

**S**UMMER and sea are one. In mid-March, when the cool of February dissipates into stifling heat, man uproots his feet from the soil and starts towards the direction of the sea. The exodus swells in April, explodes in full force in May, and man becomes a child of the sea again.

Diverse are the delights of the sea: sun, surf and salt. The body lies timeless in water, the mind lost in the euphoria of no-care. The hell with

the Bomb and the Pill, the Demos and the Rat Race. Let the spray lick your body, the sun tongue your skin and your lungs take in unpolluted air.

But the pleasure does not end there. There is a variation of summer pleasure: the wondrous feminine form. The senses riot at the sight. Of finely chiselled legs, reverential thighs, flaring hips, delicate waists and arrogant breasts. In bikinis, bermudas or jeans, take your pick. They make delightful company if you know how.

The ladies on this page are competitors to the sea. They detract from the fascinations of the beach. The truth is that they are an improvement on the summer scene. They make less painful the heat of the sun or the prickly itch of sand. They make the tortuous trip to the beach worthwhile. And to the more fortunate, they make evenings memorable nights.

Summer and sea are one. But sea with woman is fun.

## ON THE BEACH



Beach beauties Liza Lorena (left), Hiroko Takahara (top right) and Liberty Ilagan (right) typify the head turners on the sea shore at summertime.