



Loyalist of the month:

Every Christmas for 20 years, Joe Cotler sent a bottle of Ballantine's Scotch to a rich uncle. Last month Joe Cotler inherited \$300,000 from the same uncle.

Moral: It pays to be loyal.



Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC. N.Y.

Before you spend a buck for a camera, spend 8¢.

Find out about the new Argus single lens reflex (SLR) camera with features and craftsmanship found only in cameras that cost \$50 to \$100 more. If you're not yet into photography, ask your photo-bug friend. He'll know how important these features are.

Through-the-lens CdS electric eye meter system with ASA range 25 to 1600. Metal Copal S focal-plane shutter 1 to 1/1000 second and electronic flash synch to 1/125 second with hot shoe. Pentaprism through-the-lens viewfinder with Fresnel lens and microprism spot focusing. Fully interchangeable lens system with Pentax

thread mount. Plus convenience features such as a self-timer, film type indicator, camera-loaded reminder, and more.

The Argus/Cosina STL 1000 with Cosinon auto 50mm f/1.7 lens, case and strap. Fabulous value in the \$200 range. At selected photo dealers. Send for free brochure.

Argus Incorporated
2080 Lunt Ave., Elk Grove, Ill. 60007
In Canada: Argus Cameras of Canada Ltd.,
Newmarket, Ontario



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PB

argus

mushrooms and pimientos and then shell-baked with parmesan cheese. Desserts include that old New England fave, Indian Pudding, and the extraordinary Sultana Roll in Claret Sauce, a Locke-Ober's specialty. The Sultana Roll has a distinct 19th Century taste, the sweetness of its vanilla ice cream marbled with maraschino cherries and pistachios joined to a tart lime sherbet and covered with the wine sauce. People have been known to drive all the way from Worcester for a taste of this incredible dessert. The *noblesse oblige* of Locke-Ober's white-aproned waiters is proverbial. Some, in fact, seem more like old family retainers. Leaning against their stations at the bar, they look as much like a Degas painting as it is possible in contemporary Boston. Overall, there is a yellowish-golden glow to the rooms. Silverware has never seemed so heavy nor table linens so thick as at Locke-Ober's, which is perhaps the finest restaurant Boston has ever known. It's open from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. daily except Sundays and holidays. Reservations are recommended (617-542-1340) and all major credit cards are accepted.

About a mile from Locke-Ober's, in the basement of the slightly run-down Copley Square Hotel, is the **Café Budapest** (90 Exeter Street), last home of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On the tables, the red napkins stand like fans at attention—in memory, perhaps, of the beloved Empress Elizabeth herself. The patrons—Harvard grad students with their wives and Boston upper-bohemians with their chicks—mention the name of the empress with only the deepest respect as they enjoy the Esterházy-hunting-lodge decor: leaded windows separating the dining rooms, heavy beams on the ceiling, plates on the walls showing scenes of life among the serfs and bowls of fresh flowers on the tables. And—but of course!—Jasha and Sasha in the corner, fiddling their hearts out on the Muzak. The stage is set for an entrance. "Dollink," cries Edith Ban, Café Budapest's handsome Hungarian proprietress, as she Ilona Masseys from table to table wearing a white gown that does her figure only summary justice. "Mrs. Ban taught Zsa Zsa how to say 'Dollink,'" a waiter whispers and, apparently, she has taught Boston to love Hungarian food, too, because the Café Budapest is always very crowded. Start your visit with an iced tart cherry soup (made with wine from the Médoc region of Bordeaux) and a baked chicken paprikas pancake garnished with sliced tomato and green pepper. (The pancake is very light and the paprika cream sauce is more delicate than one might expect.) From the à la carte entree list, Szekely Goulache also smacks of back home in Budapest: pork chops crowned with sour cream and resting on a bed of tangy Hungarian-style sauerkraut that's far less acidic than the