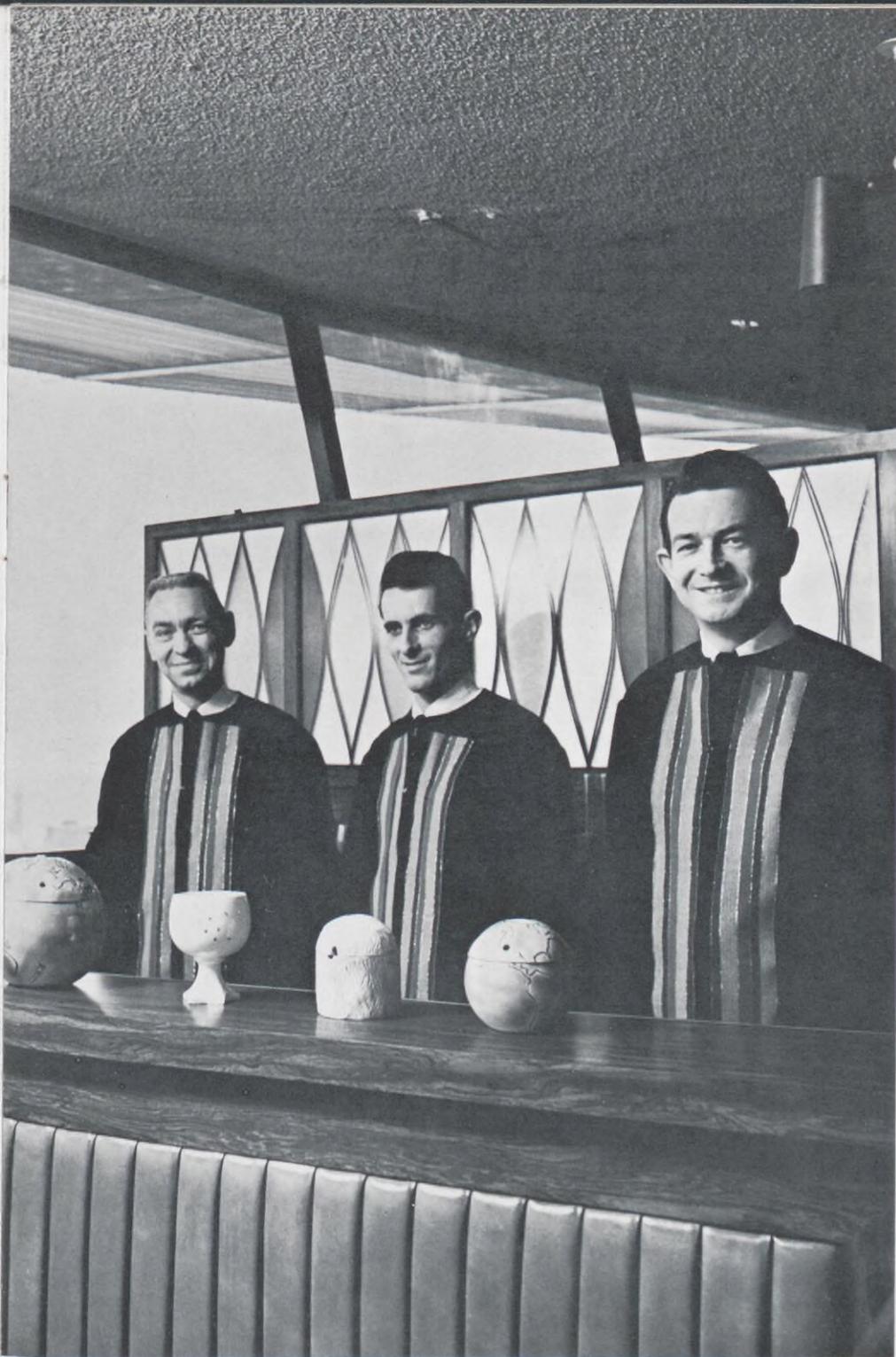
## DRINKS OF THE MONTHS . . . . . Page L

You'll be offering cool ones to your guests this summer. Imaginative recipes help foster Western's reputation as good mixers.

# front! CORRESPONDENTS

This is the list of FRONT! correspondents. Please get in touch with your correspondent if you have any news for your magazine:

Alameda, Ken Mallory—Anchorage-Westward, Brent MacDonald—Bannock, Richard Fisher—Bayshore, Fred Oakley—Benjamin Franklin, Betty Bowen and Cornell Schwan—Benson, Jean Rhine—Boise, Gail Atkins—Cascadian, Ray Eakins—Cosmopolitan, Doug Richards—Davenport, Gayle Jewell—Edmond Meany, Dwight Call—Finlen, Bob Wilhelm—Georgia, Michael Lambert—Guatemala Hotels, Dianne Benford—Leopold, Trudy Peters—Marcus Whitman, Bea Boatman, Elzada Saunders—Maurice, John N. Grant—Multnomah, Hal Carey—Northern, Allan Woodrow—Oasis, Ruth Avery—Olympic, Sylvia Froula—Owyhee, Kaye Spicka—Rainbow, Esther De Vault—St. Francis, Lesley Thomson—Sir Francis Drake, Harry M. Payne—Winthrop, Jennie Richards. ■ INDUSTRIAL DIVISION: Seattle, Adolph Hoch and Russ Kozak—Montana, Chuck O'Leary—South Dakota, Don Mickey—North Dakota, Frank Meyer—Missouri, Ray Olson—Western Hotels Executive Office, Sylvia Froula.



Bartenders Ralph Pipkin, Fernando Pedrini and Dick Heidorn stand behind the Eye of the Needle bar on which appear the specialty glassware being used.

# VSP SERVICE HIGH in the SKY

Western Hotels scored another exciting first when it opened the Eye of the Needle Restaurant 500 feet above ground in what has become the symbol of Seattle World's Fair—the lofty Space Needle. The handsome dining room is the most elevated restaurant in western United States. From this sky high location, guests savor the breath taking magnificence of Puget Sound's spectacular scenery while they enjoy very special person service. Design, decor, menu and quality of food combine to make the Eye of the Needle a quality restaurant. The exterior ring of the restaurant revolves a complete turn every 60 minutes—thus giving the 300 guests a changing view of the scenery.



Waitress Rose Asselin leaves the kitchen with a tray of food. Note the novel "clock" in the upper right-hand corner that indicates the location of her revolving customers.

This numbered lamp is used to make it easy for the waitress to locate her customer at the Eye of the Needle Restaurant.



# Careful Planning Pays Off

The Eye of the Needle provides excitement and drama but at the same time its elevation and design presented perplexing problems to Western Hotels. For example, the very fact that the restaurant is located 500 feet above the city raised some interesting questions of service and supply. Its circular shape, daring and novel in concept, brought out confounding problems of fitting equipment into place. And lastly, the rotation of the dining platform also necessitated writing a new book on how to serve customers who do not remain in the same location.

The unusual height of the restaurant presented twin difficulties—supply and service. Elevators to supply the lofty restaurant—at least for the duration of the Fair—may be used for service between midnight and 10:00 a. m. only—a decidedly limiting factor. Thus, all supplies for the day are delivered and all servicing completed during those few hours. Thereafter the three lifts are used exclusively for transporting visitors.

Because space limitations created storage difficulties and delivery of supplies is curtailed to non-visiting hours, a precise estimate of the day's needs was even more vital for the manager of the Eye of the Needle than for the operator of a more conventionally situated restaurant. No last minute or rush deliveries may be counted on to handle emergencies at the Eye.

The circular shape also created puzzling problems. Only the outer 14 foot rim of the restaurant level rotates, leaving a circular stationary platform 66½ feet in diameter for kitchens, service and reception area. Incredible ingenuity was required to fit the rectangular and straight lined equipment into the curves of the circular cooking area of the elevated restaurant.

The third major problem which differentiates the Eye of the Needle from other restaurants is its rotation. Although the motion is extremely slow—only about 10 feet in three minutes—the problems involved were certainly unique. The kitchen, of course, is stationary while the dining area revolves about it. And though the guests enjoy the grandeur of the fabulous view slowly sweeping past, the waitresses keep track of their rotating customers. This is accomplished through the ingeniously designed colored "clock" seen on the front cover and the use of numbered lamps on each table.

Credit for the unusual decor in the Eye of the Needle belongs to Don Robbins, senior designer and Chester Perala for Western Service and Supply Company, and their staff.



A summit conference is held at the Eye by, from left Harry Wolfsen, Souvenir and Gift Shop manager; Jack Borg, manager of the Space Needle; Harry Mullikin, assistant vice president of Western Hotels and director of the Food and Beverage department, and Larry Morris, assistant manager of the Space Needle. Total staff averages 360.

Here are three of the fourteen hostesses at the Eye of the Needle. From left, Ruth McFarland, Iva Hardy and Nadine Grimes. Costumes point up the space theme.





Two views of the highly efficient kitchen in the Eye of the Needle. Top, Mrs. Nobu Miyake prepares vegetable salads while Evan Campbell carves a prime rib of beef roast. Below, a view of circular kitchen showing refrigerators, ranges and other highly efficient equipment.



## OLYMPIC SPRUCED UP FOR FAIR VISITORS

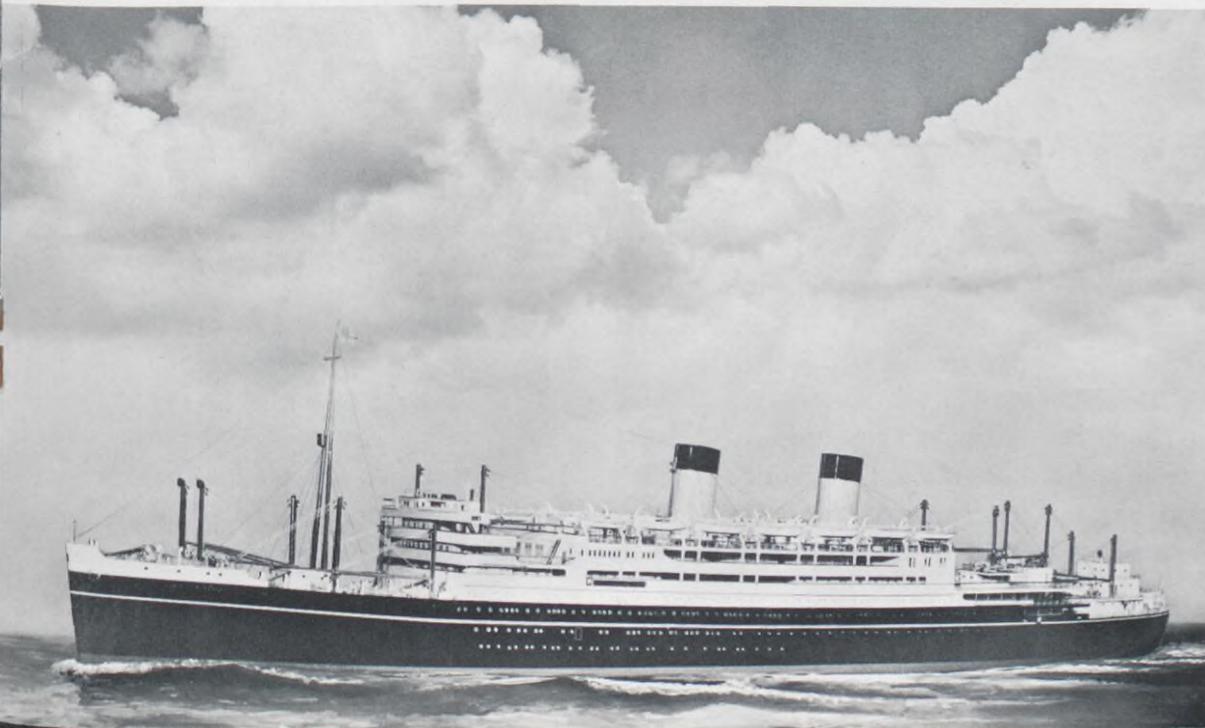


A striking change in the Olympic Western Hotel's Marine Room typified preparations for the influx of Fair guests. Renamed the NEW MARINE ROOM, this well known lounge and restaurant now features top-name entertainment six nights a week. Such performers as The Brothers Four, Somethin' Smith and the Redheads, and Jonah Jones are playing to capacity crowds from a new stage located in place of the old familiar horseshoe bar. This publicity photograph of the NEW MARINE ROOM shows a number of Olympic Hotel employees posing as happy customers. Perhaps you recognize: (seated l. to r. at the bar): Bob Rieflin, Norm Lavin, Merreyle Smiley, Bob Thompson (back to camera), Bob Lindquist and Charles Comstock (hidden by mike). Bartender is Louis Hoelzl. Seated just below this level are (l. to r.) Jim Howard, Louis Carras and Sharon Davidson. Being served by Waiter Lucas Gamoules is Joni Johnston. In the foreground, Jacqueline Plonsky, a professional model, is being "escorted" by Erick Pederson. Bonnie Vale, one of the several acts that opened THE NEW MARINE ROOM is on stage with "guitar player" Ted Gravelle! The room is attracting capacity crowds.

## EDMOND MEANY IMPORTANT LINK IN FAIR HOUSING



Manager Dwight Call practices the Edmond Meany's friendly Fair information services for guests on a friend, Mark Margueling, Mrs. Call and their children, Debbie and Gregg. The hotel's location provides an excellent view of, and easy access to, the fair.



Shipboard housing is offered Seattle World's Fair visitors aboard the Dominion Monarch. They enjoy swimming, badminton, shuffleboard and ping pong. Three lounges, beautiful salons featuring live music and all the glamour of a cruise ship make this an attractive addition to the Fair. The Dominion Monarch is operated by Western Hotels. Charles Indermuehle is manager.

# “WE HAVE A BIG JOB TO DO”

By EDWARD E. CARLSON

President, Western Hotels Inc.

Early this year I talked about our “House of Friendship”—about my hope that this philosophy would become a way of life in all of our hotels.

It's comparatively easy to be “friendly” when occupancy is down. The real test comes during the busy times and especially when we have the disagreeable job of saying “no” to a person who wants a room or a table in one of our restaurants.

In this summer of 1962, we are bulging at the seams in many of our properties. The combination of conventions and the Fair makes it impossible to take care of all our friends. All of you should be complimented on the mature, understanding way you are handling a difficult situation. During the summer months ahead of us, the situation will become even more complicated.

How we say “no” is important. Of course we're harassed, often over-worked and the tendency is to be abrupt. Several years ago the standard reply to a request for unobtainable service was “After all, there's a war on, you know.” I sincerely hope that no Western Hotels employee makes the fatal error of saying “After all, there's a Fair on.”

Take time to explain the situation

to the customer when it is humanly possible to do so. Offer to help him. Suggest other accommodations and direct him to them. Keep your temper even if the customer loses his. Remember, you are a host and you have a great deal at stake.

The first part of these remarks is directed mostly to the people working in the Seattle area because they have the biggest burden to shoulder.

I say “burden,” but that's not entirely correct. Let's not look at it as a “burden.” Here is a wonderful opportunity to show our wares to thousands of people who can become our salesmen when they return home.

## “THEY MUST RETURN”

This opportunity is shared by you who work in Alaska, British Columbia, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana and Colorado. This year thousands of men, women and children are visiting the West for the first time. Their principal objective is Seattle and the World's Fair, but it is expected that many of them will take side trips to other points

of interest in the West. It is not inconceivable that a few will include Mexico in their itinerary.

They must return. We, and other residents of the West should engrave this slogan in our minds.

Wherever these visitors stop, they should leave the community with the feeling that Western hospitality is not an empty phrase. Sometimes it just takes a smile and a few cheerful words from a waitress or bellman to make these visitors feel that they are really welcome.

We want these visitors to return. We want them to be so enthusiastic in their praise of this region that they will tell their friends, relatives and neighbors about the wonderful time they had out here.

Selfishly, perhaps, I hope that they include Western Hotels in their praise. I would like to hear these visitors describe us as good hosts and I would hope that they would recommend that others stay in Western Hotels in their vacation trips to the West.

If this happens, the efforts of all of us will have been worthwhile. Long after the Fair has closed, all of us will receive the benefits of a little bit of extra attention expended during the summer and fall of 1962.

It certainly is worth the effort.



Dressed in colorful Benjamin Franklin costume, Doorman Nicholas Jacklin greets guests in the shadow of the monorail. Note the new canopy that quickly identifies the Benjamin Franklin Hotel to the thousands of World's Fair visitors. New redcoats prevail inside, too.

# GOING WESTERN



## BANNOCK

— recently celebrated the grand opening of its new Motor Inn. Coincidentally, there has been a general face lifting, including remodeling of the coffee shop, the addition of an NCR 4200 posting machine at the front desk and a new switchboard. Dave Jones, assistant manager, has been transferred to the Industrial Division; Dick Fisher is the new front office manager. Darrell Sorenson and Mike Spratt are new desk clerks.



## BAYSHORE

— is now in its second year. Since its opening, the Bayshore has added the Mai Tai Room, an extension of Trader Vic's, a heated swimming pool, a meeting room area that will accommodate 1100, the Terrace Grill and Snack Bar overlooking the gardens and The Captain Vancouver Room, a new cocktail lounge. Latest addition is a helicopter service operating from the Bayshore dock to Vancouver airport...right, Doorman Scotty helps Marcia Mathers cut the Bayshore's birthday cake.



## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

— Manager Don Allison arrived just in time to supervise the changing of old-to-new furniture in the final 60 room redecorated under Housekeeper Lillian LaChapelle and her girls...left, Bodo Lemke, manager of the Key 'n Kite, and Judie Lewis, hostess, tour the fair grounds with Mrs. Maxine B. Scott, right, director of personnel services at the Christian Pavilion...



## BENSON

— When the new air-conditioning equipment arrived, it was necessary for police to shut off traffic on Broadway for 12 hours so that it could be hoisted the 14 stories to the top of the building. Result: Every one of The Benson's 346 saleable rooms is now air-conditioned... Max Birnbach is selling a lot of strict kosher functions since Joe Callihan, general manager, bought him \$2,500 worth of china and silver which can be used only for that purpose...The Benson's ad program won a first prize in the Oregon Ad Club's annual competition...Peter Egner, manager of the London Grill, is happy these days. Hans Peter Kuester, his 15-year-old nephew who fled East Germany the day before the Russians closed the border, is with him in Portland...Lee Jenks, executive assistant manager, honeymooned in Hawaii...

Right, the Benson is in good hands around the clock, but it takes a particular talent to handle the wee small hours. This is where Joseph J. Day, left, night auditor and Melvin Schlaht, night manager, shine.



## DAVENPORT

— Hotel Day found Washington State University students with department heads here, learning what it's like to work in a hotel. From left, Jim Thompson, laundry manager; Rod Anderson and Chris Aspal, students; Ed Quaschnik, engineer; Bob Boy, students, and Assistant Manager, Ralph Harding.

## FINLEN

— Among the friendly new faces at the Friendly Finlen are those of Aaron Begelli, chef from the Ben Franklin, and Frankie Heffron, whose honky tonk music is heard in the Gun Room while Dick Bailey is on tour...style shows are being presented at the Finlen — to the delight of the men as well as the women.



## GEORGIA

— Jack Evans, left, head bartender, recently won first prize in the first all-Canada bartenders' competition. His creation, "The Cross-bow" competed with 30,000 recipes...right, Miss Barbara Rattenbury of the reservations department, was in the finals as candidate for Vancouver's Miss Board of Trade.



## OLYMPIC

— Robert S. Thompson, left, has been appointed director of sales, succeeding Don Allison, now manager of the Benjamin Franklin. A native of Spokane, Bob attended the University of Washington and served with the Signal Corps for three years. He has been with Northwest Orient Airlines for the past 17 years in Spokane, Great Falls and Honolulu. For the past two years he has been district sales manager in Seattle...Norman Lavin, an Olympic employee for 30 years, has been named executive assistant manager in charge of food and beverage. As catering manager, Norm has managed most of the city's most important functions.

## ST. FRANCIS

— recently loaned the City of San Francisco more than \$2,000 worth of flags from its collection of over 80 national flags. They were run up the flagpoles in the Civic Centre. It all happened when The Chronicle decided to run a photograph and it was discovered the city had no flags large enough to fit the new flagpoles...Four members of the Soviet Women's Committee stayed here on the invitation of Bay Area women who made the trip to Russia two years ago...David Plant has been promoted from the position of assistant general manager to resident manager.

## Drinks of the Months

To the right are our featured drinks for the months of June and July, top to bottom, the Panorama Punch and Gimlet on the rocks. By design they are both quenching, gin-based coolers for thirsty guests who may prefer something more than the usual water or soda mixtures.

The Panorama Punch is a featured drink in Western Hotel's managed, Eye of the Needle restaurant, perched atop the Space Needle at the Seattle World's Fair. In the Eye of the Needle it's served in a slightly different glass, but this number 16, chimney glass is more common to all our hotels and you can assure everyone that the recipe is exactly the same.

If they can't enjoy one in its natural state, what better idea than to enjoy one at your establishment.

The Gimlet on the rocks may be a familiar call to some of you. Certainly the Gimlet is a popular drink. In appreciation of the warmer months we've splashed it over ice to give it an added and longer lasting chill and it should please those who like a simple but really cold cocktail. And for those guests who ask, we don't know why it's called a Gimlet, but we do know that it has been a popular cooler in the romantic lands of the Middle and Far East for a long time.



# IN PRAISE OF FISH

by Angelo M. Pellegrini



Oh, for a muse of fire that would ascend the brightest heaven of invention! Then would I sing, as I should like to sing, in praise of—fish!

“Of fish!” you say, recoiling a little in gastronomic amazement.

“Of fish, indeed!” is my reply: “of all the abundant food in its infinite variety which is the gift of the sea to man, I sing as lustily as I may.”

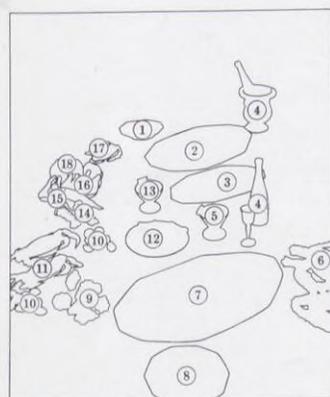
And as you read this song of praise, think not unkindly of me if you detect in it a note of bias in favor of the seafood found in the waters of the Pacific Northwest and the Puget Sound country. This is *my* land. I chose it years ago when I left the Old World. I love its bracing air. I love its amplitude. I love its rugged, virginal beauty. I love its bounty. I love its many waters and the good things for the palate and the stomach therein to be found. I sing, therefore, in their praise. They are all to be found in the shops along Seattle’s waterfront, and in the fine restaurants from Oregon to British Columbia. Go and see and admire

and then taste: the sweet and juicy crab of Dungeness and its giant relative, the King from Alaskan waters; the microscopic delicacy known as the Olympia oyster—and the larger, meatier one from Willapa Bay; the King and sockeye and silver salmon—the beeves of the sea; the huge, white halibut, chicken-like in texture; the gamy sturgeon from the Columbia and the Chehalis!

Are you yet gastronomically enkindled? Are you yet salivating, you slighted citizens of a less blessed land? Oh, there are many more in these many waters! There are the various trout from mountain and lowland lakes and from the icy streams; there are the catfish and the shad and the crayfish; there is the tiny, pink shrimp, sweet and tangy, that you may buy and eat as you would peanuts, while your eyes take in the splendor of the waters and the mountains beyond; there are the clams and the cods and the perch and the sole: and these with a bit of shellfish may be combined into that delightful harmony of flavors of French origin—the *Bouillabaisse*; or into *Cioppino*, its Italian equivalent.

“Mere fish,” you say. “Not food for the feast. It is outranked on festive occasions by thick steaks and chops and fowl—even by casserole dishes. It is seldom served as the main course at dinner parties; and rarely does one order fish when one dines out. Mere fish!”

True. Like the small beer and humble pie of old, fish is regarded as a poor man’s dish. It is eaten now and then with some reluctance, as a moral duty on Friday, as if eating fish were an act of penance! What a pity that even the lowliest bottom fish should be so slighted! And what a further pity that it should be so often desecrated in the kitchen and brought to the table with little else than its fishy smell to recommend it to the palate. One wonders whether this is a consequence of



1. Bouillabaisse
2. Halibut—decorated
3. Poached halibut fillets
4. White wine
5. Alaska shrimp cocktail
6. Alaska King crab
7. Baked salmon—decorated
8. Crab legs St. Denis
9. Willapa oysters
10. Clams
11. Dungeness crab
12. Willapa oysters on half shell
13. Olympia oyster cocktail
14. Lobster tails
15. Mountain trout
16. Salmon steaks
17. Dungeness crab
18. Halibut steaks

Continued, Page 18

the low esteem in which it is held. In any case, it is too often fried in cheap, over-worked fat; or boiled and baked ruthlessly without even the elementary condiments; or grilled dry; or dipped in a cement-like paste and fried in deep fat.

What a pity, I say, that fish should be in such ill repute and cooked so often with so little imagination. For it is, in fact, a food of indubitable status, nutritionally and gastronomically; and it is possible so to prepare it that one may bring it to the table as a main course fit for the most discriminating palate. Do you doubt it?

Listen! What fish require are herbs; light, tangy, sauces; good olive oil and butter, in discreet measure; and fine, *dry* white wine. It was said by a wise man long ago that, since fish thrives in water, it must be drowned in wine. The imperative applies both in the kitchen and at the table. Twice drowned in wine: once in the skillet and again in the stomach. That is the blessed end of fish. Believe an old pro and accept this as gospel. I wouldn't lead you astray.

No! For I write as I remember filets of cod at vintage time when the new wine was drawn from the fermenting vats; I remember how Mother broiled them over live coals, and how she basted them as they broiled, using sprigs of bruised rosemary and parsley dipped in white wine to which she had added salt and pepper and crushed garlic and lemon juice; I remember the basting as a benediction, first on the one side and then on the other; I remember the aroma that came to our nostrils as the juices spurted on the coals; and I remember the joy with which we ate them and floated them to their rest on stout draughts of last year's wine... Are you salivating? Or must I continue?

Very well! Poach a salmon steak in a bit of California Chardonnay. Spread it lightly with parsley and garlic and capers and mushrooms sauted in butter. Salt and pepper and simmer with a spray of lemon juice. Serve hot with a bottle of chilled Chardonnay or Folle Blanche or Riesling—or any of the light, dry, fruity California white wines. Avoid water as you would the plague. For oh—the abomination! The gastronomic horror of a nicely done piece of fish washed into the viscera with ice water!

No! I would not lead you astray! Were there world enough and time; and had I a muse of fire that would ascend the brightest heaven of invention—then I would sing, as I should like to sing, in praise of fish. And make you drool for the blessings that lurk in the clean waters of the Puget Sound country, land that I love.



## 8 HINTS • 4 RECIPES

by Reinhold Keller

If you are like most people, you can get more enjoyment out of seafood with a little attention to a few simple suggestions. Probably the most general suggestion I can make regarding seafood is *do not overcook it*.

Another hint is to buy fresh fish and to make sure it is fresh. The skin and color should be bright, the eyes clear. When pressed with your finger, the meat should spring back to its original shape. Buying frozen fish usually will insure freshness.

**Broiling or Barbecuing:** For best results, pre-heat the grill. Season the fish and butter it on both sides. Basting is a good idea, too. It will enhance the flavor and it can be done easily with your favorite wine or sauce.

**Baking Fish and Shellfish:** Baking is an easy method of cooking. Butter the pan and add the fish. For an extra dash, toss in your favorite herbs, wines or vegetables.

**Deep Fat Frying:** This is the method best adapted to filleted fish, prawns or crab legs. The fat (vegetable oil or shortening) should be deep enough in the pan to cover the fish and should be 350 to 375 degrees.

**Poaching Fish:** First of all, the fish should never be boiled. In poaching, the liquid is boiled first for 10 minutes then the fish is lowered into it. This will reduce the heat and the liquid will then just simmer.

**Pan Frying "à la Menuisière":** This method is best for small fish fillets of flat fish or steaks of larger fish. Fill a frying pan 1/8 to 1/4 inch deep with butter, oil or similar shortening and heat. Dry the fish, then dip it in milk pre-seasoned with salt and pepper. Dredge it with flour and pop it into the pan and fry until golden brown on both sides. Cooking time will depend upon the thickness of the fish. After removing the fish from the pan, pour out the grease then add a lump of butter. When the butter foams, pour it and a few drops of fresh lemon juice over the fish.

Here are some specific recipes that are simple and extremely popular:

### DUNGENESS CRAB LEGS ST. DENIS (6-8 persons)

3 lbs. crab legs	1 cup of cream
2 eggs well beaten	1 teaspoon flour
½ lb. bread crumbs	2 teaspoons butter
1 pint fish stock or clam juice	Dash of cayenne pepper
1 cup of dry white wine	Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Dredge crab legs in flour then dip in well beaten eggs and, last, bread slightly with bread crumbs. Fry legs in shortening to a golden brown.

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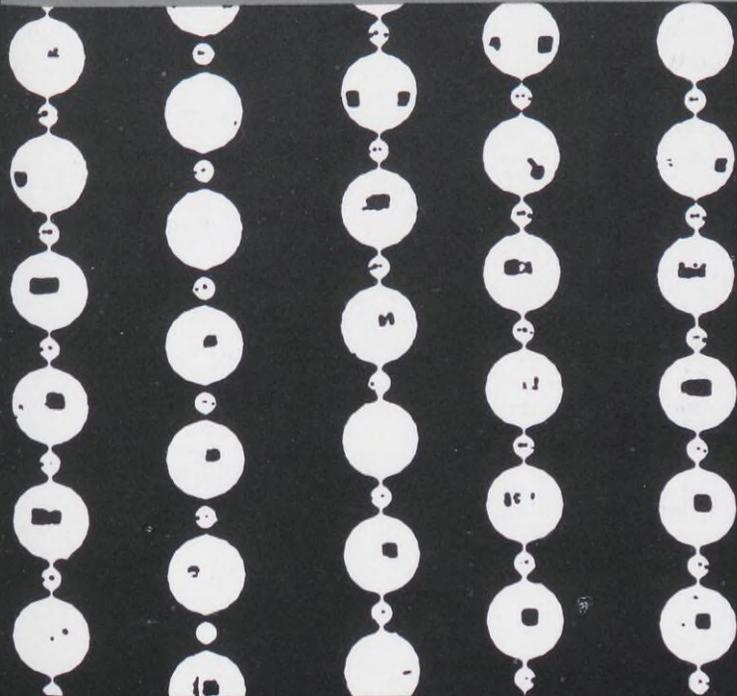
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# ON DRINK

Toasts have been made of sorrows, of joys, of men and of women . . . of today, yesterday and tomorrow. If you're at all inclined to lifting before you drink, you might try it with a Panorama Punch.

It was designed by Western Hotels' mixologists to commemorate the Seattle World's Fair. The potent, lanky cooler is especially good for toasting the 21st Century or just about anything.

If you're unfortunate enough to miss it on its home cloud—the Eye of the Needle restaurant atop the Space Needle—take heart; you can now order it in any Western Hotel lounge or try it at home.

Into a mixer or blender put  $1\frac{1}{2}$  jiggers light rum,  $\frac{3}{4}$  jigger cranberry juice,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  jiggers orange juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  jigger rock candy syrup and the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  fresh lime. To this add  $\frac{1}{2}$  scoop ice, blend for five to 10 seconds and pour into a tall chimney glass. Top with cracked ice. Decorate with lime shell.

The companion piece this summer is the incomparable Gimlet on the Rocks. First let us say that there is no connection between a Gimlet (cocktail) and a gimlet (carpenters' auger). Where this tasty elixir got such a name we leave to your own imagination, but its virtues we will not.

The drink has an aura of history about it. It has been a thirst-quenching mainstay of the British Empire in the high temperature lands.

One characteristic mars its heritage though: that's its habit of appearing in too many variations. Here, it is splashed over the rocks for summer drinking.

Pour one jigger dry gin and one jigger lime juice into a blender half filled with cracked ice. Blend for 15 seconds and strain over cubed ice in a squat glass. Garnish with a thin round slice of fresh lime on top.

The Space Needle soars over Seattle and the World's Fair grounds. There are two levels accessible to the public. The upper level is an observation deck; the lower one, a restaurant with a revolving floor. The dining room makes one complete revolution each hour, sweeping viewers past the city, water and mountains. The Space Needle is 600 feet high—higher than Seattle's largest hill—the fair's symbol of the future.



## Notes for Nightcrawlers

by Emmett Watson

The late, estimable author, George Sessions Perry, visited Seattle about 15 years ago. Having been squired about by some chamber of commerce types, Mr. Perry felt compelled to break away and explore the town's after-dark playgrounds in search of laughs.

He returned the next morning, notably un-hungover and visibly depressed. Asked what he thought of the city's night life, Mr. Perry's reply was a wry commentary on the Seattle of 15 years ago. "You're a little short on sin, aren't you?" he said.

It used to be that a man with a good, honest thirst had to join a private club to buy a drink. And he had a wide choice of at least four good restaurants to choose from.

Actually, it wasn't all that bad. But Seattle's image, over the years, was prim enough to scare off great numbers of fun seekers. Unfortunately, the image persists to this day—to a point where even the natives complain about nothing to do. This, of course, is sheer reflex because Seattle has become, among the country's large cities, a place of pleasurable night prowling.

In the critical year of 1948 (when liquor was legalized) there were only four pages in the yellow section of the telephone book listing restaurants of all types. Today there are 13 pages, ranging from Peter Canlis' posh broiler to a place called Place Pigalle, where a well-dressed tourist might hear the bartender whisper to the regulars: "Behave yourselves until they leave."

Only recently, the city's first elegant cocktail lounge, the Olympic Western Hotel's sedate Marine Room, was revamped into a lively night club, where such top-level acts as the Four Saints, Somethin' Smith and the Red-heads and the Brothers Four are booked. "Uptown" night crawling, in fact, is likely to take up more nights than you have available. These are such spots as the Roaring 20's, the Magic Inn, the Dublin House, Dave's 5th Ave. and Vic Rosellini's 410. (Clarification notes: No, Dave Beck doesn't own Dave's 5th Ave., but he probably wishes he did. Among uptown pub crawlers, Governor Rosellini is known simply as "Vic's cousin.")

From the viewpoint of prices and cuisine, Seattle is somewhat short of New York, but several furlongs ahead of Salt Lake City. Most of the top eating spots (the Olympic's Golden Lion, Trader Vic's at the Benjamin Franklin, the Viceroy, the Sorrento's Top of the Town and Fireside Room, the Camlin, El Gaucho's, the Red Carpet and Pancho's, to name a few) feature piano music or high-budgeted entertainment.

For a long time, Seattle cops viewed coffee houses with suspicion, no doubt guessing that ill-dressed people in beards must be pushing dope through the pastry. Convinced, finally, that most of them played only jazz music and recited home-grown poetry, the cops went away satisfied that no crime was committed—possibly because they didn't stay to hear the poetry.

The once-bawdy Skidroad area, which languished through several generations of decline, has come wildly alive in the past few years. The acknowledged pioneer of the revival is one Pete Barbas, who opened his Poop Deck on a slim bankroll and old apple boxes, threw out the winos, brought in jazz artists and advertised "covered parking for partons"—not bothering to mention that he was talking about parking under the viaduct which runs along the waterfront.

Followed such spots as the Blue Banjo (banjos and community singing), the 111 Yesler (singing waiters, guest artists), The Mine (replica of a coalmine, featuring Welsh "pastries"), Elroy's (which offers a stupefying \$6 Sunday) and Charley Puzzo's Penthouse, at the foot of Cherry St.

The World's Fair, of course, had much to do with Seattle's new lease on night life. The waterfront, long brightened by Ivar's famed Acres of Clams, has come alive with the striking Polynesia, a huge restaurant located far out over the water on a refurbished dock. The fair also has brought a number of ships to port, the SS Catala and the Acapulco, not to mention the huge Dominion Monarch, a justly-celebrated luxury ship—a veritable floating hotel, complete with pier parking, cabins and staterooms, swimming pools, restaurants and night entertainment.

Where once this city's two large newspapers devoted almost zero space to evening fun-seeking, both now print special weekend editions with up-to-date tourist attractions—art shows, little theater, big theater, night club bookings and places to dine and dance.

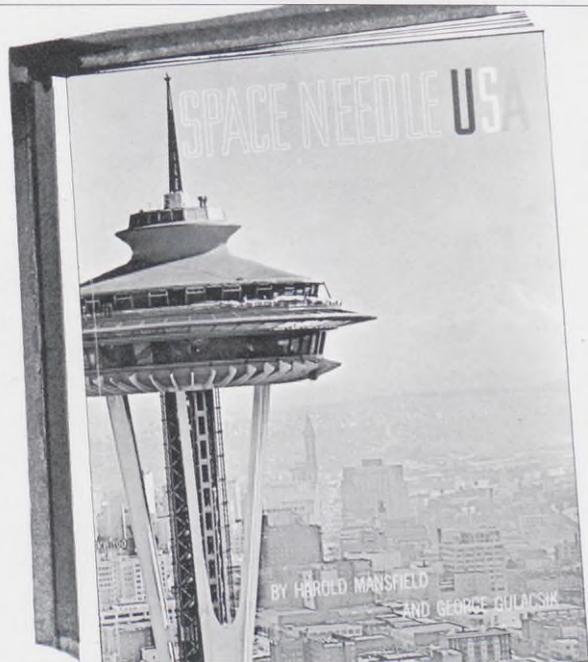
The fair's own Show Street, notably Gracie Hansen's Paradise International and Les Poupees de Paris, is racy, stylish and sophisticated. Gracie herself is one of the city's most awesome cultural exhibits. "Please forgive us if we aren't quite ready for tonight's show," Gracie warns her patrons, "you see, the upper parts of the girls' costumes haven't arrived yet."

Such is Seattle's night life, whose overall theme song may well be "Never on Sunday." A number of the good restaurants stay open on Sunday, but for the most part the town cools down on the dry Sabbath.

"It's just as well," sighed one of the philosophical natives, "I can get into enough trouble the other six nights of the week."



Now available from the  
**SEATTLE WORLD'S FAIR**

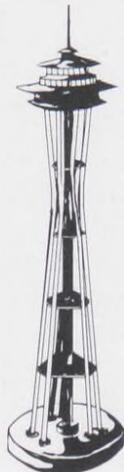


These fine articles from the World's Fair city can be ordered by mail and sent direct to your home or office. Perfect for gifts—or for your own souvenir from America's space-age Century 21 Exposition. Attractively packaged and specially postmarked "Space Needle, U. S. A."

**Space Needle, U.S.A. . . . . \$1.50**

By HAROLD MANSFIELD and GEORGE GULACSIK

Colorful, 74 page record of the conception, construction and dramatic use of the \$4 million, 600 ft. Space Needle, highlight of the Seattle World's Fair. Lavishly illustrated with color and black and white photographs, many never published. Author Mansfield and photographer Gulacsik have combined interesting narrative and dramatic photography into a "must read" volume for all who have travelled the high-speed elevators to the top of the Needle, or who would know the thrill vicariously.



**Space Needle (floor model) Ashtray, \$21.00**

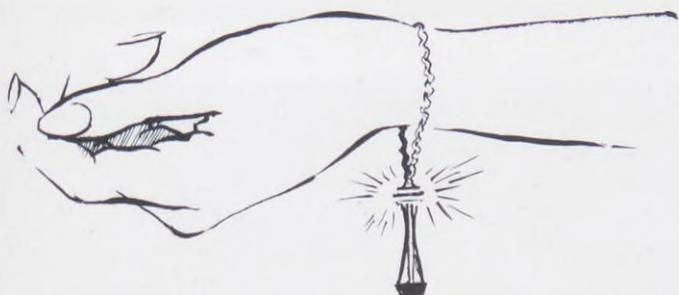
This is the king of souvenirs. Arm chair height (25") and available in rich colors of gold, chrome or copper, this durable metal ashtray is ideal for home or office. Hinged top allows the ash tray to be covered when not in use.

**Official Space Needle Cigarette Lighter**

Finished in gleaming chrome . . . . . **\$10.00**

Finished in antique bronze or polished brass . . . **\$11.50**

This beautifully die-cast, hand-buffed table lighter is often used as an official gift to World's Fair distinguished guests. Unique in construction, the lighter is 10½" tall. Perfect for the smoking man's office desk.



**"Light-Up" Space Needle Charm . . . \$39.50**  
 (+ 3.95 federal excise tax)

Exquisitely made by master jewelers of 14-K gold, this tiny wrist charm actually lights up by means of a guaranteed, long-lasting energy cell . . . easily replaced. A keepsake commemorating the Seattle World's Fair that will never fail to bring compliments to the wearer.

Don't delay. Mail orders will be promptly filled. Use this coupon. Please specify the item you wish and the color (where available). Mail check or money order. COD's also accepted.

**ORDER BLANK**

**Top of the Needle, Inc., Souvenir Shops, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A.**

Note: Postage and handling charges are as follows:

Space Needle, USA (book) . . . \$ .15	Space Needle Ash Tray . . . 1.00
Space Needle Charm . . . .50	Space Needle Lighter . . . 1.00

Add 4% sales tax to all orders placed in Washington.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

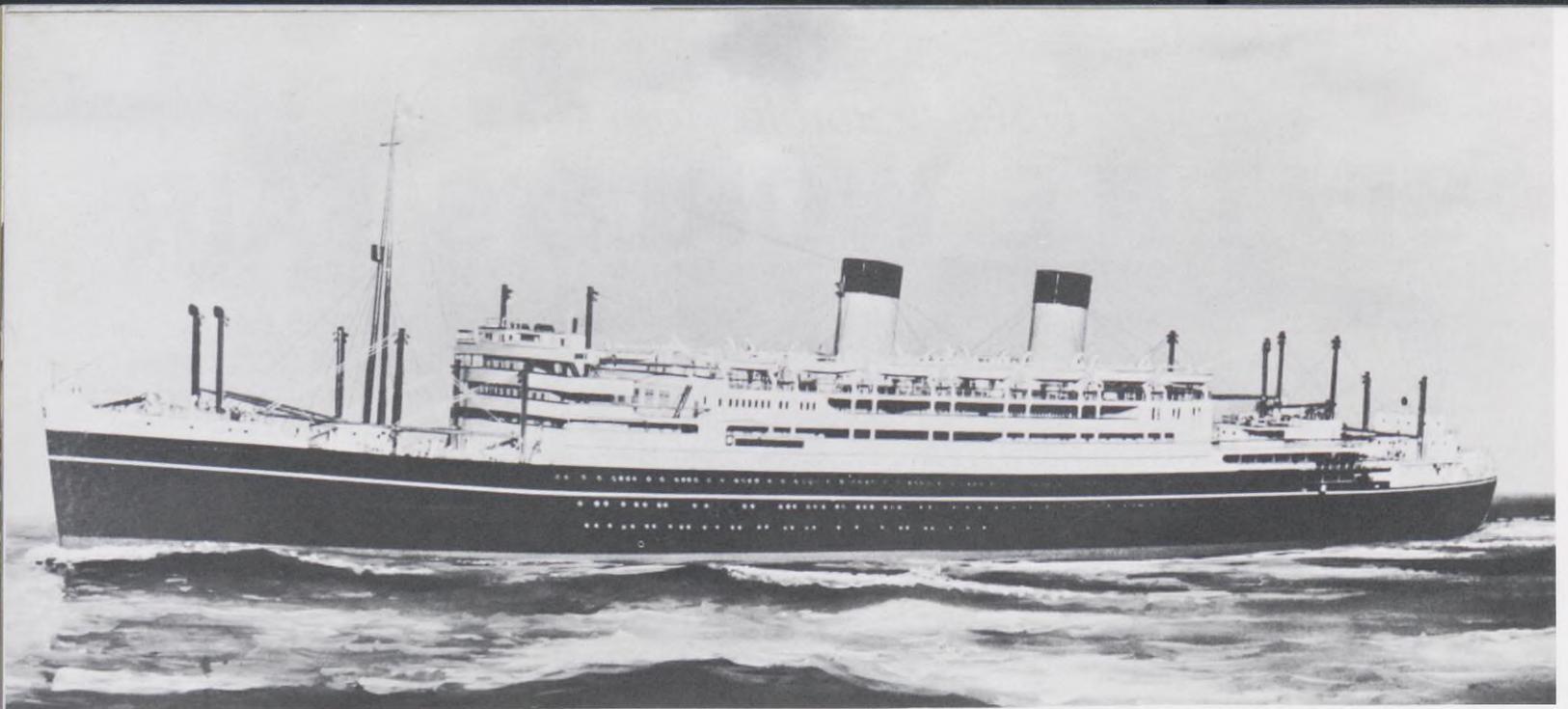
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Please deliver the following Space Needle souvenir: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

(If ordering the ash tray or lighter, specify color) \_\_\_\_\_

Amount enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_ which includes the cost of the souvenir, postage and handling charges, and sales or excise tax where applicable. Make checks payable to: **TOP OF THE NEEDLE, INC.**



SS Dominion Monarch  
Benjamin Franklin Hotel

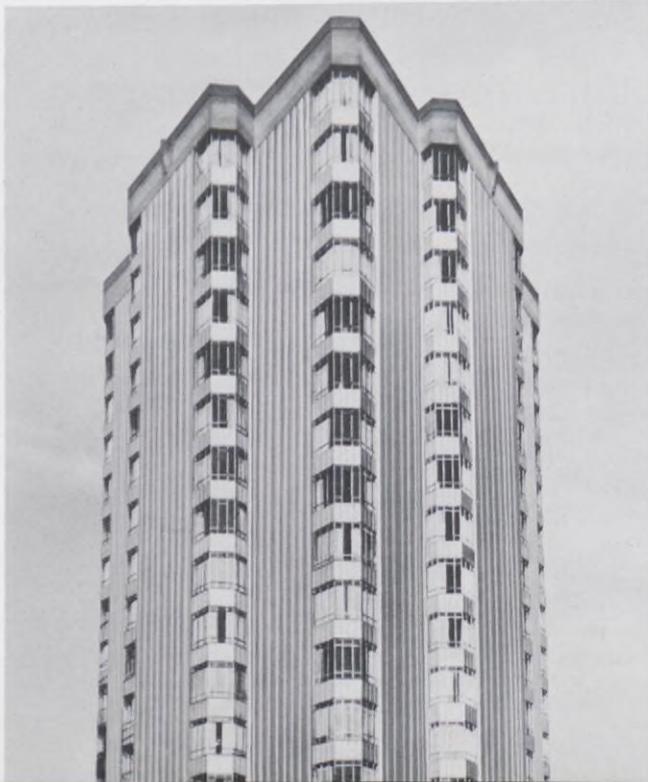
# front!

Distinctive Western  
Hotels in Seattle

In addition to a wide variety of well appointed guest rooms, Western Hotels facilities in Seattle offer visitors a choice of atmospheres and superb food and beverage. The 1,000 room Olympic Hotel, for example, includes the elegant Golden Lion, the Marine Room and the Terrace Room. The Benjamin Franklin Hotel features a famous Trader Vic Polynesian restaurant and the Key 'n Kite restaurant. The Edmond Meany Hotel has the popular Marine Dining Room and a view from every room. For the World's Fair, Western Hotels also is managing the Dominion Monarch Floating Hotel and operating the Eye of the Needle restaurant and observation deck at the Space Needle. 



Hotel Edmond Meany  
Marine Room, Olympic Hotel



# vancouver

WORLD TRAVEL NEXT DOOR



## *the Bayshore Inn*

400 luxurious accommodations, a Trader Vic restaurant,  
swimming and sunning at water's edge overlooking  
the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club  
and Stanley Park.



New in Victoria ...  
Luxurious Imperial Inn



## MAGIC OF COLOR

Color is the magic ingredient of decoration that can make the lives of all of us richer and more rewarding . . . if only we'd dare use it.

So says Don Robbins, who ought to know. Robbins, senior designer for Western Service and Supply Co., was interior decorator for the Eye of the Needle. In fact, he is responsible for the outstanding decor in such hotels as the Bayshore Inn in Vancouver and the Hotel Alameda in Mexico City. Western Service and Supply is the designing arm of Western Hotels, Inc., and is responsible for all the decorating of both guest rooms and public areas.

Robbins, a graduate of Woodbury College in Los Angeles, says most people are afraid of color.

"We all enjoy seeing colorful things, but when it comes to using color in our homes or offices, we sidestep and take the easy, safe way out," the designer continued. "In this way, we miss quite a bit in life. Think of all the time we spend indoors—at home, in our offices and public areas like restaurants and theaters."

Often people enjoy an evening in a restaurant where the food and service are good but the added advantage of decor and color make the event a success, he said.

"We have been working for years to find those combinations of colors that give a sense of contentment to the greatest variety of people," he added.

"We have found many pleasant combinations of color and decor and we try to use them as much as pos-

sible, perfecting and varying them as we go along."

Robbins cited the Bayshore Inn as an example of a daring, imaginative use of color.

"In the climate of the Pacific Northwest there are many overcast days during the winter and we have found that warm, earth colors create an inviting atmosphere. The predominant color we selected is a soft, rusty persimmon and it continues throughout the hotel in varying shades and hues.

"Choose the colors you enjoy. Use these colors with a sure hand, not meekly and apologetically. Try earthy colors for warm, inviting, relaxing areas. Use reds, black, white and gold for more formal rooms. Blend mixtures and combinations for intermediate areas.

"Tie the different rooms and areas together through the use of one color in all areas. This is accomplished by using one color predominantly in one room and then as an accent color elsewhere. Thus you create a continuity and avoid the spotty, unsure look of patches of different color all over.

"For a refreshing change, do as we do in Western Hotels—substitute colored linen on your dining table for the more orthodox white. It should be keyed to the surrounding colors and schemes, but it will add an interesting change.

"And finally, look at nature—at many-hued flowers, at cool ocean scapes and at the spectacular sunsets. Use these colors around you all the time!"



## 4 RECIPES, continued

To make the sauce: combine the fish stock or clam juice with the dry white wine and boil for just a minute or so. Mix the flour with the butter and add to the stock, stirring constantly to get a smooth creamy sauce, add cream, cayenne pepper and Worcestershire sauce and serve separately with the hot crab legs. If a piquante sauce is desired, add 1/2 teaspoon of Coleman's dry mustard.

### FILLET OF SOLE IN WINE SAUCE (6-8 persons)

2 lbs. fillets of sole	4 oz. sliced mushrooms
4 oz. butter	1 small bay leaf
1 tablespoon chopped shallots	A few pepper corn
1 cup of dry wine	Thin slices of half a lemon
(white sauterne)	3/4 cup of cream
1 cup of fish broth	Salt and pepper to taste

Butter a shallow pan and place the sole fillets in it. Sauté the shallots to a golden brown; add the mushrooms, fish stock and wine and pour over the fish. Cover the pan and poach the fish for 10 minutes. Remove the sole from the pan and place on hot platter. Reduce the sauce and add the cream. Place the mushrooms on top of fish and strain sauce over it. Serve with lemon.

### CRAB LEGS & PRAWNS PORTUGAISE (6-8 persons)

1 cup of olive oil	1 clove garlic, chopped fine
1 lb. crab legs	1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 1/2 lbs. prawns	1 cup of medium dry
1 large onion, chopped or	sherry wine
chopped shallots	1 tablespoon gumbo file
1 No. 2 1/2 can of solid pack	Dash of cayenne pepper
tomatoes or 4 whole	or paprika
peeled tomatoes	1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire

Sauté the onions or shallots, garlic and celery in part of the olive oil until they are golden brown. Then add the tomatoes and simmer for about 15 minutes. Sauté the prawns, preferably raw in olive oil, until they are reddish and almost cooked. Add to the sauce and cook from eight to 10 minutes; then add the crab legs, sherry wine, gumbo file, paprika, Worcestershire sauce. Simmer five more minutes, adjust for season and serve. Serve with hot garlic french bread and rice pilaf.

### SALMON COOKED IN WINE SAUCE (6-8 persons)

4 lbs. salmon	12 pepper corns
1/4 lb. butter	2 cups dry white
1 carrot	wine (sauterne)
1 onion or shallots	Salt and pepper
1 leaf celery	to taste
4 springs parsley	1/2 lb. mushrooms
1 bay leaf (small)	3-4 slices lemon

Clean a four pound salmon and season with salt and pepper. Eight 8-oz. fillets or steaks may be used instead. Sauté the carrots, onions (or shallots) celery and parsley, all finely chopped, until these vegetables begin to turn golden. Butter a pan, casserole or pyrex dish and place the salmon in this pan together with the vegetables, bay leaf, pepper corn and wine. If a liberal amount of sauce is desired add more wine and a little water. Add lemon slices and cover the entire dish with aluminum foil and braise in a moderate oven (325°) until the fish is cooked through and will flake readily at the touch of a fork. Remove the salmon to a platter and top with slightly sautéed mushrooms. Strain the sauce through a sieve, let it come to a boil and thicken sauce with one teaspoon of flour mixed with two lumps of butter. Pour sauce over the entire fish and serve.



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

Call CH 3-8800

IN SEATTLE

**PACIFIC NORTHERN AIRLINES**  
THE ALASKA FLAG LINE®

Ticket Office—4th & Union St., Seattle

On April 21st, President John F. Kennedy pressed a gold telegraph key at his Palm Beach residence and opened the Seattle World's Fair, the first in the United States in more than 20 years.

The \$100 million fair is expected to attract more than 10 million visitors during its run, through this October 21.

To accommodate the anticipated number of visitors, Seattle hotel and motel executives, in cooperation with fair officials, established a non-profit organization called Expo-Lodging as the official housing organization.

Designed to help visitors find accommodations, the office maintains a complete listing of all hotel and motel rooms in the area. It also has listings of apartments, homes, bedrooms, trailer parks, camping facilities and other accommodations.

When a prospective guest requests accommodations at a specific hotel or motel, and if the facility is unable to accept the reservation because of a "sold out" condition, then he is mailed an Expo-Lodging form with a detachable, self-addressed return. He then fills out the form specifying the type of accommodations he desires, the number of persons in the party, the arrival and departure dates and the approximate rate he expects to pay. Upon receipt of the form, Expo-Lodging locates the accommodations.

While no guarantee is made that the guest will receive the exact reservation requested, Expo-Lodging makes every effort to match the request as nearly as conditions permit. Once the reservations are made, the visitor is notified where his reservation has been placed.

Although some complaints were anticipated, Expo-Lodging and fair officials report that, so far, there has been almost unanimous approval from the guests placed through the service. Many guests report that they received even better accommodations than they had anticipated.

While requests will continue to come in throughout the fair's run, Expo-Lodging officials say that through its monitoring of all available accommodations and the turnover of visitors they expect to be able to place all requests satisfactorily.

Below, Western Guest includes a coupon for your use if you're contemplating a trip to the Seattle World's Fair. Despite other assurances of adequate housing, Expo-Lodging is still the best way to find it. Mail the coupon to Expo-Lodging Service, Inc., 312-1st Ave. N., Seattle 9, Washington. 

## INNKEEPER FOR AN INVASION



May we reserve the following accommodations:

Hotel \_\_\_\_\_ (preference, if any)

Motel \_\_\_\_\_ (preference, if any)

Apartment \_\_\_\_\_

Departure \_\_\_\_\_  
Month Day

For \_\_\_\_\_ Persons in Party

Arrival \_\_\_\_\_, 1962  
Month Day

A normal additional charge will be made for extra persons in a room.

If other housing is desired please check appropriate box:

Trailer Park \_\_\_\_\_ (number of spaces)

Dormitory (Groups Only) \_\_\_\_\_ (number of spaces)

Camping Facilities \_\_\_\_\_ (number of spaces)

Check for other information regarding vacation areas in Washington State.

Indicate desired rate in the group selected below:

Single  
From-To  
\$9-14  
8-12  
6.50-10  
5-8

Double  
From-To  
\$13-17  
10-14  
8-12  
7-10

Twin  
From-To  
\$15-22  
12-16  
10-14  
9-12



SO I SAID, REALLY DAHLING, IN THIS DAY AND AGE BEING PRACTICAL IS SO CHIC, CHIC.....



HOW TRUE, BUT AREN'T THOSE DAYS GONE? I MEAN REALLY?



WELL YES. ONE IS ALMOST FORCED INTO LOOKING LIKE YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE JUST TO HAVE THE BAREST OF NECESSITIES.....



EXACTLY DAHLING, THAT'S WHAT I TOLD CLYDE AND THAT DAHLING-BOY GOT ME A WESTERN HOTELS CREDIT CARD OF MY VERY OWN.

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## SEATTLE WORLD'S FAIR OFFICIAL PROGRAM

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THE OFFICIAL PROGRAM IS A FULL-COLOR KEEPSAKE OF THE FAIR. YOU'LL WANT IT TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS AND TO RE-LIVE YOUR VIVID EXPERIENCES AT AMERICA'S FIRST SPACE AGE WORLD'S FAIR. PRICE: ONLY \$1.50.

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## UNITED STATES SCIENCE PAVILION

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## THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

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## SCHEDULE OF PERFORMING ARTS

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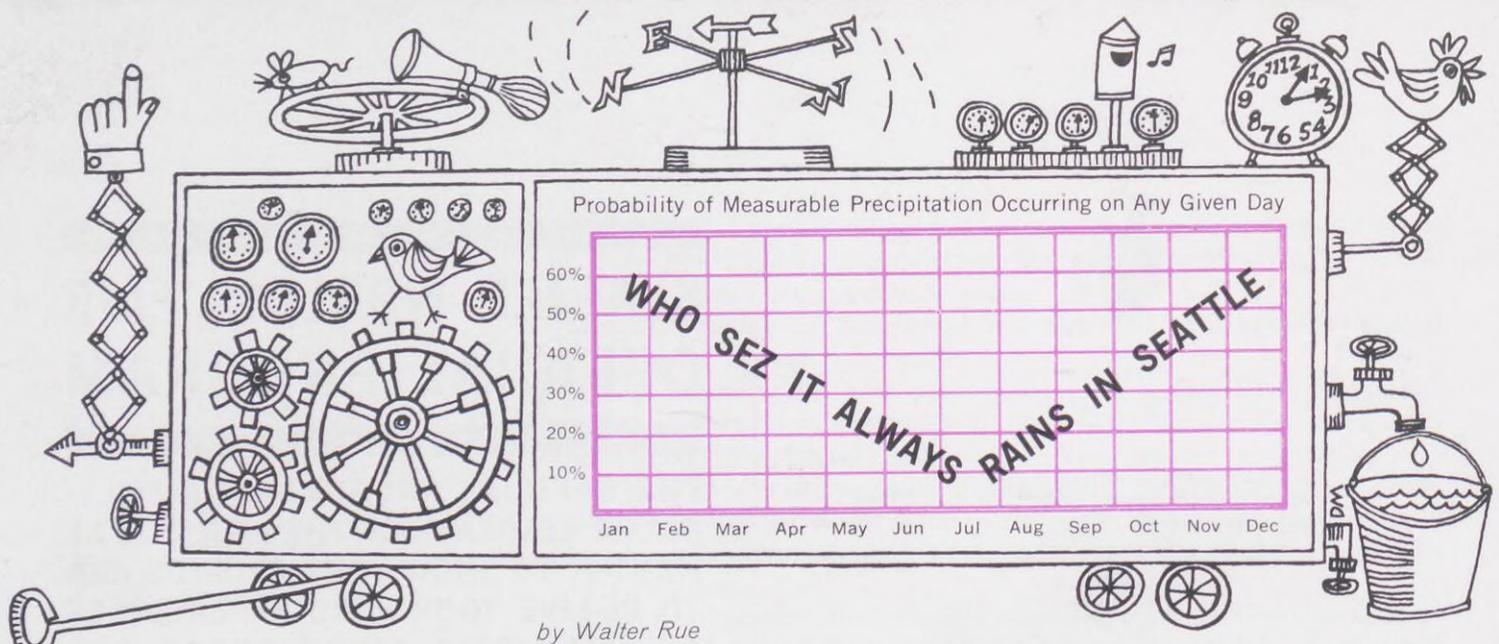
## VINCENT PRICE TELLS HOW TO LOOK AT ART

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## PACIFIC NORTHWEST BY EMMETT WATSON

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by Walter Rue

When summer's warm breath blows across the Pacific Northwest, there's no better climate in all the world.

That's the proud boast of Seattle and her neighboring communities and they have the Weather Bureau's impartial statistics to back them up. Records show that the weather of late spring, summer and autumn in the Puget Sound country is pleasant and invigorating.

The flow of air on the warmest days is generally off the land, from the north or northeast, causing the humidity to drop. The result is warmth without the mugginess that many parts of the world experience when temperatures climb into the 80's or higher.

The entire Pacific Northwest lies in a belt which has few lightning storms. Violent summer storms of the type that cause drenching rains and heavy hail in the Midwest and many other sections of North America never occur west of the Cascade Mountains and only rarely between the Cascades and the Rockies.

Puget Sound and numerous lakes have a moderating effect on the climate of western Washington, providing cool breezes on the hottest days and minimizing air pollution. In Seattle, for example, the temperature has reached 100 degrees only twice in 69 years—the first time on July 16, 1941, the second on June 9, 1955. And Seattle has never had a mercury reading as low as zero.

Like all of the West, the Pacific Northwest's rainfall deviates sharply from the pattern beyond the Rockies. Precipitation is heaviest here in winter and lowest in the summer, reaching such small proportions after May that generous irrigating is needed to keep lawns green and gardens growing.

But there's plenty of water for all purposes, thanks to winter's heavy snows in the mountains. The snow-pack, melting slowly, fills the lakes behind power dams and holds in escrow summer's cool drinks of water, one of the Northwest's delightful treats for travelers.

Seattle's average maximum temperatures during the dry months are 65.6 degrees in May; 70.2 in June; 75.1 in July; 74.2 in August, and 68.8 in September.

Visitors from regions where summer's heat is often debilitating never fail to marvel at Seattle's comfortable humidity by day and the refreshing drop in temperatures after dark. It's a rare occasion when nighttime heat interferes with sleep.

Newcomers to this area from the south are always pleasantly surprised, too, by the long summer days and short nights, and by the extensiveness of evening twilight. Seattle's longest day extends from 4:10 a. m. to 8:10 p. m., a total of 16 hours, whereas the longest day at 30 degrees N. Lat. is 13 hours and 56 minutes.

Most of Seattle's shirtsleeve weather comes in July and August, the warmest, driest and sunniest months. July's sunshine averages 63 per cent of the total possible and August's averages 56 per cent.

July's mean rainfall is 0.63 of an inch, hardly enough to settle the dust on a country road, and August's is only 0.74 of an inch.

During July and August it is not unusual for two or three weeks to pass without measurable precipitation in and near Seattle. A typical summer afternoon has temperatures in the upper 70's and nighttime readings are in the middle 50's.

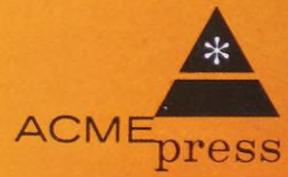
Each year the temperature exceeds 80 degrees on an average of 17 days and rises above 90 on about two afternoons. Northerly breezes, light and refreshing, spring up almost every afternoon in summer.

The end of summer and the beginning of fall are characterized by another delightful season, Indian summer, when the colors of autumn begin to flame in the woodlands and the air is zestfully crisp.

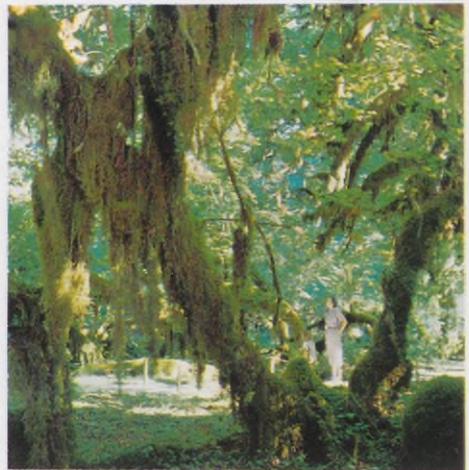
The growing season is long-lasting, extending from about the first of April to the first of November.

The wet season extends from November through March, but the Puget Sound area rarely experiences the bone-chilling cold spells which grip much of the Midwest and East in winter. And the "Oregon mist" helps make the entire Northwest the evergreen playground of spring, summer and autumn.

From time past  
into time present  
man has relied  
on the power  
of printing  
the word  
the picture  
the idea

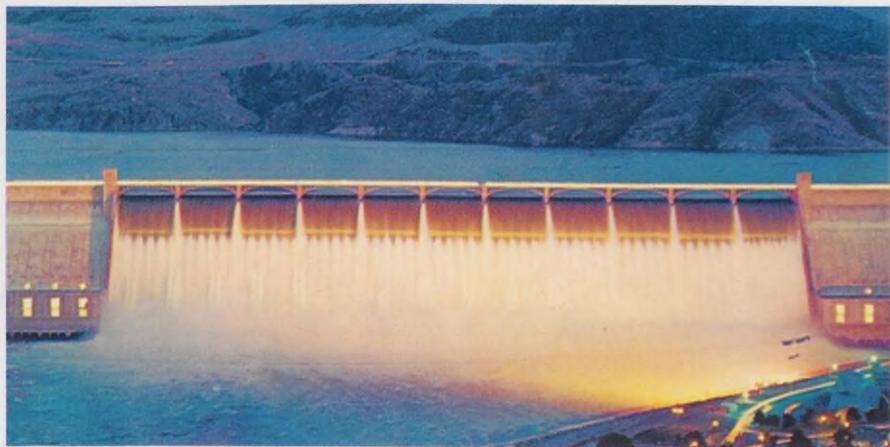


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WONDERFUL STATE...

*Its charm, beauty  
and riches spell out  
a new Western Way of life*



...SEE IT ALL WHILE YOU'RE HERE!

