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Islander, Daughter, and Pony Walk to Market with Copra

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Vaitere's Skipper Checks Each Purchase on His Portable Scale

Here on Ua Huka the captain is a man of dignity, the islanders' periodic contact with the world. His assistants, who carty a 250-pound load of copra, are sailors at sea, stevedores on shore. They bear out the Marquesato' reputation of being the best physical specimens in the South Seas.





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WALL MAP SUPPLEMENT: THE UNITED STATES (page 220)

NATIONAL

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY

OUR GROWING INTERSTATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM ROBERT PAUL JORDAN 195

SHARKS: WOLVES OF THE SEA

ECUADOR - LOW AND LOFTY LAND ASTRIDE THE EQUATOR LOREN MOINTYRE 259

SEE "AMAZON" TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, ON CBS TV (page 295A

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On our daily run to St. Croix aboard Sea Angel, Mike rides the boom (lower left), getting a cool





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682



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687





sunlight on the steel sphere of the 1,185-foot television tower, pride of the atheistic state. Summer retreat of a Prussian ruler, Schloss Sanssouci bespeaks the French tastes of Frederick the Great. In the 1740's he designed the rococo residence with French floor plans and named it "Castle Without Care." Tourists by the thousands visit the palace in Potsdam, outside West Berlin in East Germany.

The statistics are truly appalling. Between 1936 and 1945, the Nazis herded 200,000 persons into the camp—political undesirables, Jews, and captured Russian soldiers; 100,000 of them were killed by shooting or hanging. Of 20,000 Russian prisoners brought here, 18,000 were mardered.

Jürgen Toft and I drove to Sachsenhausen early one rainy Sunday afternoon. A gray mist hung over the camp as we arrived. Built in the form of a huge walled triangle about 2,000 feet long on each side, it sits in a piney forest. On each corner of the triangle and at regular intervals along the wall are watchtowers that once housed Hitler's elite guard, the Schutzstaffel. On all sides today I saw Russian soldiers, members of the occupation army, now living in the former SS barracks.

Prisoners were quartered communally in one-story frame barracks 100 feet long and 30 feet wide. Around a roll-call square, 86 such barracks were arranged in the shape of a fan.

15



Nineteenth-century sanctuary of art and learning, Museum Island in the Spree River suffered artillery hits in the last days of World War II. Now in the East, the Alte-art Old-Museum, decorated by this bronze Amazon battling a tiger, reopened only in 1966. The Dom, once the major Protestant cathedral, remains unrestored. Some see irony in the cross of reflected

The years of Nazi oppression still darken the memories of Berliners. After the war, Bertolt Brecht, the antifascist playwright, settled in East Berlin and founded one of Europe's noted theaters, the Berliner Ensemble. Today his widow runs the theater. In recent years it has played a smash hit to packed houses: *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, a powerful indictment of the Nazi era (pages 16-17). Oddly, regulations, which permitted me to photograph the play, forbade my making 14

pictures of the audience responding to it.

A stronger indictment of the Nazis lies not far away. The Ulbricht government, as part of its propaganda, pays fastidious attention to the details of the Nazi era. The infamous concentration camp called Sachsenhausen lies a half-hour drive to the north of the city. It is maintained as a memorial. On Sundays, young East Berliners flock there, along with tourists from the Soviet Union, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Poland



Nuku Hiva Coconut, Dried on a Pig-proof Platform, Becomes the Copra of Commerce The stately palm shades and leeds the Polynesian, makes his baskets, twine, and fans, kindles his fires. Its nutty drink slakes his thirst. It is more than the ancestral Tree of Life; it is each in hand.







Summer retreat of a Prussian ruler, Schloss Sanssouci bespeaks the French tastes of Frederick the Great. In the 1740's he designed the rococo residence with French floor plans and named it "Castle Without Care." Tourists by the thousands visit the palace in Potsdam, outside West Berlin in East Germany.

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