

Barbie's

AROUND THE WORLD TRIP



21 SAN FRANCISCO

3 NEW YORK

1 2 LOS ANGELES

20 HONOLULU

19 TAHITI

BARRIER REEF

18

featuring

BARBIE[®], KEN[®], SKIPPER[®] and MIDGE[®]

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May 1 Aboard the U.S.S. United States

Dear Diary: At last I've found time to use you. Everything has happened so fast and furiously that I can hardly believe I'm really on my way around the world! Imagine . . . Barbie Roberts, All-American California schoolgirl, on this luxury-plus liner with my family and friends . . . and all because of what happened just five days ago . . .

View-Master Reel One

PICTURE 1

Last Tuesday, Daddy must have thought I'd finally flipped when I burst into the living room and told him to start packing. Skipper just snorted when I told her we were all going around the world. Then I told them! I had won first prize in a National High School Fashion Drawing Contest—a trip around the world for the whole family—and we could take along two friends!

PICTURE 2

That day and the next were really hectic! Telling Ken and Midge they were going, shopping like mad, and then packing all those dreamy outfits. Skipper even dragged Ken in to watch. He said he'd bring his camera along to take pictures everywhere we went, so I decided to take my paints and brushes. Besides the big pictures, I'm going to decorate this diary with little color sketches.

PICTURE 3

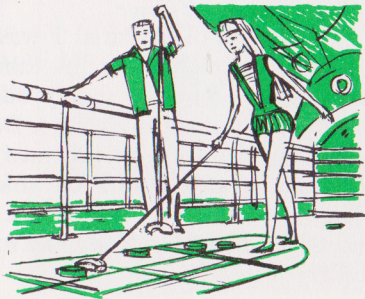
The next few days were so full of rushing, getting on planes, arriving at New York City, posing for pictures as a contest winner, that it was a relief to stand on the deck of this fabulous steamship and wave good-bye to the tremendous New York skyline. And the bon voyage basket of fruit the cabin boy brought us (sent by our California friends) started our trip out on just the right note!

As I sit here writing in this scrumptious cabin with its funny round portholes, I'm looking forward to landing in England tomorrow! Skipper just barged in to tell me that Ken and Midge want to play shuffleboard. I think I'll sketch them for my diary.

PICTURE 4

May 3 London, England

I can't get over how solemn and polite everyone is in England. Even the London bobby didn't smile when Ken asked him the time (Ken's watch was still on Cali-



fornia time). Just then Big Ben—the name of a bell not the clock, the bobby told us—chimed, and Ken looked so funny about not noticing that enormous clock!

May 4 Tintagel Castle, Cornwall

PICTURE 5

I wonder why King Arthur's castle was built on a rugged coast like Cornwall where the sea lashes white foam every time it hits the rocks below us. Skipper frightened me climbing over the ruins trying to guess where the Round Table was. Midge wondered where Queen Guinevere's dressing room had been. Then Daddy said this wasn't where King Arthur's Court was held. It is supposed that he was born here, but no one is even sure of that.

May 8 Paris France

PICTURE 6

At last we're in Paris! I was so excited I couldn't eat or sleep last night. The first thing I wanted to do was visit the Fashion Salon. I simply burst with happiness when I tried on that dress in Pierre's. Daddy beamed too, and said we'd buy it! I never dreamed, when I modeled school fashions, that I'd ever be among real Parisian models. They were so lovely and slender, gliding gracefully before us. Right then I resolved to be more careful about those ice cream sodas.

Paris is so gay . . . people eating along the boulevards in sidewalk cafes, chattering in French. Skipper got the giggles when we saw a woman carrying a loaf of bread three feet long! Midge couldn't find the mailbox for her letters—a *gendarme* finally had to point one out for her—it was built right into a lamp post.

In the Montmartre where Picasso lived we saw a man doing a painting on the cement sidewalk. I had to paint something too—the Arc de Triomphe from our apartment.

Ken took a picture of Skipper, and told me it would be better than mine and only took $1/25$ th of a second instead of half a day. What a tease!

Sunday, we flew to Spain to see a bullfight. The senoritas all wore high combs and white mantillas.

Later Ken got a toreador outfit. Skipper was the bull and charged while Ken flourished his cape. Midge and I cried, "Ole! Ole!"



May 11 Amsterdam, Holland

PICTURE 8

Midge reminded me another diary, not as happy as mine—Anne Frank's—was written here. That is hard to realize, for Holland is a happy land now, with its windmills turning, tulips galore, girls wearing cute wooden shoes and quaint white bonnets. We saw them jumping rope in their *klompen* (shoes). Midge laughed and shook her head when we dared her to try it after she put on her Dutch costume. So we just petted and fed the gentle cows out near the dikes of the former Zuider Zee. Ken remarked that no little boy's finger ever held back all that water behind the dike, but we loved being at the site of the old legend.

We took a quick trip to Denmark Wednesday to see a puppet show at Tivoli Gardens. I sketched Skipper with Andersen's "Little Mermaid" statue in the Copenhagen harbor. Our trip has been like a real life fairy tale.



When we went to the Black Forest in Germany, it seemed fairies must have planned our European tour. I almost expected to meet the Bremen musicians or see a shoemaker's elf dart behind a tree. In Hamelin, a fairy tale came to life. Skipper marched behind the Pied Piper in a Children's Parade.



May 15 The Tyrol, Austria

PICTURE 9

The Austrians love their mountains and their music, and so do I. It's a wonder they don't ski to music. After all, they do train those marvelous white horses, the Lipizzans, to dance to it. The mountain air was so refreshing, and those Tyroleans singing folk songs smiled at us constantly. The women wore full blue skirts with red aprons and the men short pants and embroidered suspenders. What will the high school kids say when we wear our Tyrolean costumes at the dance?

When we went up the ski lift, my tummy did a flip as Skipper waved merrily to us from far below.

May 20 Zermatt, Switzerland

PICTURE 10

Switzerland made me think of the Matterhorn and William Tell, Ken of cheese and watches. Daddy, thinking of mountain climbing, persuaded Skipper to go with him. When Skipper first started up that rock cliff, she wished she had hooves like that nearly-extinct ibex we were lucky enough to see on the opposite hill. The climb wasn't dangerous since they were securely roped together to a guide. At the top they heard an alpenhorn from a hilltop at least six miles away.

Our next stop in Europe was at Venice, and we couldn't leave without taking a gondola ride. How perfectly romantic! Skipper poled and Ken played his mandolin as we glided past old palaces, under ancient bridges, and saw peddlers selling produce to women gathered at the bank.



May 24 Athens, Greece

PICTURE 11

As we left the plane in Athens, I told Midge we must remember things to tell our history teacher. He said Greece gave us democracy, the first libraries, and theaters. I'm afraid we noticed more about the Evzone Royal Palace Guards than we did about the Parthenon! Imagine 40 yards of material in a *fustanella* (skirt), and 10 yards in sleeves.

May 27 Cairo, Egypt

PICTURE 12

I dreamed of deserts, pyramids, and camels as we entered this ancient country. How those grumpy camels whined and groaned when the dragoman—Arab guide—shouted for them to kneel. What a bumpy but enchanting ride all the way to Giza. Clambering up the pyramid, Ken wondered how the slaves managed to pile up the huge blocks to 480 feet high on the Great Pyramid, without derricks or bulldozers!



June 3 New Delhi, India

PICTURE 13

In India we saw the strangest things of all. We were goggle-eyed most of the time. Sacred cows walked the streets beside the people, who didn't seem to mind at all. I was amazed at the different kinds of dress. Daddy said that was the way each one expressed his belief. Some men wore white cloth draped into pants and wrapped yards and yards of material around their heads. I liked the brightly-colored saris women wore tossed across one shoulder and over the head.

Skipper kept talking about fakirs till Ken took her to see one who did an old magic trick with a rope. That spooky rope circled upward. My daring little sister climbed it, but hurried down when she was told she'd disappear at the top. I wonder if it really was magic?

June 4 Agra, India

PICTURE 14

The Taj Mahal is a "love song in marble," our lady guide in the charming sari told us. The Emperor Shah Jahan built the gleaming white palace as a tomb for the wife he loved dearly. A lump came into my throat, and I wiped away a tear as I thought of that brokenhearted man watching those architects, jewelers, and gardeners work for 17 years to build a wonder of the world just for her.

During our stop-over in Hong Kong we visited a family in a sampan. Imagine people living happily all their lives in a crowded boat on the water. Ken poked his finger into a cage and a pig grunted. Then I nearly jumped out of my skin when that hen cackled in the cage beside me.



View-Master Reel Three

June 10 Kyoto, Japan

PICTURE 15

We saw so much bowing here that soon we were bowing to each other. Ken bowed and said, “*Arigatu*,” (thank you) to Midge when she handed him a roll of film. She solemnly bowed too, and didn’t realize it till we laughed. Daddy said Americans should have picked up some Japanese ways like they did ours after the war. I wished I could learn to serve tea as carefully as that Japanese girl who performed the Tea Ceremony for us. Every art object, every utensil and motion had a meaning; all are to make hostess and guests happier as they drink together.



Kite flying is another old Oriental custom, and I sketched my tomboy sister flying one that looked like a bird in the air. The Japanese have many festivals for children. During Boy's Festival, each boy in the family is represented by a carp kite flying from the rooftop.

June 12 Bali

PICTURE 16

In sensational Bali people would rather dance than walk. They dramatize their legends of gods, demons, and witches. The little girls learn to dance before they are as old as Skipper. Teen-agers aren't permitted to dance the old traditional *lelong*—they're too old! When the Balinese tire of certain dances they create new ones. Whatever interests them—a queen's crown or a football sweater on a tourist—they interpret its meaning in a dance. When I asked Midge if she thought any of us could inspire a new dance, she just laughed at me. So Ken, Midge, and Skipper formed a *gamelan* (small orchestra), and I followed the little Balinese girl in the *lelong*. We teased Daddy about trying the *baris*, a war dance especially created so older men could dance.

June 15 The Outback, Australia

PICTURE 17

Before we landed, our pilot pointed out the kangaroos leaping off his air strip. On our whole trip I never saw Skipper more excited.

Australia is much like our own country, Daddy said. The tall, lean man waiting for us, his weathered face topped with a battered, big hat is a “jackeroo” at a cattle station. Back home we’d call him a cowboy.

Ken asked about the dark-skinned man and woman who took our luggage. The rancher said they were aborigines. They are natives who lived wild, like our Indians, till the white man came. Instead of using a bow and arrow, though, they invented the amazing boomerang. Ken was determined to throw one so that it would return right into his hands. While he was practicing, Skipper and I fed the pet kangaroos. Skipper wanted to take the little “joey” home till Daddy reminded her that it wouldn’t always be small enough to snuggle into its mother’s pouch.

June 18 Great Barrier Reef, Australia

PICTURE 18

I’m glad the giant clam wasn’t alive when Ken snatched that pearl. He could have lost an arm or perhaps his life. Before we left the hotel at Cairns to go scuba diving, the

manager warned us about these clams. He said they grow to four feet in length and might weigh as much as all of us put together. He said pearl hunters had been caught by them. The head waiter laughed and said that only happened in a fiction writer's imagination. But, even so, we were careful.

June 20 Papeete, Tahiti

PICTURE 19

Oh-h! The suntans these luscious Tahitian girls have. I wish we could stay a year in this exotic place, like some tourists do. Perhaps I could get a tan like that. The natives seem happy to have us here. The beaches are rimmed with palms and the water is the bluest blue. One evening on the beach, lighted with two tiki torches, Midge and I tried a Tahitian dance. Daddy played the ukelele and Ken clapped rhythm—though he couldn't clap as fast as the Tahitian drummers. Skipper suddenly said she was going to get some coconuts, and before Daddy could stop her, she climbed the tree and began tossing them down.

June 23 Waikiki, Hawaii

PICTURE 20

Daddy startled me by saying, "We're back in the States now," just as we left the customs office. I hadn't thought of it before. But I was glad that wonderful Waikiki Beach

was part of our own country. Surfing there was one of the greatest thrills of the trip. After some lessons for *malahinis*—newcomers—Ken and I said “*hiki-no*” (can do). My heart jumped into my throat when we leaped to our feet to ride the waves in. We rode several before one caught Ken at an angle and he “wiped out.” We teased Ken about surfing like a *malahini*, but we had to admit he cast a net like a *kanakina*—native. Skipper dared him to net her, which he did perfectly.



June 27 San Francisco

PICTURE 21

I felt aglow too as the gleaming Golden Gate Bridge came into view. Homecomings are happy too! So much to tell my friends! Before our deck party we planned to surprise each other in the costume of our favorite country. Ken was a Greek Evzone, and I a Tahitian dancer, only—sigh—not as suntanned. Daddy wore his alpine outfit, as I expected, but Midge surprised me in her Dutch dress and Skipper in that long, Balinese gown. In the midst of our celebration we sang to our truly favorite country—“America.”

Scenes created by Lelia Heath



ENJOY OTHER **VIEW-MASTER** PICTURE PACKETS

Cinderella

Goldilocks

Mary Poppins

Sleeping Beauty

Snow White

Heidi

Alice in Wonderland

Andersen's Fairy Tales

Grimm's Fairy Tales



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