

# South



To the left you see Mr. and Mrs. William Look two thousand miles away from their supermarket, strolling along a canal in Willemstad, looking over a boatload of yams and chochos and cherimoyas—just looking, and wasting time, and loving it, because for twelve warm, blue, halcyon days they will not be on any schedule at all. Before the sun gets too high they will go to swim in the pool at the new Hotel-Curaçao-Intercontinental and they will bask on the terrace afterward, with a tall glass in hand and a view of the Antilles port below them. They will think of home, way up north, far from the flying fish and the bougainvillea, because the children are there, waiting and wondering about "presents from the trip." But their thoughts will soak in as peacefully as the sunshine—for twelve days they don't have to get anything done. In the afternoon when the palm fronds start to rattle they will go back to their "Santa Rosa" in her tropical whites, back to their stateroom with its feeling of private-yacht luxury, quiet and big and air-cooled and restfully monotone—happy ending to the sunny tour ashore.

BEFORE the Lookes get home to Westchester County and the Monday-to-Friday, they will have sailed over four thousand miles of the Spanish Main and put into six ports of call.

At-the-market-on-the-canal-in-Willemstad, Curaçao—her washable Orlon-and-silk jersey dress is permanently pleated, has jacket to match. Bobette Morton. \$50. His blazer is tie-striped cotton knit—a new departure—by McGregor. \$20.



Their cruise ship—the Grace Line's new "Santa Rosa."

Shoeshine in Caracas—Bolivar Building behind them—her breezy new top and skirt is plaid cotton jersey. Top, \$4.95. Skirt, \$7.95. By Koret—His pull-over cotton jersey shirt, \$10.95.

