

# SPRING



—Stockpile.

## AND THE TRAVELER

ROUGHING IT WITH THE COGNOSCENTI  
*By Horace Sutton 36*

HIKING THE HOLY MOUNTAIN  
*By David MacNeil Doren 44*

THE FAIR GAME  
*By Trevor L. Christie 48*

TAKE ME OUT TO THE FAIRGROUNDS  
*By Patricia K. Brooks 86*

BRUSH UP YOUR SHAKESPEARE  
*By Neville Braybrooke 92*

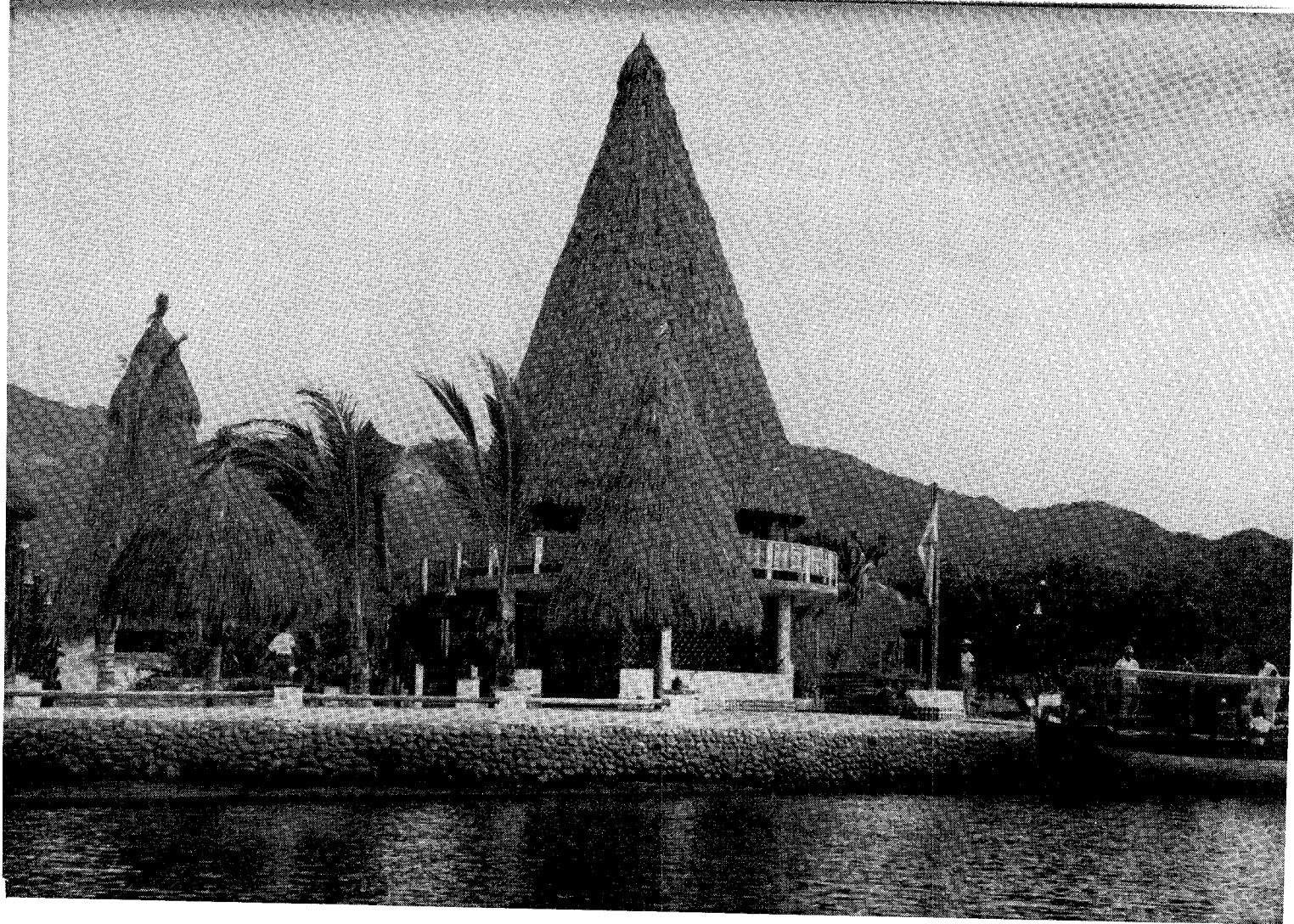
THE BARD IN BRITAIN 95  
LONDON'S SHAKESPEARE YEAR 97

A SHAKESPEARE SCHEDULE  
*By Robert Meyer, Jr. 98*

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLYMPIC TORCH-  
BEARER *By Fred Sparks 100*

WHERE TO SEE PRACTICALLY EVERY-  
BODY *By Henry C. Wolfe 104*





Puerto Vallarta—"the most unlikely resort this side of the Hindu Kush."

—H. S.

## Roughing It With the Cognoscenti

By HORACE SUTTON

**T**HE emergence of a watering hole as a full-fledged resort of prominence and popularity depends not so much on the natural properties that are available as on who thinks the place is nifty. Newport became one of the first resorts before the American Revolution and before bathing in the ocean was thought fit for anything other than a sea lion. The social lions of New York and the planters of Carolina, neither of whom ever went near the water, found it a place of great repose and salubrity, and they also found each other's company entertaining and their interests intertwined.

Palm Beach lay at the end of Flagler's railroad line, and the first hotel that went up there wasn't on the beach at all, but on the lake. There wasn't much to do except dance the cake walk in a coconut grove on Sunday after-

noons, and be rolled about, on other occasions when ennui set in, aboard a device called an Afromobile that was pedaled by a tireless colored man who sat in back. Case histories in our time have included Sun Valley in an unhandy corner of Idaho, which was promoted by the late Steve Hannagan, who filled the place with the likes of Hemingway and Gary Cooper and slipped the news to the world. Or Miami Beach, whose postwar renaissance was engineered by a shrewd flack named Hank Meyer, who fought in-and-out weather, overbuilding, and Caribbean competition with Arthur Godfrey, and attracted a run of spangled talent happy to flee the frost up north and entertain for fat fees and the snobbery of at least one sensational new hotel a year.

During the summer and fall it has been positively fascinating, and also inescapable, to chart the appearance of a new resort called Puerto Vallarta on the Pacific Coast of Mexico. Even consider-

ing that Las Vegas lay on a barren desert and Palm Beach was a buggy swamp when they were discovered, Puerto Vallarta, on points, figures to be the most unlikely resort this side of the Hindu Kush. Unless you count the bus, which could dislocate a vertebra if driven on a newly paved highway, and which takes eighteen hours to master the 130-mile rock-strewn roller coaster from Guadalajara, there is no way in except by air. Coming from Los Angeles, it is necessary to change planes at Mazatlán since the British jets of Compañía Mexicana de Aviación cannot manage the airport at Puerto Vallarta. There is no telephone, either inside town or connecting with the outside world, and beyond the sidewalks of two short streets, the streets are a path of jagged cobbles.

Besides, Mexico already has Acapulco, and Acapulco has two Hilton hotels, five Balsa hotels, rooms with private swimming pools, nightclubs with divers jumping off cliffs carrying