

# holiday in washington

the sounds of  
the fabulous  
pacific northwest

A tonic of tones including the voices of Bing Crosby, Martha Wright, Patrice Munsel and an assortment of sidemen including Scandinavian swingers, Chinese gongkickers, a bit of Bon-Odori, seagulls, ferryboats and an indignant salmon or two.



# It's a great place to visit, but I'd rather live here!

By Murray Morgan

It has been my luck to travel. As a native of the Pacific Northwest I would not have believed it—but for the evidence of my own senses, I must report that there are a number of places in the world as lovely as those found in Washington and Oregon.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro is as beautiful as the setting for Seattle. The Jura seen from Geneva rival the Cascades from Portland. The rolling plains of the Hungarian Alföld are as luxuriant as the hills of the Palouse country, the conifer forests of the Pyrenees, as open and inviting as those of the Blues.

The San Juans do not surpass in available remoteness the Adriatic islands of Yugoslavia, nor is the upper Valley of the Willamette more lovely than the Rhone.

Rivers must reach the sea. The Rhine,

like the Columbia, starts as a mountain stream narrow enough to be jumped. The Congo above the falls at Brazzaville moves with the slow majesty of the Columbia approaching Grand Coulee. The Danube in the forested canyon of the Austrian Wachau dominates its world as does the Columbia its Gorge. And all rivers inspire a



mystic feeling of oneness and accomplishment as they merge with salt water—though few as dramatically as the River of the West smashing and building the bar beyond Astoria.

There are beaches on the coast of France as scalloped and wavetorn as those of the Oregon Coast, fjords in Alaska as serene as Hood Canal. The Indian boys who take tourists fishing at Puerto Vallarta are as helpful as those at Neah Bay, and the artifacts of early man in the Andes, more imposing—if less unexpected—than the petroglyphs encountered at roadsides along the Snake.

Without even leaving the United States you can find gorges nearly as deep as Hell's Canyon, rodeos as exciting as those at Pendleton or Ellensburg, dams as graceful as Chief Joseph, laboratories as mysterious as Hanford. The glaciers of Alaska are larger and more numerous—and nearly as blue—as those of the Cascades and the Olympics. The fishing villages of New England are as purposeful as Port Orford or Port Angeles, the sports fishing centers of Florida as full of hopeful amateurs as Westport or Depoe Bay.

There are other cities where the view from the hotel window may include a ferry materializing out of the fog; where fishing boats spread their nets in the shadows of office-buildings; where the city bus runs past locks that carry freighters and sail boats and outboards from sea to lake and back.

The world is full of delights and wonders but nowhere in the world do so many exist in such proximity and diversity as in Washington and Oregon. In this region of good communication it is possible to ski at 5,000 feet in the morning and swim in the Pacific in the afternoon; to hunt fossils on a remote island in the San Juans by day and go to a concert in Seattle the same night; to hunt pheasant or deer in the open country of eastern Oregon at noon and visit Portland nightspots at midnight.

Change is the constant in a land which offers within a day's drive the rain forests of the Olympic Peninsula, the long reaches of the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Oregon Coast, the alpine meadows and frozen peaks of the Cascades, the first forests of the western slopes, the pines of the east; the sweet grasslands of Horse Heaven Hills and the deserts of Central Oregon, the giant dams and the remote stump ranches; tree farms and beet farms and fish farms and wheat ranches that stretch to the circle of the horizon.

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