




Volkswagens cost less in Europe.

(So buy one from your
authorized dealer before
you go.)

 For the whole story, visit a VW showroom and talk to the dealer. You'll find that he takes care of all the details: purchase, delivery, insurance, licensing. All you do is pick up the VW in the city of your choice. (Of the 55 different pickup cities, one should be convenient.) Then when you tire of driving through foreign countries, ship it on home. If it needs servicing after you get back, you can always count on your local authorized dealer. He's not going anywhere.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

For free brochure, write: Volkswagen of America,
Tourist Delivery Dept. 512 Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

LOVELY,

lovely books lovingly created by the world's foremost camera artists and writers. Each volume is a love affair with a favorite city or region, capturing its indescribable, ineffable beauty as never before. Treat yourself to one of these volumes soon — perfect gifts too. 9½ x 10½ inches, luxuriously printed and bound in France.

THE NEW YORK I LOVE. 119 photographs, 12 in color, by Peter Fink. Intro. by the Hon. Robert F. Wagner. **Just out! 7.95**

THE PORTUGAL I LOVE. 112 photographs, 12 in color, by Cartier-Bresson, Tetrel, et al. Intro. by Jacques Chardonne. **7.95**

THE ALPS I LOVE. 100 photographs, 12 in color, by M. Serrailier. Intro. M. Herzog. **7.95**

THE GREECE I LOVE. 100 photographs, 12 in color, by R. Descharnes. Intro. by J. de La-cretelle. **7.95**

THE PARIS I LOVE. 100 photographs, 12 in color, by P. Molinard. Intro. by M. Aymé. **7.95**

THE FLORENCE I LOVE. 100 photographs, 12 in color, by R. Descharnes. Intro. by P. Morand. **7.95**

THE ROME I LOVE. 100 photographs, 12 in color, by P. Molinard. Intro. by J. Giono. **7.95**

THE VENICE I LOVE. 100 photographs, 12 in color, by J. Imbert. Intro. by J. Cocteau. **7.95**

THE VERSAILLES I LOVE. 100 photographs, 12 in color, by R. Descharnes. Intro. by P. Gaxotte. **7.95**

THE SPAIN I LOVE 100 photographs, 12 in color by Cartier-Bresson et al. Intro. by J. Peyré. **7.95**

At all bookstores or from

TUDOR PUBLISHING COMPANY
221 Park Avenue South, N.Y. 10003

CLICK TRANSIT

THERE is more than a measure of appropriateness in having the year's first issue carry the prize-winning pictures of *SR's* annual World Travel Photo Contest. The *tabula rasa* of a new year shares kinship with the traveler's eye; both hold promissory notes for images and fresh insights yet to come.

In their deliberations over the 2,100 camera images submitted as contest entries, judges Ivan Dmitri, Leopold Godowsky, and Norris Harkness—world travelers all—invariably looked longest at those pictures that communicated some novel, unexpected insight in purely graphic terms. Inexpert technique or poor print quality having eliminated all but several hundred entries in the first screening, the final determinant was "picture quality"—how the individual metaphors of mood, light, contrast, color, and form were used to create an eye-arresting view.

Some of the jury's observations about what makes a photo a *travel* photo are revealing: "It's essentially in the ap-

proach—a fresh approach to what may be the most familiar scene or situation"; "it ought to project a new experience or impression to a person who *wasn't* there"; "it should charm and delight the eye with a sudden moment of insight or truth about even the least-known of locales."

For these judges, travel is something that begins the moment a note in the milk bottle puts news of intended absence in the public domain. It doesn't matter whether the shutter clicks at time of departure, at place of destination, or at any point in transit within the there-and-back cycle. The trip may span the hours of a single afternoon or the twelve months of a sabbatical year, as long as "its picture record is one made of a visual experience away from home."

"Placing it like a picture in a frame" is the way the itinerant writer Freya Stark has defined what travel does to the life of every day. The photographs reproduced in the preceding portfolio and on the cover are tangible proof.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

Helen G. Russell, grand-prize winner in color, is a first-time entrant in any photo contest. A professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, she teaches calculus and a course entitled "Functions of a Complex Variable." She adds quickly, however, this in no way prepares her for the complex variables of *f*-stops and exposures. "In fact, just about the time I had news of winning the prize, I was thinking about getting a new camera—so I won't have to throw away as many 'duds'!" It was during a five-week trip to the Far East last spring that she shot the top-award picture. Accompanied by her mother (aged ninety-five), she was on a sampan headed for a Hong Kong fishing village and dinner at a floating restaurant. "It was near sunset, and the rosy light made an appealing subject of the small child whose mother was poling the sampan." Photography is not Miss Russell's only hobby. "I collect bears, do *SR's* Literary Crypts, and bake Maine Apple pie." (For the information of the cooks among our readers, she uses nothing but Northern Spies.)



F. B. Grunzweig edged out all other black-and-white entries to take first-prize for a print he characterizes as "the on-the-go atmosphere of an airport, stark simplicity in composition humanized by background figures." No newcomer to *SR's* World Travel Photo Contest, this public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat has twice been a \$50 finalist. Taking about 800 pictures a year and doing all his own darkroom work qualifies him as a one-hobby man. "But I don't yet qualify as a *world* traveler. I was born in Czechoslovakia, came to the U.S. in 1939, spent a year in Africa and the Congo, roamed Canada and the Caribbean—but I haven't covered South America or the Far East." Given time—and camera—he probably will do at least that.



**If this is going to be
your first trip to Europe,
we caution you to remember
that 80% of the people
who have visited Scandinavia
wish they had stayed longer.**

The best way to get to Scandinavia (of course) is SAS:

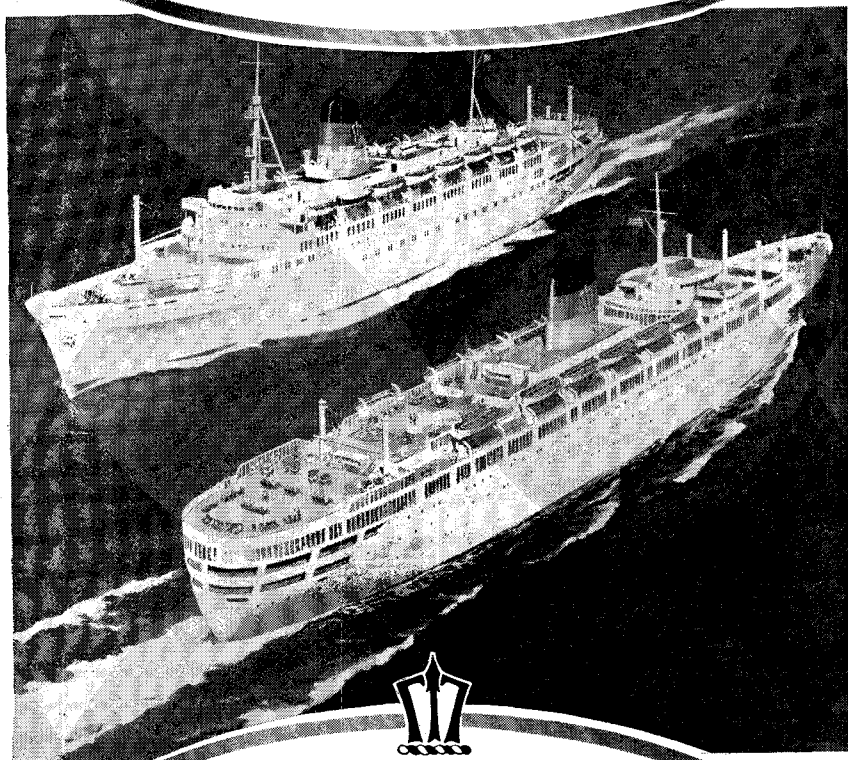
We fly to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, Helsinki and Bergen. We fly from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Anchorage and Montreal. A total of 18 jet flights a week now through spring. 34 jet flights a week beginning June 1.

One of the best ways to get around the rest of Europe (surprise) is SAS:

We serve more cities within Europe than any other transatlantic airline. From Alta, Norway, one of Europe's northernmost cities, to Palma de Majorca in the balmy Mediterranean. 51 cities in all. And all it takes to get started is a visit to your travel agent or local SAS office.



SAIL THE GREEK LINE
"GOLDEN ROUTE"
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN



Fortnightly Service from New York and Boston to
PORTUGAL • ITALY • SICILY • GREECE • CYPRUS • ISRAEL

The Magnificent TSS
OLYMPIA
 23,000 TONS

Greek Line's New Flagship TSS
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
 26,000 TONS

**Stabilized • Fully Air Conditioned
 Deluxe Staterooms**

The "Golden Route" is more than a sunshine route to the Mediterranean . . . it is a golden way of life! It symbolizes the highest standards of excellence, comfort and elegance . . . of attentions by those who are especially trained in the tradition of fine service.

On the "Golden Route" you'll luxuriate on sleek, comfortable liners in staterooms with private facilities. Play on the many sun-deck areas . . . swim, make friends in the many spacious public rooms. You'll delight in the epicurean Continental-American cuisine featuring Mediterranean specialties.

Pick the "Golden Route" sailing of your choice . . . take advantage of season discounts up to 25% . . . custom-plan your own itinerary, or select an all-inclusive tour from the many regularly scheduled to Mediterranean countries and Greek Islands.

For "Golden Route" information, tours and reservations including the magnificent Mediterranean cruise and West Indies cruises, contact your TRAVEL AGENT.

GREEK LINE

10 Bridge Street, New York, N. Y. 10004

Atlanta • Boston • Cleveland • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • Miami • Philadelphia • San Francisco
 Toronto • Montreal • Vancouver

Photo Prizewinners

GRAND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Round-trip flight to Hong Kong)

HELEN G. RUSSELL, Gorham, Me. Hong Kong.
 Kodak Pony; Kodachrome II.

**GRAND PRIZE IN
 BLACK AND WHITE**
(Round-trip flight to Paris)

F. B. GRUNZWEIG, New York, N.Y. Kennedy
 Airport, N.Y. Rolleiflex; Plus X.

SECOND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize—\$200)

DR. ROBERT H. ALEXANDER, White Plains, N.Y.
 Cuzco, Peru. Rolleiflex; Agfachrome.

**SECOND PRIZE IN
 BLACK AND WHITE**
(Cash Prize—\$200)

CARL FRANK, Brooklyn, N.Y. Ati, Rep. of Chad.
 Pentax; Plus X.

THIRD PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize—\$100)

DOROTHY TREDENNICK, Berea, Ky. Taiwan. Mi-
 nolta; Kodachrome II.

**THIRD PRIZE IN
 BLACK AND WHITE**
(Cash Prize—\$100)

WILLIAM H. B. RODARMOR, Hanover, N.H. Venice,
 Italy. Braun Paxette; Adox.

FINALISTS IN COLOR
(Cash Prizes—\$50)

MILES J. MARTIN, Scotia, N.Y. Chioggia, Italy.
 Leica; Kodachrome II.
 LINSLEY WYANT, Soquel, Calif. Big Sur, Calif.
 Kodak Retina; Kodachrome II.
 CHARLES FRASCH, Haverford, Pa. Colorado. Ko-
 nica; Kodachrome.
 GERALDINE L. CHILDRESS, New York, N.Y. Myko-
 nos, Greece. Bolsey; Kodachrome II.
 L. MICHAEL LOVELL, West Chesterfield, N.H.
 Egypt. Praktika; Kodachrome.
 CAROLINE McMULLAN, Cambridge, Mass. Tokyo,
 Japan. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodacolor.
 HAROLD DOLETZKE, Detroit, Mich. Monument Val-
 ley, Ariz. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome.

FINALISTS IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prizes—\$50)

DR. JOHN W. MCGEE, Albion, Mich. Jackson,
 Mich. Kodak Retina; Tri-X.
 JAMES SCHUMACHER, Hermosa Beach, Calif. Los
 Angeles, Calif. Rolleiflex; Tri-X.
 DAVID MCINTOSH, Santa Fe, N. Mex. Baja Cali-
 fornia, Mexico. Petri; Tri-X.
 H. L. WELLINGTON, Los Angeles, Calif. Nikko,
 Japan. Nikon; Plus X.
 F. K. BERRIEN, Bound Brook, N.J. Miyako, Japan.
 Minolta; Kodachrome II.
 VICTORIA STEWART, Mayfield Heights, O. Vienna,
 Austria. Rolleiflex; Panatomic X.
 T. KASI NATH, New Delhi, India. Jaipur, Rajas-
 than. Rolleiflex; Agfa.

HONORABLE MENTION

ROSE BERLANT, Brooklyn, N.Y. Lake Atitlan,
 Guatemala. Rolleiflex; Kodacolor.
 ARLENE BERNSTEIN, San Francisco, Calif. Yuca-
 tan, Mexico. Leotax; Plus X.
 GEORGE BRUGGEMAN, JR., Santa Monica, Calif.
 Kranjska Gora, Yugoslavia. Pentax; Kodachrome
 II.
 WILLIAM H. CLARK, Geneva, Switzerland. Amrit-
 sar, India. Kodak; Kodachrome II.
 STANLEY R. COHEN, Fresh Meadows, N.Y. Charles-
 ton, S.C. Miranda; Kodachrome II.
 JOHN COLOMBARIS, New York, N.Y. Cuenca, Spain.
 Minolta; Plus X.
 NEALE E. CREAMER, Beverly Hills, Calif. Pt. Lobos,
 Calif. Rolleiflex; Ektachrome.
 RICHARD C. CRISLER, JR., Guatemala City, Guate-
 mala. Comalapa, Guatemala. Nikon; Panatomic X.

(Continued on page 68)

SR/ January 2, 1965



**It's easy to be
happy in Corfu.**

**Especially
if you're
a tightwad.**

There are lots of beautiful islands in the world. Few of them are quite as beautiful, quite as much fun as the lovely Greek island of Corfu. The Greek Royal Family has been going there for years. You go too. Wander through twisty, alabaster streets. Skin-dive for sea shells. Play tennis on fast, well-kept courts. Rub elbows with millionaires at the roulette tables.

Money? You don't need a lot of it in Corfu. There are plenty of charming hotels, motels, guest houses; all priced very reasonably. \$12 a day for a deluxe hotel (2 meals included). From \$8 up for a seaside bungalow motel.

\$1 for an overnight stay in a private house.

Want to take a boat tour? The Athens-Corfu steamer is just \$6.47 tourist. Or you can rent a yacht for as little as \$20 a day, or get real close to nature—in a canoe.

If you'd like more information on beautiful, surprisingly inexpensive Corfu, or any of the other enchanting Greek islands, write: National Tourist Organization of Greece, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10017. Or see your Travel Agent.

GREECE

I am planning a trip to
SCANDINAVIA
 LANDS OF SUNLIT NIGHTS

please tell me more about:

☐ **DENMARK**
 Gay fairy-tale land.

☐ **FINLAND**
 Sparkling land of lakes.

☐ **NORWAY**
 Land of majestic fjords.

☐ **SWEDEN**
 Land of folklore and progress.



please write:

SCANDINAVIAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

Dept. A30, Box 260, New York, N.Y. 10017

name _____

address _____

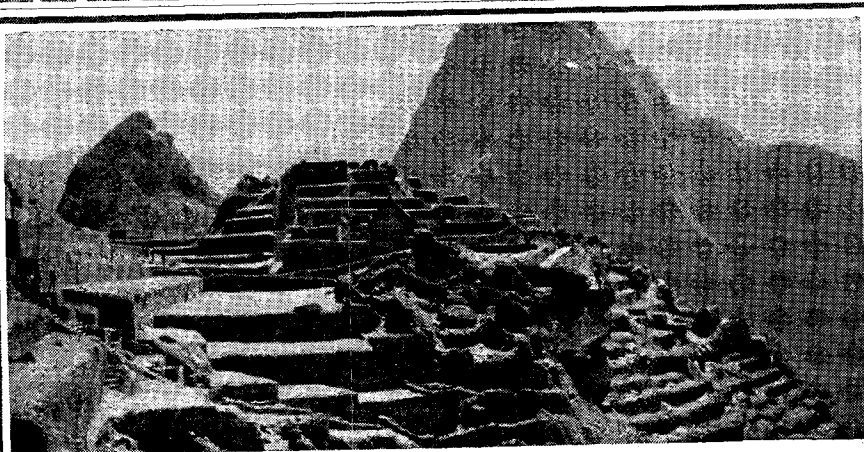
city _____ zone _____ state _____

☐ I am a student. Please send special literature.



Continued from page 66

EDWARD EISMAN, Los Angeles, Calif. Verona, Italy. Yashika; Kodachrome II.
 SHIRLEY EISMAN, Los Angeles, Calif. Lucerne, Switzerland. Argus; Kodachrome II.
 CARL FRANK, Brooklyn, N.Y. Marrakech, Morocco. Rollicflex; Ektachrome.
 ROBERT W. GASH, Berkeley, Calif. Lake Mascardi, Argentina. Nikon; Kodachrome.
 JAMES GIANELOS, So. Euclid, O. Hydra, Greece. Pentax; Panatomic X.
 KENTON M. HUTCHISON, Cedar Rapids, Ia. Agra, India. Argus; Sear's Tower.
 DR. HERBERT S. KAUFMAN, San Francisco, Calif. Mexico. Nikon; Tri-X.
 DR. S. A. KLEIN, New York, N.Y. Quebec, Canada. Miranda; Ektachrome.
 ROBERT W. LAFORE, Jr., Moylan, Pa. Bangkok, Thailand. Pentax; Kodachrome II.
 DOROTHEA C. LOEWEL, New Rochelle, N.Y. Cairo, Egypt. Pentax; Kodachrome II.
 HENRY L. MELCZER, Los Angeles, Calif. Chichen Itza; Mexico. Kodak; Kodachrome II.
 MRS. BARBARA MORGAN, Stamford, Conn. Joplin, Mo. Nikon; Kodachrome II.
 MRS. IRENE WENDELL OLSEN, Phoenix, Ariz. Rothenburg, West Germany. Pentax; Ektachrome.
 HELEN OTT, Troy, N.Y. Banaras, India. Pentax; Kodachrome.
 ALBERT POUNIAN, Lake Forest, Ill. Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodachrome II.
 PAUL W. RASMUSSEN, Williamsburg, Va. Lavenham, England. Olympus; Ektachrome.
 LORETTA RYAN, Pelham, N.Y. Cork, Ireland. Zeiss Contaflex; Agfachrome.
 ALFRED SCHMALZ, Darien, Conn. Mount Athos, Greece. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome.
 GEORGE W. SEAMAN, New York, N.Y. Bangkok, Thailand. Pentax; Isopan.
 EIVOR SHEPARD, New York, N.Y. Bangkok, Thailand. Canonet; Ektachrome.
 SIDNEY X. SHORE, Roslyn Heights, N.Y. Nairobi Nat'l. Park, Kenya, Africa. Topcon; Ektachrome.
 SHERI STERN, Iowa City, Ia. Fez, Morocco. Minolta; Plus X.
 GERALDINE M. SULLIVAN, Larchmont, N.Y. Holland. Agfa Solina; Kodacolor.



Almost 2,000 years old, Machu Picchu was rediscovered in 1911.

Cruise to Peru—land of Incas
 (and 6 other Caribbean and South American ports)



Grace Line's 20,000-ton *Santa Magdalena*, *Santa Mariana*, *Santa Maria* and *Santa Mercedes* offer a service never before available. Each new American-flag "Santa" caters to just 117 guests. A unique combination of all-first-class comfort, easy-going informality. There's a 26-day cruise every week

from the Port of New York. Ships call at ports in the Caribbean and Panama, sail through the Canal, cross the Equator and visit the Pacific Coast of South America. Shore tours available in Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Panama. For information or reservations see a Travel Agent. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Sq. or 628 Fifth Ave. (Rockefeller Center), New York. Digby 4-6000.

HANDY FILE

FOR YOUR
 COPIES OF

Saturday Review

- Keep SATURDAY REVIEW issues neat, clean, in order
- With washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering designed especially for SR
- Holds 26 copies

\$2.50 each, postpaid
 (3 for \$7.00, or 6 for \$13.00)

Money back if not completely satisfied

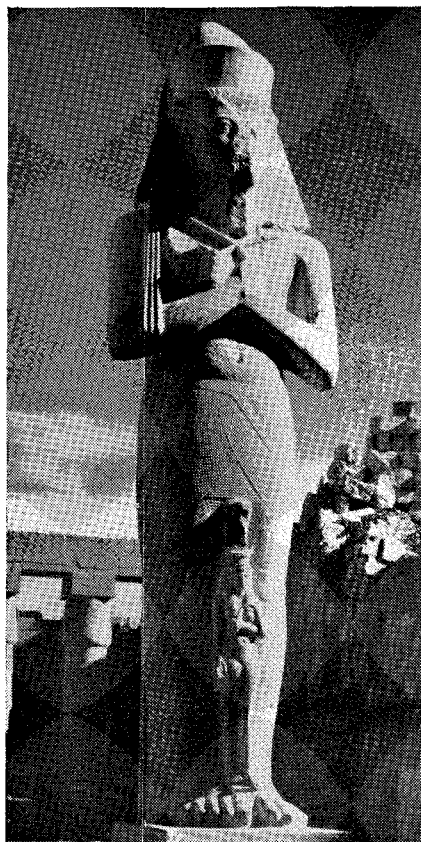
ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
 DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
 PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

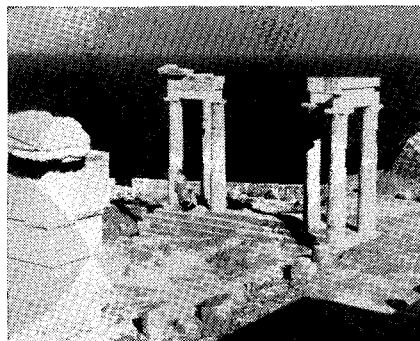
Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Be a traveler... not a tourist!

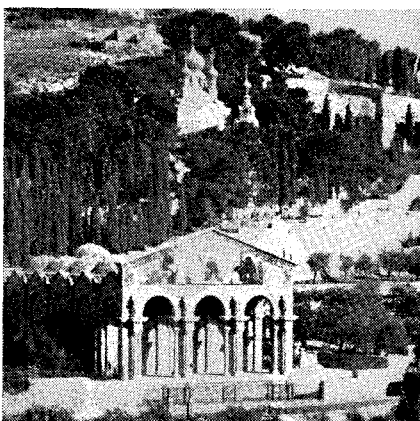
There is no place for the commonplace in these exciting Lufthansa tours! Unusual sights and unforgettable experiences become surprisingly routine—emphasizing always your complete traveling comfort. For a vacation with a luxurious difference, see your Lufthansa Travel Agent now!



Tour to Antiquity. Wander in wonder through ages past, on this Greece and Egypt tour that includes a 7-day cruise on the Nile River. See the Temple of Zeus and the fabled Acropolis in Athens, visit Crete, Nauplia, Olympia, Delphi. In Thebes you will walk through the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the Royal Tombs of Tutankhamen, Sethi I and Ramesses II. Visit ancient Luxor, Dendera, Karnak, Esna, Edfu, Kom Ombo and the temples of Khnum, the ram-headed god, Horus, the hawk-god. You will visit Aswan and Cairo, Memphis and Sakkara, too. Possibly the most fascinating tour in the world. 21 days, from \$1,455.

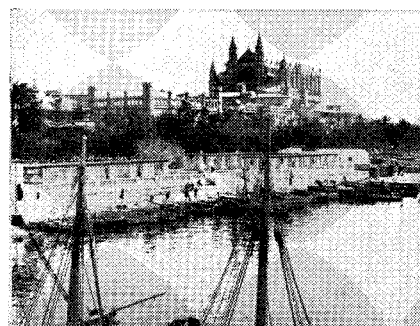


Middle Eastern Budget Cruise. This exciting tour includes everything from a gay evening in Bavaria, to Beirut with its Riviera-like beaches, to Biblical Jerusalem, to ancient Egypt with a camel ride through the desert, to the legendary Greek birthplaces of Western civilization, to a 3-day cruise—Cairo to Sicily and Naples. Truly, you will visit the world... Corinth and Mycenae, Athens and Delphi, Istanbul and Damascus. You will walk the Way of the Cross and see the Holy Sepulchre, the Dead Sea and the River Jordan, the excavations at Pompeii and all the wonders of Rome. This is a fairy tale vacation come true. 21 days, from \$1,175.



The Holy Land. A Lufthansa jet whisks you to Cairo on the Nile for your pilgrimage to the land where East and West meet—and part. See the City of the Dead, fascinating bazaars, oriental dances at the Scheherazade. Visit the pyramids on a camel safari and spend a night on the desert in an Arabian tent. The past comes alive in hallowed temples and tombs, in

a Crusader Castle in Tripoli, in the presence of the great Cedars of Lebanon. The Old and New Testaments fuse with the present in Jerusalem, Gethsemane, Bethlehem, Jericho, Jordan, Nazareth and Galilee. See modern Israel, too, in Haifa and Tel Aviv. Tour Istanbul, ancient Athens, Delphi and Daphni—and end this glorious tour with a 2½-day cruise of the Greek Islands. Return via Frankfurt. 21 days, from \$1,313.



Sunlight & Roses Dorian Cruises. Choose the Eastern or Western Mediterranean for a holiday that is magic. You view the ancient world from the luxury of the modern. Your Dorian cruise ship is a floating palace, with sun decks, swimming pool, game rooms and beautiful cabins. Cruise the Aegean and Adriatic Seas as you visit Dubrovnik, Piraeus, Athens, Alexandria, Port Said, Beirut, Haifa, Rhodes, Olympia and Venice. 19 days, from \$767. Or enjoy the sun-drenched beauty of Milan, Genoa, Malaga, Las Palmas, Tenerife, Casablanca, Gibraltar, Palma de Majorca. Free day in Munich, then home, 20 days, from \$790.

Lufthansa German Airlines, Dept. SR 1-2
410 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

- ☐ I am interested in the tour(s) I have circled below.
☐ Please have your travel expert contact me about the tour(s) I have circled below.

Antiquity Tour Holy Land
Mid-East Cruise Sunlight & Roses

Name

Address

City State Phone

My Lufthansa Travel Agent is

Prices quoted are all-inclusive and based on 14-21 day Economy Excursion fare.



LUFTHANSA
GERMAN AIRLINES

Continued from page 41

would squeeze sun-ripened grapefruit, pineapple, *guanábana*, oranges, mangos, or papaya, and serve it—just the pure juice—over crushed ice. Nowhere else have I found orange juice so rich and sweet. If a dime seemed exorbitant you could get the same drinks for a nickel from a man with a pushcart, and both he and the best restaurants would crack open green coconuts to strain out the delicate-flavored water, approving it as being good for the kidneys.

EVEN before the hurricane season ended, usually in late October, the spindled swinging doors of Sloppy Joe's, the big, airy bar that served honest drinks, turned busy with the tourist trade and down the street North Americans in ebullient sports shirts snapped photos of the Presidential Palace and of Alvaro Gonzalez Gordon's fairy-tale white castle nearby. The tourist season continued on through the winter, with the biggest crowds probably coming over for Las Comparsas, Cuba's spring festival, which, unlike those of Nice and New Orleans, went on for five successive Saturday nights before Lent, the gayest nights of the year. By dusk the bleachers in front of the Capitolio and the Parque Central were filled with spectators who had bought tickets, and the crowds packed thicker and thicker under the laurel trees of the Prado. Nobody minded waiting in the soft evening air until nine o'clock when from far down the Prado drifted the first conga rhythms of African drums, guitars, and trumpets. Each Comparsa—a club of people, mostly colored, of the same vocation or neighborhood, such as the Cane Cutters, the Gardeners, the Laundresses, the Marquéses, the Sultanas—was beautifully or wittily costumed (they had spent months making their costumes) and they danced beneath their tall, whirling lanterns with every corpucle beating time. The parades used to continue until long past midnight and afterward in the bars, and on the streets Havana danced until dawn.

Our house on a hilltop overlooked the sea and the profile of Havana with the dome of the Capitolio its most prominent feature, and sometimes when the golden twinkle of the city beckoned through the lavender haze of an evening we changed out of our shorts and drove in to the Floridita, always our first stop, no matter where we went later. It was a rushed and roistering, open-faced bar and café in those days, street-cars clattering by outside, the shouting of the lottery-ticket vendors and of Mister Hapeanuh, the wizened, grinning

19 SCHEDULED AIRLINES
18 FLY THE ATLANTIC
1 HAVE THE SAME FARES
ONLY 1 HAS LOWER FARES...
...and that's ICELANDIC!



Lowest air fares to Europe at anytime of the year, too... one way or all-year round trips! Pay far less than Jet Economy fares... with savings up to \$137.40. And, swift, new Rolls-Royce 400 Jet Props have reduced total flying time to ALL Icelandic destinations. They're in full service from New York to Iceland and Luxembourg. Other destinations via Jet Prop to Iceland—connecting with DC-6B Cloudmasters. All flights feature complimentary meals, drinks, snacks. There's no doubt about it... Icelandic is your best sky-buy to Europe.

From New York to: ICELAND • ENGLAND • SCOTLAND • HOLLAND • NORWAY • SWEDEN
DENMARK • FINLAND • LUXEMBOURG

Use these Icelandic Gateways—and save—to all of Europe and beyond.
AMERICAN EXPRESS CREDIT CARDS HONORED

ICELANDIC AIRLINES
LOFTLEIDIR

Consult Your Travel Agent or
610 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center),
New York 20 • PL 7-8585
37 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 3 • FL 6-2341
210 Post St., San Francisco 8 • YU 2-7651

Write
For
Folder
(R)

Japan is an emotion!



Japan is more than an enchanting crescent of islands... it is a feeling... a mood... an excitement that stirs the imagination, captures the heart.

Japan is the delight of meeting charming children, of enjoying the breathtaking wonder of cherry blossoms silhouetted against the sky, of bargain hunting in cosmopolitan cities for pearls, antiques, silks, cloisonne and other treasures.

Japan is poetry... pageantry... history and art. Japan is the land of unforgettable adventure. Come and discover Japan for yourself.

See your Travel Agent.
Write:

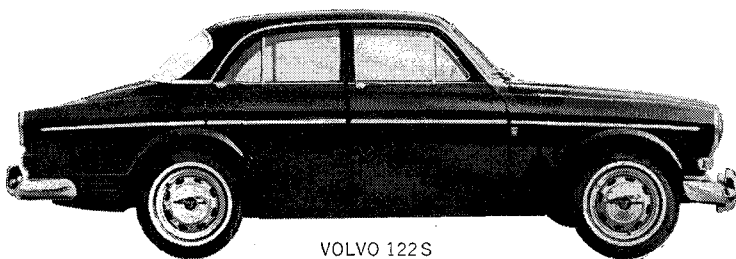
JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION

45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020 • 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601
• 1420 Commerce Street, Dallas, Texas 75201 • 651 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94105 •
109 Kaiulani Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815 • 165 University Avenue, Toronto 1, Ontario

Who's got the best overseas delivery plan?

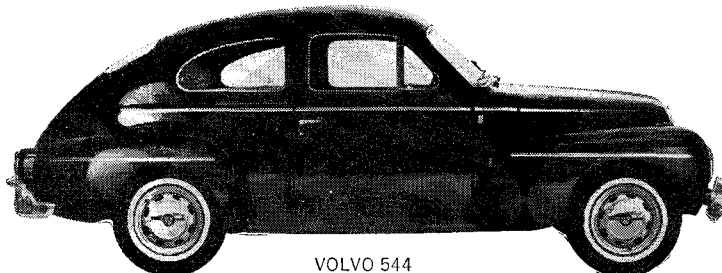
(Not us. Not anyone else, either.)

All overseas delivery plans work the same: order your car here, pick it up in Europe, ship it home and pocket hundreds. We do have one thing the other car makers can't offer though: A compact that out-accelerates every other popular-priced compact in every speed range, gets over 25 miles to the gallon like the little economy cars, is virtually indestructible and proves it at trade-in time. Volvo prices in Europe start at a low \$1820 *delivered*.* If this sounds good to you, see your travel agent, your Volvo dealer, or write to: Volvo Inc., Rockleigh, New Jersey.



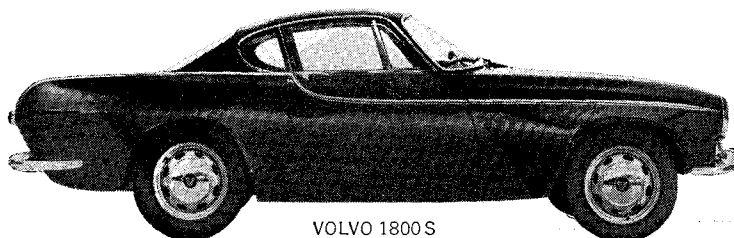
VOLVO 122S

Available with automatic transmission, also as a 2-door sedan or 4-door wagon.



VOLVO 544

Been entered in more races and won more races than any compact ever made.

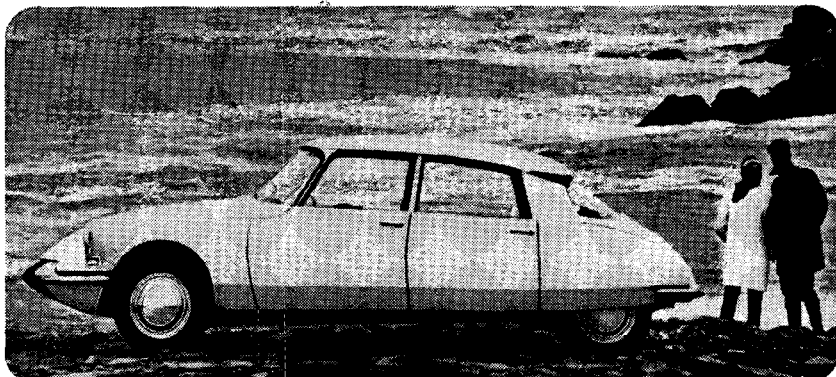


VOLVO 1800S

Road & Track magazine said it best, "The 1800S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."



*FOB GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN. OTHER EUROPEAN POINTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER.



ID, DS-19: France's most popular family-size car.



2 CV delivers 55 m.p.g.

**a car is a
must in
europe!**

Citroën is your best choice with a car for every need, and every budget. Purchase your Citroën here for factory-direct tax-free delivery in Europe. You can bring it home for additional savings. Write for complete Overseas Delivery information and free brochures on Citroën cars.

CITROËN

Citroën Cars Corp., Dept. SR-51
East: 300 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.
West: 8423 Wilshire Blvd, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Send me free brochures on Overseas Delivery of Citroën cars.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Panama

**...SO ROMANTIC THAT EVEN
THE OCEANS GET TOGETHER!**



Panama is all pleasure for stopover or complete vacation. Breathtaking sunsets, fighting fish at the plush Club de Pesca, the odds-you-win excitement of beautiful Casinos — nightlife that keeps you wide awake until dawn. Luxury import shops where you save more than you spend. Old Panama is dramatic — New Panama is as wonderful as its smart air conditioned hotels!

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

PANAMA GOV'T. TOURIST BUREAU
630 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020
Tel. CI 6-5841

Tell me more.

name

address

my travel agent is

SR 1-2

old Chinese who sold peanuts in brown paper cornucopias, contributing to the din of customers' voices and the constant whirring of electric mixers making frozen daiquiris.

Constánste, a quiet man, economical of movement, and with the gentle mouth of a leaf-eating animal, had come from Spain years before, had established La Florida (Floridita is a pet name) and had prospered. He perfected the daiquiri, called the Floridita its cradle, and no matter how crowded his forty-foot-long mahogany bar or how importunate his customers, neither Constánste nor his bartenders concocted any drink less than as perfectly as possible. The bartenders and the older waiters in the restaurant end of the café were cheerful, obliging people and obedient employees, for Constánste had given them generous shares in the stock of his company years before.

OUR favorite stools were at the Obispo Street end of the bar (Leopoldina, said to have been the mistress of a descendant of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and other local girls were steady occupants of the bar's other end). If other Floridita habitués were occupying our place when we arrived, they courteously moved. If strangers were there, Langostino (Little Lobster), the paper-thin waiter, lured them to a nearby table. Meanwhile one of the bartenders, in white shirt and tie, white apron, and with heavy rubbers over his shoes, had begun the daiquiri ceremony. They had christened our variation of the drink a "Papa Doble" since it was double the normal size and contained, as sweetening, only five or six drops of maraschino, the liqueur, no sugar syrup. Into a Papa Doble went the juice of half a freshly cut sun-ripened Cuban grapefruit, the juice of one large or two small limes, also just cut open, two and a half big jiggers of Bacardí White Label rum, and shaved ice. After a whirl in the mixer the drinks came to us in thinnest French cut-glass goblets, mist rising off them in the warmth as from a pond in autumn, lightly packed, bright white snowballs. Impatient drinkers who took too big a first sip of Constánste's daiquiris felt their sinuses writhe at the impact of the cold in their throats.

For us and many other customers the Floridita was Havana's Rialto and club. We picked up the unpublishable gossip of the town there, saw friends, received messages, harvested rumors, and inevitably sang with our friends, the *Conjunto*, the trio of Cottán, the big, smiling black guitarist, a second guitarist, and the gaunt, dark singer and maracas man. They would sing the swinging popular songs of Cuba and Mexico one heard on the radio, "Un poquito, nada más, Un poquito de amor," or the densely dou-

**“If a girl is smart
this is all she needs in Europe to go
anywhere first class.”**



Anywhere?

A Eurailpass is all anybody needs to travel first class by train for a whole month anywhere—everywhere—through 13 exciting countries.

\$130 is all it costs! (What a gift idea.)

Start anywhere, stop anytime. Stay over whenever you wish and take advantage of the many free bus, boat and ferry

trips available to the Eurailpass traveler.

No other tickets are necessary. One price is all you pay for over 100,000 miles of first class travel through Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland.

If you're really smart you'll stay longer. A 2-month Eurailpass costs just \$175; 3-month \$205. Children under 4 free. Under 10 half fare.

FREE FOLDER AND MAP AT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR WRITE: EURAILPASS, DEPT. B7, BOX 191, MADISON SQ. STATION, NEW YORK 10010. EURAILPASS IS NOT SOLD IN EUROPE.

GOING ABROAD? Pick up a new Rootes car in Europe and let the savings pay for your fun!



Rootes Overseas Car Delivery Plan guarantees that you'll have more fun, see more places and save hundreds of dollars on travel costs when you order a new Sunbeam, Hillman or Humber here for delivery in Europe. What's more, the price you pay abroad is up to \$500* less than what the same car would cost you here!

Rootes offers a choice of sedans, sports cars, convertibles and station wagons. All backed by the oldest firm in the business with delivery and service in 163 countries. Liberal trade-in allowance and financing plan. See your travel agent or Sunbeam dealer today.
*Depending on which car you select.

Only Rootes offers delivery in London or Paris at the same low prices! Ask about our Repurchase Plan

—For details mail coupon today!—

ROOTES MOTORS, INC., Dept. SA
505 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. or
9830 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me full details of Rootes Overseas Car Delivery Plan.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

GAY! COLORFUL! DECORATIVE!

GIANT-SIZE Travel Posters

only \$1.00 each!



Mexico • Rome • Japan • Portugal
Moscow • London • Israel • Paris
Chile • Greece • Venice • Hawaii
Yugoslavia • Hong Kong • Austria
Denmark • San Francisco • Peru
Stockholm • Sicily • Normandy
Tahiti • Norway • Florence
Holland • Ireland • India
New York • Switzerland

Over 300 different kinds
Aver. size 25½ x 37½"

Send 25¢ for illustrated brochure
PENN PRINTS
221 Park Ave. So.
New York 10003

ALL CREDIT CARDS
ACCEPTED

\$800 A DAY
SINGLE
\$10.00 / DOUBLE
T.V. HTD. POOL
35 ROOMS
ALWAYS AVAILABLE

EAST HOUSE HOTEL

4200 W. CENTURY BLVD.
INGLEWOOD (L.A.) ADJACENT TO
L.A. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT •
DIRECT DIAL PHONES IN ROOMS
DIRECT PHONES FROM ALL AIRPORT
BAGGAGE AREAS TO HOTEL • COFFEE SHOP
• ROOM SERVICE • RESERVATIONS MADE FREE OF
CHARGE ANYWHERE • 24 HOUR FREE LIMOUSINE SERVICE TO
AND FROM AIRPORT • PH (213) 677-1155 • TWX (213) 673-3317

ble-entendre "La mícura está en el suelo, Mamá no puedo con ella."

Besides olives, almonds, and tidbits of juicy fried pork, the snacks Constañte gave away at the bar were as good as those at Harry's Bar in Venice. Our favorite was a miniature triangle of chicken and ham between thinnest bread, the whole dipped in egg batter and sautéed. If we stayed late, we sometimes dined at the bar on Cuban sandwiches, those foot-long, crusty delights of Cuban bread sliced horizontally and packed with chicken, ham, pork, pickles, cheese, and sausage. Other times we moved back into the restaurant to eat Morro crab or their rich Chicken reina. Or we went to one of the few other restaurants Ernest enjoyed in Havana, El Pacifico, at the top of a narrow building in the Chinese quarter, off Zanja (ditch) Street.

AT ten o'clock at night we would climb the steep stairs from the sidewalk entrance to the elevator into which four medium-sized or five thin people could squeeze, and ascend slowly past the floor that was rented to girls, past the floor that held a club and from which issued sounds of billiards or pool being played, and the floor that was, we guessed, a music club since it gave out atonal sounds from stringed instruments. In those days almost no one but us and our Chinese friends patronized the restaurant and there was none of the tourist-luring decor that appeared later and was accompanied by a decline in the cuisine. We had wide-open shutters that looked onto the city's rooftops, plain white cotton-covered tables, chopsticks, a dip-dish of top quality soy sauce, and three other dip-bowls, one of mustard hot enough to blow the top of your head off, a sweet-orange dip, and a sweet, thick brown sauce.

One year our friend Philip Chai, of San Francisco and Pan-American, and one of the renowned Wong daughters from Hong Kong, gave a formal dinner for us and some others at El Pacifico, ordering the thirty-some courses a couple of days in advance. We had pigeons in paper sacks, winter-melon soup, and others—shrimp, crab, and fish done a dozen different ways, bird's nests, hundred-year-old eggs, rice of twenty different flavors, and wine and tea. When we finished dining at midnight we agreed with Philip and Miss Wong that El Pacifico was the best Chinese restaurant outside the Orient, bar none.

Our customary menu in Havana's Chinatown was much more modest. After shark's fin soup, we had five or six dishes including sweet-and-sour shrimp, pink and plump in their pungent sauce, something with chicken, snow peas, and other vegetables. Ernest ate with gusto a greenish-gray, gelatinous thing which

he called the "bicho" (worm or grub). It was a slippery sea slug of some kind that tasted like seaweed and I felt I could live forever without it.

Sometimes we went on from Chinatown to gamble at the Hotel Nacional, and perhaps once a year Juan, our chauffeur, drove us out to the Tropicana Club with its comparatively honest croupiers, its poetic open-air dance floor, and its red velvet, white walls, and gilt furniture. It was the pleasantest place of its breed anywhere, I thought. The platform on which the orchestra played hung above the dance floor, the musicians arranging themselves around holes in it through which the trunks of living royal palms surged upward. The music was good and the sight of all those tightly encased Cuban girls' posteriors moving rhythmically in time was delightful. One floor show, dedicated to native Cuban music, was memorable. For it the Tropicana imported *guajiros* (peasants) from various country villages who played their guitars and drums, looking anxious, with a lucid sincerity that was endearing. The star was a small blond dancer and singer. As we drove off, we carried with us her best song, "Sun-sún-sun—sun-sún Baba-hie" (Hummingbird, in the bam-boo).

If, leaving the Tropicana, it was so late that we cared no more about work that day, we could not pass without stopping in the urine-scented, small, dim night club of Chori, in the strip which ran along the sea behind the amusement park with its merry-go-round, small Ferris wheel, and other diversions. Chori, with his big gold pendant hanging from a thick chain around his neck, was unambitious, unpunctual, black, fond of marijuana and whiskey, separately or together, and probably the best drummer outside the Kamba and Somali tribes of East Africa. We used to invite Chori to come and have a few drinks of our good whiskey, which we brought with us, and chat and make jokes with him, and eventually he would climb onto his orchestra stand, where his musicians were dozing, ruffle his drums to wake them up, and go into such a session of rhythms—steady, broken, mixed, sensuous, nostalgic, hair-raising, hypnotic.

Driving home through the fresh, sweet air, with the car top down, we would watch the sun tint the silent, sleeping city pink, then yellow, then gold, and go to sleep cradled in a crescendo of bird song that poured through our open windows. "Sun-sún-sun—sun-sún, Baba-hie."

Only a myopic visitor to Havana in those days could fail to observe evidences of neglectful government and of the greed of the haves. But that is another story.

SR/January 2, 1965

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

The fabulous feeling of excitement that is Hong Kong can be yours. But there is so much to see and do and time is so precious that you must plan your stay well. **Tours:** The main tours are around Hong Kong Island, through the rural areas of the New Territories, water tours within the harbour and to Aberdeen, and a Night tour. **Transport:** Cheapest in the world, 5 miles by bus for HK20¢; ferries, rickshaws, hire cars and taxis are cheap and abundant. **Food:** Superb Chinese food; also restaurants specializ-

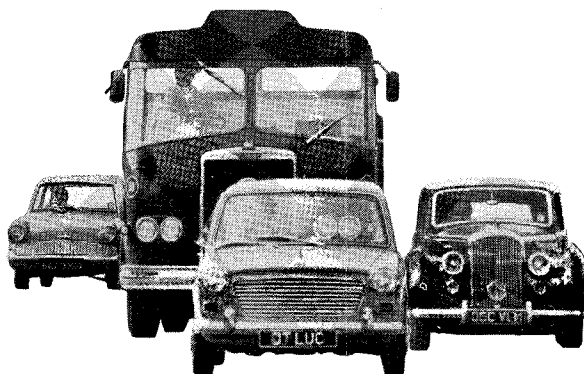
ing in every type of European cuisine. **Shopping:** Great variety and exciting. The tax-free port ensures bargains. **Accommodation:** Nearly 7,000 fully air-conditioned hotel rooms from single accommodation to luxurious suites. **Highlights:** View from the peak of Hong Kong Island. Dinner at the Aberdeen floating restaurants. Tiger Balm Gardens. Old Chinese villages. A ride in the Peak Tram. For comprehensive material write to the Hong Kong Tourist Association, Box 227, G.P.O. Hong Kong, B.C.C.





Two came to Britain ... how far did they get for \$30?

J.J. hired a car. Just for a couple of days. Cost \$8.40 down, plus 10 cents a mile.



It was a very *small* car. Un-American. With strange shift gears and right-hand drive. And the English roads didn't help much, either! Narrow things, most of them ... all meandering and quaint. His progress was solemn.

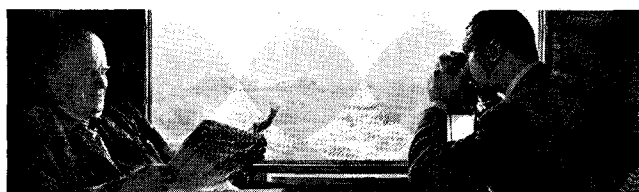
Still, he eventually made it to Stratford-upon-Avon. And back. A modest 220 miles all told. And his \$30 was up!

T.T. spent his \$30 before he left home.

He spent them with his travel agent ... on ThriftRail Coupons. And when he got to Britain, he traded his ThriftRails for train tickets. That way, he saved a lot of money.



And he went to Stratford-upon-Avon (Shakespeare) and to Oxford (dreaming spires). To the Lake District (Wordsworth land) and Perth (for the Scottish Highlands). Edinburgh (Scotland's capital) and York (cathedral country). And back to London again. All for \$30!



And did he travel in style! Sitting back in armchair comfort, in an airy compartment with plenty of room ... watching through picture windows as the green hills and hedgerows slipped by. He could even get all his meals en route — sound British fare at low charges. Like being in a traveling hotel!

So his travel was fast ... and relaxing. Left him with plenty of time and *energy* for sightseeing. He really got around in Britain. And all for \$30.

\$30 worth of ThriftRail Coupons will buy *you* up to 1,000 miles of rail travel in Britain ... a big saving on normal fares. (\$45 books available, too.) But remember, you can only buy ThriftRails *in the States*. So have a chat with your travel agent about it. *Be seeing you.*

British Rail - International Inc.

New York 20, N.Y.: 630 Fifth Avenue.
Los Angeles 14, Calif.: 510 West Sixth Street.



San Juan

Continued from page 41

ing advantage of summer rates. There were more than enough rooms to handle the traffic in the summer, a fact the hotel people stress in urging that the building of more hotels be discouraged.

It's a different story during the "season," from December through March. The hotels are booked solid through January, February, and many through March, and some will be filled in April.

What brings the cosmopolitan traveler to Puerto Rico in such numbers in the wintertime, many of them undaunted by warnings of bedless nights? The closing of Havana as a convenient playground, with its cabarets and casinos and free-wheeling tourism atmosphere, coincided with the "discovery" of Puerto Rico as a warm and friendly fun place. But even that lost resort in the Caribbean area cannot account for the mounting influx, for a demand that so far exceeds the supply of rooms in the winter season.

The cosmopolitan traveler has found the island easily accessible in the jet age, little more than three hours from New York, and has learned that in the sunny island fulfillment can come from many things. Foremost is the conviction that the sun does shine, but it can also come from ten passes at a crap table in a plush casino, or the satisfaction of feeling that the baking body next to your own beach mat is "somebody" at these prices, or that you "made it" while thousands of your fellow citizens couldn't get a reservation.

The Condado-strip hotels offer the visitor a nightly fare of entertainment within easy reach of his hotel and a chance to change his luck at any one of several nearby casinos. He can have, in his hotel or by walking a short distance or taking a brief taxi ride, his choice this winter of Jimmy Durante, Maurice Chevalier, Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald, Milton Berle, Xavier Cugat, Leslie Uggams, Myron Cohen, Tony Martin, the Antonio Gades Spanish Ballet, Los Chavalles de España, and many more. For the statesider who likes entertainment, he never left home.

The variety of entertainment doesn't end with the luxury hotels. A visit to Old San Juan after dark may begin with the splendid El Convento Hotel, a restored ancient Carmelite convent that boasts its own nightclub show and a gambling casino that some thought would stir the ghosts of the convent's former occupants. Apparently what a former archbishop of San Juan said about the attitude of the ghosts toward lovers applies to gamblers, too. "It's a fine hotel for newlyweds," he said, "because the Carmelite ghosts are known never to intrude on honeymooners."

A tour of the old city at night can be rewarding for those looking for something different in entertainment. The many bistros and cabarets that lurk behind dimly lighted signs in the old blue cobblestoned streets laid by the Spanish founders all have their own entertainers. In daylight the buildings restored under the close supervision of the Institute of Culture present an Old World charm in shops and art galleries that serves as an antidote for the excesses of the night before.

The Condado strip, starting with the Caribe Hilton, which is close to but not actually part of the "strip," includes the most sedately luxurious group of hotels than can be found anywhere in such a short stretch of beachfront. There's the San Jeronimo Hilton, formerly the Ponce de León, which was forced to close when the government canceled its casino license because of the part ownership of an associate of the Teamsters' Jimmy Hoffa. It was sold to local businessmen and reopened last November under an operating contract with Hilton International. Across the street is the new Hotel Flamboyant, opening this month, then the venerable Condado Beach Hotel, which added a new large wing a year ago, La Rada, La Concha, the Puerto Rico Sheraton, which is the island's first "skyscraper" hotel, the Atlantic Beach, Condado Lagoon, the Lee Hotel, and the recently opened Da Vinci that is operated by the owners of the famous Swiss Chalet restaurant and the Hotel Pierre, the latter, like the Miramar Charterhouse, off-strip hotels within a short distance of the Condado beach area.

A FEW miles to the east, on the beach at Isla Verde, are the large and plush Americana and El San Juan hotels, with the Holiday Inn a few hundred yards beyond. The Condado strip and Isla Verde hotels provide a total of about 3,600 first-class rooms. At this time of the year it is probable that more than double that number could be filled, but they would be scratching for business the rest of the year.

The cosmopolitan traveler for the most part misses the best of Puerto Rico, however, by refusing to venture more than a few blocks from his sunning mat at the luxury hotels. If he does take a daylight stroll through Old San Juan he will at least get a glimpse of, and a feeling for, the Old World heritage that is Puerto Rico's, but for the real Puerto Rico and its people he must travel into the interior of the island. There he will see mountains aflame with the color of exotic plants and look upon blue seas and gaze at an island vista that is one luxuriant botanical garden whose beauty is rivaled only by that of the women of Puerto Rico, whom he can ogle, of

Gentlemen,
is there a
business
meeting
in your
future?



If so, take a look at the

ARIZONA BILTMORE

... one of the world's
great resort hotels!

For gatherings of 4 to 400 persons we offer an acoustically perfect auditorium with ultra modern audio-visual equipment • Wide variety of meeting rooms • Gourmet cuisine and fabulous service • Unlimited recreational facilities such as private uncrowded 18-hole championship golf course, tennis, swimming, horseback riding, shuffleboard • And, for the ladies, cabana-poolside dining, tours, fashion shows and sunbathing!

For folder, dates and rates, contact
Henry B. Williams, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL • PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Any New Foreign Car



any European car can be yours at the tax-free price if you're going to Europe. Auto-Europe's package plan delivers your car where and when you want it. The leading dealer for all foreign cars is Auto-Europe—providing en route travel service, documents, manufacturers' guarantees, insurance, shipment home. RENTAL abroad—Auto-Europe has *all* plans: daily rental, unlimited mileage, one-way, chauffeur, etc. ■ For complete auto-travel data in full color, write for "The ABC's of European Auto Travel."

Name.....
Address.....
Car preference (if any)..... Dept. 11

auto@europe

New York: 25 W. 58 St. PL 2-2424. Chicago: 18 S. Michigan Ave. FI 6-1361. Beverly Hills: 268 S. Beverly Drive. TR 8-3535. San Francisco: 150 Powell St. EX 2-7894. Seattle: White-Henry-Stuart Bldg. MA 2-3456. Vancouver, B.C.: 685 Hornby St. MU 1-5936.

SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN

Travel With Your Own Age Group

☐ under 33 ☐ over 33

Cocktail Parties - Night Clubs
Famous Restaurants

area _____ departure date _____

ORIENT
WORLD
MEXICO

SCANDINAVIA
BERMUDA
JAMAICA

ISLAND HOP
CRUISES
HAWAII

BRITISH ISLES
EUROPE (11 countries)

LISBON, SPAIN, TANGIER
CALIFORNIA/LAS VEGAS

PUERTO RICO/VIRGIN ISLANDS
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

for free 32 pg catalogue contact your travel agent or

Bachelor Party®
TOURS, INC. Dept. SR

444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 PL 8-2433

Largest operator
of WORLD
TOURS

AROUND THE WORLD with SITA 32nd Year

Ask Your Travel Agent

ROUND THE WORLD \$2081
☐ 30-80 Days incl. air, tr. Weekly Departures. Fully inclusive.

<input type="checkbox"/> EUROPE	22-80 Days	\$740
<input type="checkbox"/> ORIENT	20-30 Days	\$1588
<input type="checkbox"/> AFRICA	20-53 Days	\$1841
<input type="checkbox"/> SO. PACIFIC	12-65 Days	\$678
<input type="checkbox"/> HOLY LAND	22-24 Days	\$1297
<input type="checkbox"/> SO. AMER.	18-45 Days	\$1121
<input type="checkbox"/> HAWAII	8-15 Days	\$282
<input type="checkbox"/> MEXICO	15-18 Days	\$309

☐ STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from \$799.

☐ Check folders desired.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

50 Rockefeller Plaza
Dept. Y. New York 20

THE BEAUTY AND LORE OF IRELAND...

come to you six times a year through IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES. This lively magazine is crammed with articles, stories, poems, photographs and drawings on events, crafts, traditions; on history, architecture and the arts; on sports and fascinating places to visit. Here's the full scope of Ireland as seen through the perceptive, witty or scholarly eyes of Ireland's leading writers. Two year subscription (postpaid) \$3.00. And why not give some gift subscriptions? Send names, addresses, cheque or money order to Welcomes, Dept. SR12, Bord Failte, Baggot Street Bridge, Dublin, Ireland; or Irish Tourist Office, 33 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022.

:EUROPE BOUND?:



Then here's the book to help you prepare for your trip! Written by an experienced traveler. **EUROPE IN A SUITCASE** gives hundreds of facts about clothes, passports, tipping, etc. It diagrams the packing of your suitcase, includes a schedule to follow before you leave home. The sooner you read it, the more time and money you'll save! Send today for the 8th Rev. Edition. \$1. (or \$1.20 by **\$1.00** 1st class mail) ppd.

MURIEL SCUDDER
234 ABBEY RD.
MANHASSET, N. Y.

course, without climbing mountains.

In the interior, the visitor will meet a courteous people for whom life is an enthusiastic experience and the tourist a welcome audience for the folklore of a proud race, if only he will ask and listen. He will see a bustling island's participation in the science of space near the city of Arecibo, where the world's largest radiotelescope is mapping Mars, Venus, Jupiter, and the moon, and at Rincón an atomic power plant. He will turn from these modern creations of man's intellect to rolling hills and quiet Spanish towns built around a central plaza faced on one side by a church, on the other by a symbol of democracy, the city hall with its freely elected mayor and municipal assembly.

If he is "typical," the traveler will miss most of this. He will want to remain close to the center of activity, the beach and the pool, the night clubs, the bars, and the casinos. He will take time out perhaps to try his luck at the beautiful El Comandante racetrack or to see a Winter League baseball game in the modern Hiram Bithorn stadium in San Juan, where major league ballplayers and Puerto Rican stars and future major leaguers play on the same teams. If he likes fishing, he'll find the deep sea experience gratifying, or he may want to fight the wily bass in an inland lake, but mostly he'll stay near the casinos and the music and the drinking and the dancing and, naturally, the inevitable tanning facilities.

If the traveler to Puerto Rico can tear himself away from the metropolitan area he will find the experience rewarding. Moving east toward Fajardo, overlooking the dream-world fishing village of Las Croabas, is the exquisite architectural blending of nature with modern convenience that is El Conquistador Hotel, perched atop a cliff above the fishing harbor dotted by the white sails of fishermen's boats and islets spread in the azure sea and sunlight inviting a sail, snorkeling, shell hunting, and surcease from noise and exhaust fumes. Or he will take a trip to La Parguera on the southwestern side of the island, get into a boat, and move smoothly into the blackness of a moonless night to experience the startling sight of phosphorescent waters come suddenly alive with the flash of leaping fish and the flaming wake of the boat churning the waters.

The golfer, whose own course may be under several feet of snow back home, will find in Puerto Rico one of the most famous golf courses in the world, the twenty-seven-hole Dorado Beach Hotel spread created by Laurance S. Rockefeller out of 1,500 acres of coconut grove along the seacoast, about forty minutes from San Juan. Its rooms are mostly two-story beach houses with sliding doors opening on green lawns and the

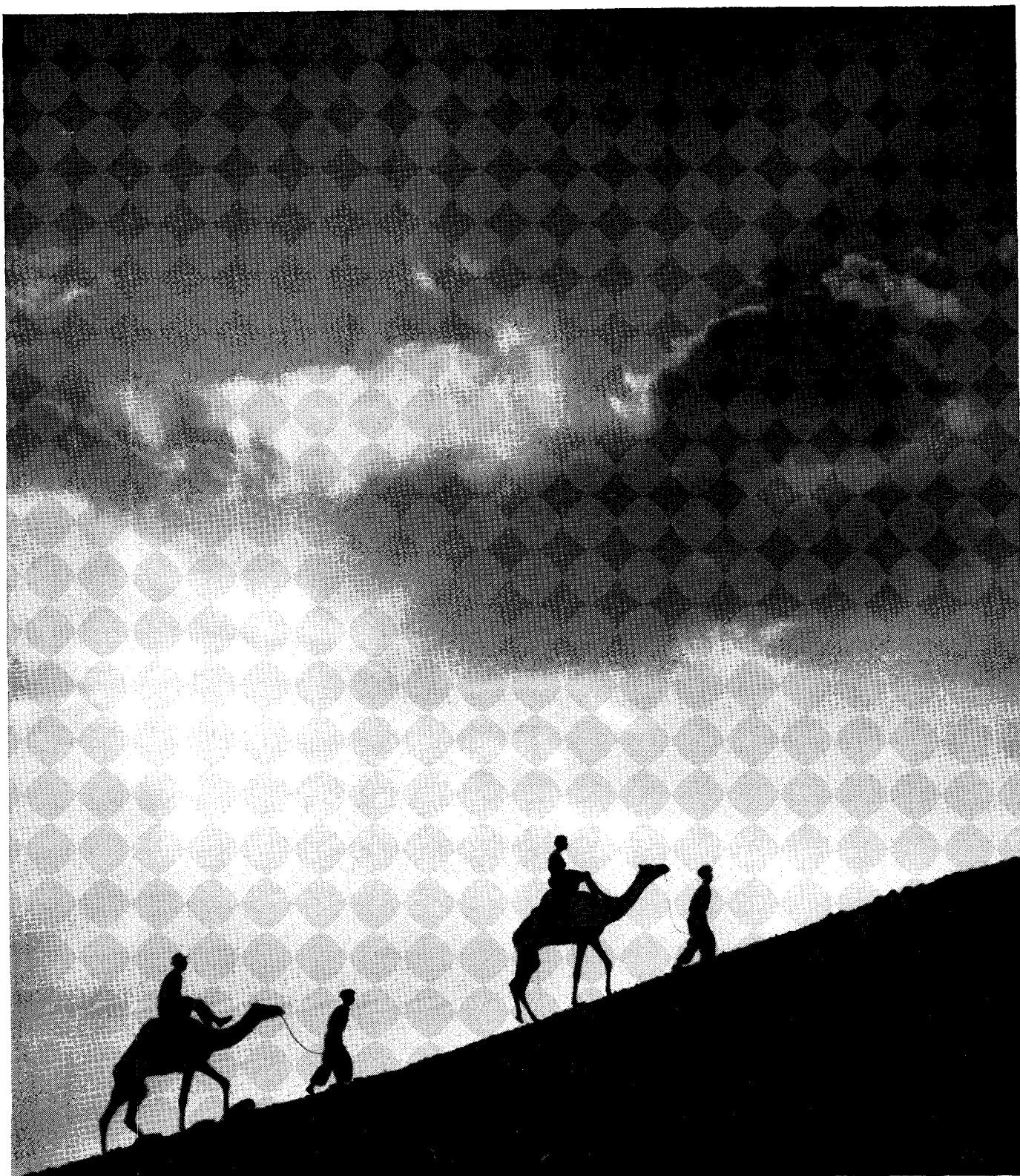
Atlantic Ocean. As a concession to competition, the Dorado Beach also has a casino. Nearby is the Dorado Hilton with its own eighteen-hole course on rolling terrain, with beach, casino, and pool, and attractive landscaping.

Frequent daily plane service by Caribbean will take the serious visitor, who wants to see the true Puerto Rico, to the western side of the island, where the new Mayaguez Hilton opened in 1964, and to Ponce for a stay at the Ponce Intercontinental set atop a high hill overlooking the city of Ponce, the island's second largest and the prideful claimant to having preserved the cultural and physical charm of the Old World. In Ponce the art lover will visit the Ponce Art Museum, which has the island's largest collection of European, American, and Puerto Rican art.

But by and large the stateside visitor to Puerto Rico will stick close to "home," the familiar, the large dining rooms, night clubs, gambling casinos, horse racing, baseball, the cabarets, and the sunning a few feet outside his hotel room. The latter is what actually brought him to Puerto Rico in the winter season. The green on the crap table will hold his attention far longer than the exciting greenery of the fantastically large tropical ferns and the other exciting flora of El Yunque, the 3,404-foot mountain peak with its inspiring rain forest, or the beach he has been looking for all his life, at Luquillo.

THE attraction of the gambling casinos is strong, and for good reason. At home, if he doesn't go to Nevada, his gambling urge is thwarted by local laws. He bets with the corner bookmaker, makes personal bets, plays poker, or tries the racetracks if they're within reach. In Puerto Rico he and his lady become players in the kind of romance depicted by Hollywood, the hush around a table at Monte Carlo, the envious glances of others when he or she rakes in a big take at roulette or craps. The only difference is that the bets are limited by law. But the atmosphere is just as lush, with the dim lighting, the croupiers in tuxedos, the thick, soft carpeting, the air of sophistication, the subdued talk broken now and then by a chorus of gleeful but restrained shouts at a crap table as the roller makes his number with most of the players riding on his roll. It is, for the cosmopolitan traveler, an escape close to home from laws that curb his freedom and it's also a chance, he thinks, to make that killing that dreams are made of, even for the moneyed ones who want something they feel safe about forgetting to enter on the next income tax return.

Puerto Rico's casinos are dignified versions of the Nevada and former Havana casinos. They operate under strict



And when they get to Europe they always take the train!

From Albany to Agadir, Anchorage to Acapulco — experienced travelers choose the most interesting ways to travel. But, in all the world there is nothing to compare with the comfort, the interest, the service, the food, the convenience and the low cost of traveling through Europe by train.

Ask the experienced traveler!

Ask your travel agent about the wonderful train travel values he has for you.

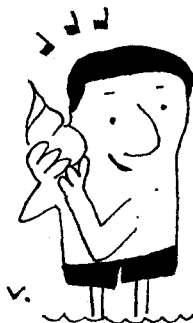
You'll be surprised how much more comfortable you'll be and how much less it will cost if you take the train in Europe.



See Europe the *real* way—by railway

government supervision, and the profits, from which the government takes a healthy percentage, are relied on to counter operating losses from low occupancy in the summer months. They are all tucked away out of sight, not in the lobby as in some Nevada hotels. The big gamblers feel uneasy in island casinos and for that reason keep away. Known professionals are told politely that they will not like Puerto Rico. But the betting limits alone serve to keep the "high rollers" away, even though the limits have not prevented some tourists from picking up their vacation expenses with something to spare, or the less fortunate from seeing their vacation budget disappear the night of arrival.

To the government, the casinos are a necessary evil. To many hotel operators, the government's ban on publicizing legalized casino gambling in their tourist and hotel promotion is hypocritical. Last year, the Commonwealth government spent about \$2,400,000 on direct promotion of tourism and other related publicity activities. Not one word was mentioned about the existence of gambling casinos in Puerto Rico. If the hotels mentioned the word "casino" in their advertising, it is probable that they would lose their gambling licenses. The hotels spent more than \$800,000 in promotion last year, with nary a mention of the casinos. Meanwhile, the government



attracts hotel investment partly on the fact of legalized casino gambling, operates a weekly lottery with a tax-exempt first prize of \$100,000 and twice a year with a first prize of nearly \$500,000, tax-exempt for the winner, and authorizes off-track horse race betting, deriving a hefty take from all these necessary evils.

Not many years ago the visitor found food a problem—that is, good food. The luxury hotels have changed all that, as have the many good restaurants opened in the last few years. For the visitor who never left home, there's an abundance of food to meet his accustomed tastes. And if he wants typically Puerto Rican dishes there are several good places to choose from in the metropolitan area and out in the island. But some visitors are confused on occasion about what is typically Puerto Rican. The mainland type of kosher corned beef and pastrami restaurant arrived in the Condado strip area a few years ago when the first of a chain of those restaurants was opened there. One item featured was called "Bagelito and Lox." It was actually an ordinary East Side New York bagel and smoked salmon that politicians of all creeds munch on in election campaigns. But the operators of the restaurant added an imaginative touch, the Spanish diminutive *ito* ending. One tourist, obviously not a resident of one of the U.S. metropolitan areas, reported back home enthusiastically about the "delicious Puerto Rican food" he had tasted in San Juan. "It's called bagelito and lox," he said.

Hong Kong

Continued from page 43

in steady capitalist income. Peking's Bank of China, with its Chinese socialist lions, towers beside the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, with its imperialist lions, and in the afternoon casts a symbolic shadow over the western end of the bright green oval of the Hong Kong Cricket Club.

Some Hong Kong unions are affiliated with Communist interests; others with the Chinese Nationalists. The Peking *People's Daily* and the Nationalists' *Sing Tao News*, along with copies of Chairman Mao's poems and the *Reader's Digest*, are all sold at the same bookstalls.

On October 1, Peking's "liberation" day, streets and buildings are alive with Communist flags and decorations and great pictures of Chairman Mao; on the Nationalists' "Double Ten," nine days later, streets and buildings are alive with Kuomintang flags and decorations and great pictures of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. There are seldom or never clashes between the rival supporters of the two ideologies. Most of the celebrating is expedient and essentially Chinese: a rumor persists that Hong Kong printers produce a convenient reversible rotogravure for exhibition in shop windows with a picture of Mao on one side and a picture of Chiang on the other.

The colony buys water regularly from the mainland. Convoys of junks from Canton, flying the Communist star-and-sickle flag, tie up in harbor with cargoes of vegetables, pigs, poultry, and fruit. Above their patched and painted sails a British gun fires a signal precisely at noon each day.

In a year, Peking earns \$260 million in visible foreign trade with Hong Kong, plus at least \$200 million in remittances passing through Hong Kong from overseas Chinese to families inside China. The days of the great rush of refugees from China are over; but currently at least 100 or so manage to enter the colony illegally each month, in addition to an approved and screened quota of fifty a day.

Peking finds Hong Kong convenient and useful. Hong Kong, politically neuter, evades offense to anyone, seeks help from no one, welcomes the tourist, asks only to be allowed to work and live. The government is British, but Hong Kong remains Chinese.

Hong Kong—or (correctly) Victoria—island is only about thirty square miles in area, dominated by the 1,800-foot Peak, with its funicular railway. The colony also includes the island of Lan Tao, larger but sparsely settled and looking, in fact, like Hong Kong itself a century ago; Kowloon, the crowded mainland toehold (ten minutes by ferry

IT IS NOT HOW MUCH YOU SPEND BUT HOW WELL YOU SPEND IT!

One of Europe's oldest Tour Operators offers a wide variety of escorted Value tours.

FIRST CLASS GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE

28 days from London \$737

HIGHLIGHTS OF EUROPE TOUR

28 days from London \$465

ECONOMY TOUR OF EUROPE

25 days from London \$351

MOTORCOACH TOUR OF SPAIN & PORTUGAL

15 days from London \$199

SCANDINAVIAN TOUR

15 days from London \$432

MOTORCOACH TOUR OF RUSSIA

18 days from London \$283

MANY OTHER TOURS FROM 1 TO 12 DAYS
IN BRITAIN & ON THE CONTINENT

WRITE FOR COLORFUL BROCHURES TO:

FRAMES' TOURS

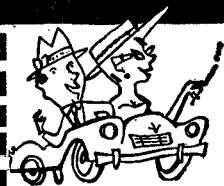
(NY) LTD

EST 1881

114 EAST 32 STREET, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

But Bookings ONLY through your Local Agent.

EUROPE by CAR



FREE

The most complete folder on:

- All Car plans (includes Purchase, Renting, Leasing)
- Europe by Car "trip-kit" information and shipping home costs.
- European Car Licenses, Insurance, Documents

MAIL COUPON OR PRESENT TO YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

I'm interested in _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SR1-2

EUROPE BY CAR • 45 Rockefeller Plaza (at 50th St.) N. Y. 20 • TEL. LT 1-3040

VOLKSWAGEN
MERCEDES
PEUGEOT
RENAULT
SIMCA
HILLMAN
CITROEN
JAGUAR
MG, etc.

from the island), which is a sort of Asian Brooklyn to Hong Kong's Manhattan; and the New Territories (365 square miles), which were leased to Hong Kong colony in 1898 and which must revert to China in 1997—a date which thus becomes literally deadline for Hong Kong, but which is still three enigmatic decades distant. There are also scores of other small islands that belong to the colony, some of which, such as Lan Tau and Cheung Chau, are worth a ferry visit.

The building boom which has convulsed the colony over the past five years—and which has been gloomily and erroneously predicted to be on the verge of catastrophic collapse each year—has transformed both the island and Kowloon. Hong Kong island has traditionally been the swank residential-and-tourist half of the colony, with its hanging gardens and green-and-scarlet villas on the Peak, its administrative center and government head offices, its shopping arcades, its Wanchai and North Point “little Shanghai” sin-and-amusement districts, its fashionable Repulse Bay, Shek-O, and Big Wave beaches, its magnificent blue-and-gold vistas of the colony and the distant hills of China. But now new hotels, apartments, and stores have given Kowloon a facelift, and wide Nathan Road, which, lined by twisted banyan trees, bisects the district and leads to the gentle green hills, fishing villages, and farmlands of the New Territories, has become one of the colony's leading shopping thoroughfares.

The old, lofty, colonial-style Peninsula Hotel, with its great pillared foyer, is the Hong Kong equivalent of Singapore's Raffles. It maintains its prestige and retains its “regulars.” On a recent visit, President Sukarno, heading one of his curious circuses of bodyguards, soothsayers, and panderers, was politely but firmly rejected by the Peninsula because he demanded that two floors be cleared for his party; the management refused to move guests already in residence.

Glittering new hotels include the President (in Kowloon) and the Mandarin and Hong Kong Hilton (on the island). The Repulse Bay Hotel, on the southern Riviera-like side of the island, boasts a long open veranda and beautiful gardens overlooking the South China Sea; it is most convenient for holiday-making tourists if less convenient for shopping tourists. Here on Sundays, arriving for buffet lunch and the tea dance, wealthy Chinese beauties, wives, and concubines may be seen in their gleaming *cheongsams*—the alluring, high-collared, sheathlike gown with the slit sides.

The best time to visit Hong Kong is between mid-October and January, when the sun is mild, the sky is blue,

and the nights are crisp. By May the rainy season is ushering in the torrid summer. Typhoons may be expected from June through to September, and although, like severe earthquakes in Japan, they make interesting conversation pieces on returning home, they are more entertaining in retrospect than in experience.

For color and excitement, but also discomfort and inconvenience, the Chinese New Year, which is a “moveable feast” and may occur any time between late January and late February, is the Chinese highlight of the year. It is probably a good time for the tourist to stay away. The lacquered veneer of modern British administration cracks open and the old traditional China takes command of the colony with a bedlam of firecrackers and crowded restaurants, a frustration of closed shops and taxi famine, and a non-stop Saturnalia of explosions, processions, gongs, whistles, bands, the incessant crash and clatter of mahjong tiles, and the clanging bells of overworked fire engines—not for ten minutes at midnight, but day and night for four days and four nights. Noise, the Chinese love it!

THE Western barbarians cower in their servantless, foodless houses, pay an extra month's wages to everyone, and distribute cash gifts in red envelopes; some write naïve letters to the *South China Morning Post*, pointing out that firecrackers blind children and set fire to houses; the few wise expatriates throw aside their inhibitions and try to join in the deafening revelry.

All Chinese must pay their debts before New Year's Eve. Prices soar. Barbers charge double. Street stalls bourgeon with cherry blossom, chrysanthemums, dahlias, camellias, and six-foot-high peach trees. Every door, even those of the squatters' huts, is emblazoned with red paper scrolls wishing long life and happiness. Every house is filled with flowers. Families and friends exchange visits in new clothes, carrying gifts of ginger, fruit, goldfish, candlelit paper lanterns, lotus and watermelon seeds, and sticky New Year cakes and dumplings. “*Kung Hay Fat Choy!*” (“Happy New Year!”) is the four-day war cry of 3,000,000 people.

Hong Kong's modern showrooms, arcades, and endless rows of small shops in the narrow, colonnaded streets sell everything from jade and silks to tinned seaweed at prices that are among the lowest in the world. Prices are rising but, in general, cameras, typewriters, watches, binoculars, fountain pens, cultured pearls, transistor radios, all kinds of cloth and clothing, toys, embroidery, leather goods, and furniture from all over the world are available in quantity and quality at bargain rates in this free

port—cheaper, for the most part, than in their countries of origin. The visitor does not bargain in the big stores, where the prices are fixed and can be compared with those in rival stores. But at street stalls and in the steep, winding back alleys like Cat Street (correctly Upper and Lower Lascar Rows), where occasional sniffs of opium mingle with the less agreeable Asian aromas, hard haggling is essential and expected.

Americans, alas, must obtain a “comprehensive certificate of origin” for any Chinese-made goods, to prove that they are products of Hong Kong and not of mainland China. The unhappy management of the Hong Kong Hilton Hotel had to strip suites and corridors of many noble scrolls, screens, carvings, and paintings on the eve of opening because the U.S. Consulate-General issued a formal warning that they lacked “certificates of origin” and might therefore be dangerous products of subversive Communist Chinese craftsmen. (These valuable objects are reputedly mouldering in a larger waterfront godown.)

With the possible exception of Taipei, where the master chefs of wealthy Chinese who fled from the Communists have set up kitchens, the best Chinese food in the world is in varied and caloric abundance in Hong Kong. It would be possible for a restless gourmet to dine superbly and at moderate cost for a couple of months at a different restaurant each night—northern or Peking style, Szechuanese (hot and peppery), Shanghai, Cantonese, or Hankow.

The visitor should enjoy, but not restrict himself to, the more orthodox shark's-fin soup, chicken and walnut, sweet-and-sour pork, spring rolls, bean curd, and Peking duck. He should also sample luscious beggar's chicken (chicken stuffed with chestnuts, herbs, and shredded cabbage, wrapped in lotus leaves, and baked for eight hours in a special clay that lines Chinese wine jars), spiced Szechuan duck, steamed bread (instead of rice), ducks' tongues, bear's paw, and bird's-nest soup. In autumn there is stewed snake—which, as all good snake-eaters know, should be ordered in combinations of three or five different varieties and washed down with a tot or two of snake's blood (the latter helpful, they say, in bringing a brighter gleam into an elderly man's eye.) *Shao hsing*, Chinese rice-wine served hot, reminds some Western wine connoisseurs at first taste of condemned sweet sherry. But Chinese-made Shantung beer is excellent by any standard.

Hong Kong cabarets and night life tend to be dull and sleazy after Tokyo. The most attractive hostesses are at the Tonnochy and Metropole ballrooms on the island. The drab Suzie Wong bars along the Wanchai and “little Shanghai” waterfront and in the Kowloon side-

streets, with their ululating jukeboxes and beer-puddled cubicles, are largely for the young in heart and the sailor in a hurry. (The original Suzie Wong, who was Japanese, is said to have been released recently from a drug addicts' sanitarium and to be threatening to sue Richard Mason.)

Tourists should explore the New Territories, where there are typical Chinese farms, old temples, and walled villages. There are also glimpses of the long barbed-wire fence that separates the colony from Communist China. The railway line from Kowloon is the main link with China. Passengers must change trains at Lo Wu on the frontier. In the old days, there was, of course, a regular through service between Kowloon and Canton, and railway authorities on both sides have completed timetables and rolling stock arrangements on paper for resumption of the service if ever London and Peking reach accord.

The energetic can tramp the mountain trails in the New Territories or around the slopes of the Peak. There are comfortable launch trips around the island at midday or at sunset, including lunch or dinner at one of the celebrated floating restaurants at Aberdeen.

A SIDE attraction, if the visitor is staying a week or so, is the ferry or hydrofoil trip to Macao, the ancient, somnolent Portuguese counterpart of Hong Kong at the mouth of the Pearl River (three hours distant by ferry; one and a half hours by hydrofoil). This 400-year-old colonial survival is a Mediterranean museum piece of convents, fishing boats, cobbled streets, ruins, and gambling casinos. It is also the center of the Far Eastern gold-smuggling trade. The gold arrives legally as bullion, is melted down in Macao, and then distributed illegally in the form of gold bars, chiefly to India.

Hong Kong authorities are supposed to seize the smuggled gold as it passes through the colony; there is an apocryphal jest that you can determine the value of Macao's smuggled gold by simply multiplying by four the proportion seized in Hong Kong—that proportion being reckoned a fair and reasonable fine to inflict on the vital trading transaction of a sister colony.

Macao is the gateway for refugees from China into Hong Kong. "Escape routes" from the mainland end in Macao junks, which try to run the gauntlet of Hong Kong patrol launches and dump their contraband passengers on the colony's remote shores. If the refugees can make it to the registration offices in the colony, they are not turned back.

Life in Hong Kong, as the tourist will see, can be hard for the refugee from China. But once he has escaped, he does not wish to go back.

Palm Springs

Continued from page 45

say Crosby, who operates a delicatessen, Charles Farrell, who has run the Racquet Club for decades, Cary Grant, who owns a piece of a country club, Bob Hope, who is active in real estate, Bonita Granville, Brian Foy, Charles Boyer, and Desi Arnaz, who are hotelkeepers, not to mention the consortium of Jack Benny, Claudette Colbert, Phil Harris, and Danny Kaye, who are among the principal stockholders in a jazzy trailer park (trailer is a *mot non grata*, too) called Blue Skies Village, a place where the mobile home operators have grassy lawns, pianos, maids, and adult-sized three-wheelers for getting around.

Unlike the formal gardens of the old spas of Europe and even the United States, Palm Springs, the new spa incarnate, is prized for its informality. Enough women affect slacks as a regular habit to support a store called Pants Galore. Men favor that Southern California specialty, the sweater of loose-woven alpaca with balloon sleeves pushed up so they look like a pair of 1930s knickerbockers worn on the arm. Frank Bogert, the mayor, a horsy type who comes to his office in windbreaker, cowboy hat, cowboy shirt, and half-hitch tie, is a fast-talking, articulate real estate operator who likes to banter with his secretary and lets her call him by his first name. Frank Bogert says that Palm Springs as a watering place is really in its early days. The true renaissance of the resort as a spa is just beginning. "Back Easters find the acreage cheap," says he with his feet on the desk, cigar in mouth. "We had twenty-two million in new buildings go up in '64—hotels, houses, and apartments. We are building condominium apartments, rental apartments, and some family residences. We specialize in non-resident, part-time citizens. Take Ray Ryan. He owns ten million in land here—the El Mirador Hotel, Bermuda Dunes Country Club, a five-million-dollar shopping center, the whole town of Indian Wells, twenty-five hundred acres at Desert Hot Springs, and he's not even on the voting rolls. He votes in Indiana.

"People who live in Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco come here and stay six months. We only have eighteen thousand population; we have more homes than population. We can put up seven thousand people in hotels. The newish Riviera and the elderly El Mirador, which opened to care for individual guests, are now convention hotels. Next year we will have four new hotels. For the first time we will allow high-rise buildings, a few ten stories high, but we will spread them so they don't bunch up." The Spa, which

opened its watering station in 1960 and added a hotel in 1963, will tack on two more stories of guest rooms.

Taking the waters has become fashionable again, not only in Palm Springs but across the whole country. The Spa at Palm Springs is using the same hot bubbling mineral water that first attracted the Cahuilla Indians 600 years ago. The redmen's fondness for the warm waters gave the tribe the name of Agua Caliente, the hot water Indians. They maintained their own spa at the same site until the lands were leased in 1959. The first Palm Springs Spa, which called itself the world's most beautiful bathhouse, was an immediate success and probably marked a major American step in the renaissance of spas, a word that derived from the original Belgian watering place called Spa, which first blossomed in the fourteenth century.

THE old spas—Hot Springs and Saratoga—faded out because they allowed themselves to become dowdy and old-fashioned. Where once only women watched their weight, men have grown acutely conscious of their appearance and their health. The national physical fitness campaigns spurred additional interest. In Florida the 105-room Harbor Island Spa charges as high as \$48 to \$60 a day in winter and up to \$49 a day in summer for a double occupancy plan that includes spartan meals and crackers made of artichoke flour. The Lido Spa, now in its fifth year, will add courses in beauty, grooming, and make-up for women, in addition to its regular weight-losing regimen.

Although there were no curative waters within a day's ride of Miami Beach, the so-called spas did so well that big beachside hotels, the Doral and the Fontainebleau to name two, were to install slimming paraphernalia and gymnasiums of their own. In Palm Springs, feeling the press of the Spa, many hotels have added whirlpool baths alongside their swimming pools and installed resident masseurs. But none can truly match the Roman opulence of the women's side at the Spa, which is coated with pastel orchid walls, paved with orchid carpets, and hung with beaded curtains for privacy. Before a television appearance Alice Faye turns up at the Spa for a week of treatments. So does Nancy Chaffee Kiner, the tennis pro at the social Tennis Club. Debbie Reynolds is also a devotee. When he is in town Jack Warner reports daily at the men's side of the spa. Bill Holden checks into the hotel for a week at a time. Steve McQueen works out in the Spa's gym. Ex-tank battalion commander Eddie Davidson, who runs the water hole, having made a tour of European spas last summer, will add a new dining room where a

calorie diet will be strictly enforced. "There will be no gimmickry," he says, "no wheat germ and blackstrap molasses, but we will serve low-calorie salad dressing. They'll get tournedos of beef, but they won't get the Bordelaise sauce. We'll reach out for the tired executives, give them melba toast instead of hot rolls, low-calorie custards, and sherbets."

For anyone who doesn't want the regimen, the Agua Room will continue to put out chicken in the pot with cannonballs of matzoh meal. Although passers-by can get a free swig of the tonic waters from a fountain on the sidewalk in front of the Spa, they can also cross the street to the Roma Italian Grocery, a delicatessen that offers take-out torpedoes, de luxe torpedoes (*mortadella*, cooked salami, gallo salami, provolone, sweet peppers, lettuce, and olive oil on a fourteen-inch bun), or homemade dinners of *capocollo*, a spicy ham with chili peppers. Around the corner from the Roma in an old adobe arcade stands one of the nation's few ice cream smorgasbord palaces where you make a do-it-yourself sundae from a fourteen-jar selection of marshmallow topping, hot fudge, butterscotch, strawberries, cherries, caramel, and multi-colored sprinkles.

IN the often bizarre world of Palm Springs the Plaza Barber Shop lists the barbers' names in the window, also gives their credits: "J. Victor Honig, formerly of Paramount Studios" and "Chick Gleason, formerly of the Beverly Hills Hotel." Bennett's shoeshine parlor also offers foot massages. The Pom Pom Poodle Parlor serves canvas doghouses with red-and-white striped canvas walls hung with ball fringe, and canine picnic cases complete with dog bowl and dog doily. One dines at Ruby's Dunes, which has not a grain of sand in sight, or at Aloha Jhoe's, the local Cantonese cookery, or at a blue den called That John's, or at a new taco parlor with outdoor tables called El Finko's. It is fashionable to lunch at the Racquet Club, where the occasional female lobster shows up waving a pink tennis racquet. One nibbles a Sloppy Moe, which is a pile of razor-thin slices of imported Swiss cheese and Danish ham on rye bread with cole slaw and pickles, or else Farrell's Delight, chopped lettuce with diced avocado and bacon, tomatoes and blue cheese with pear dressing. The passing show could include Fritz Lowe loping by with a leonine mane, and a dolly on the arm, Dinah Shore ambling among the petunia-bordered courts, and the presence of Charles Farrell, evoking ancient memories of *Seventh Heaven*, a film still screened in Palm Springs.

All the recent Presidents have come to roost for a night or more. Eisenhower

still owns a house on the links of the El Dorado Country Club, a nest of high industrialists whose fourteen-foot-high doors seem like the entrance to some Incaic fortress never before transgressed by white man. President Kennedy stayed at Bing Crosby's, and the Johnsons put up recently at the huge estate of Louis Taubman at the dead-end corner of Rose Drive and Coronado Avenue.

THERE seems no end to the new houses that sprout in the desert floor or even on the barren hills, nor any limit on their design. Among the most famous is Robert McCulloch's golf course home, which has sunken tennis courts to protect the high lobes from the wind, a bar at which bottles of Scotch and others of bourbon appear from a pop-up reservoir that holds a full case. Guests at the McCullochs suntan on an electrically motivated Lazy Susan, and the McCullochs themselves rise to an electrically set signal that automatically draws the draperies and turns on the water in the tub. With its theatrical affinity, home builders in Palm Springs are just as liable to hire scenic designers as an architect and decorator. One of the most successful is James MacNaughton, a transplant from Bucks County who has been at one time or another art director for all three major networks. One of Mr. MacNaughton's most celebrated villas was designed for a San Fernando land developer named Harry Morrill who spent \$300,000 on an elaborate pad and has since sold it to George Hearst. Nestled next to Raymond Loewy's, a house where the swimming pool comes into the living room, the ex-Morrill place is built in what MacNaughton describes as modern Palladian villa style. "Palladio with lots of glass," he calls it.

When Morrill had the house, it featured square-topped gazebos at the corners of the pool, marble statuary of some nondescript Greco-Roman period. The entranceway was guarded by a pair of lions from India with Shiva on their backs, and it looked through to the statue-bordered pool and to the mountains and the valley beyond, a view interrupted only by a giant thirteenth-century Siamese temple bird whose gilded feathers were pocked with stones. When Morrill sold the house to the Hearsts, the lions and the temple bird reverted to MacNaughton and they now perform similar duties at his house, a modest mansion where the mirrored walls of the sitting room slide back after the early-afternoon sundown and the bamboo shades are lifted, leaving a Japanese altar in center stage backed by glass windows showing a fading view of the stark mountains behind. "I am incorporating the principles of elegant classic architecture with

modern structures. Hell, it looks like Greece around here anyway and it fits in well with the white columns."

Most of the big houses in Palm Springs are built for entertaining, an endeavor that is greatly aided by a graying Filipino named Santos de Jesus who operates a huge catering service and appears at gala affairs in a mobile kitchen remade from an old school bus. For a swimming pool party, guests sometimes filter through the bus, entering the side door, having their trays filled from the hot kitchens, and stepping down at the front door to find a seat around the pool. Santos, who caters for everyone from Bob Hope to General Eisenhower, can come up with any sort of party from Polynesian to French, not excluding complete chuck wagon dinners, an occasion when Santos himself roams the stakeout with bottles of Scotch and gin in a pair of side holsters.

MOBILE or at least semi-mobile living is a password here on the desert. Mobile homes are gathered in tribal collections that in any other less *au fait* and less polished community might be called trailer parks. Applicants seeking entrance to the Blue Skies Trailer Park are required to have on hand a trailer of not less than \$10,000 value, and must agree to put out at least \$7,500 in improvements in a year's time. Such embellishments would certainly comprehend such primary additions as a carport on one side of the trailer and a fully enclosed permanent room, called a cabaña, on the other. All these features can be executed in the style of the ancient Egyptians, the old New Orleans designs, or perhaps a pagoda to summon the mysteries of the

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1117

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1117 will be found in the next issue.

BX BG PZNT WPNE - CNPPEAE

QZBFQNG SRPGA CBXA BG

LPBGPZPOG.

GWRPLAZRQOAY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1116

Colors are the deeds and sufferings of light.
—GOETHE.