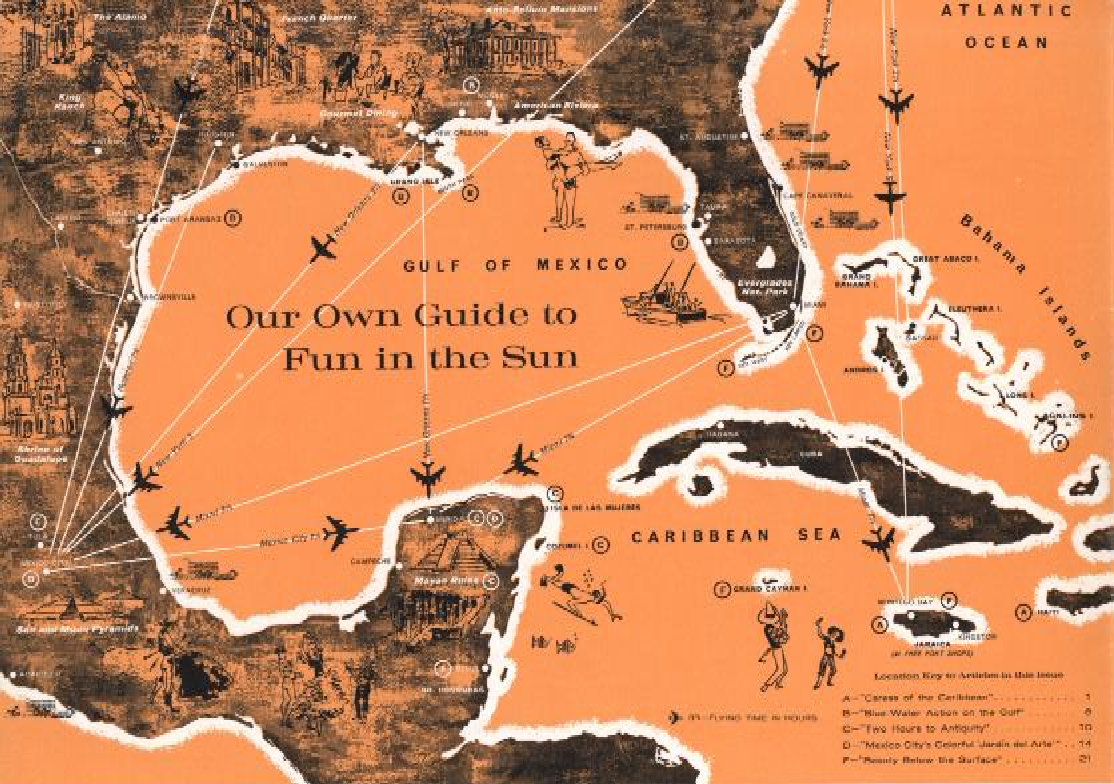
the Continental magazine

Volume 2, Number 1

LURE OF THE GOLDEN SUN

Caress of the Caribbean, by Charles A. Rawlings
Mayan Temples and Pyramids, by Oliver La Farge
Yachting...Gulf Fishing...Mexican Art Shopping



Maps by Adele Bichan

The Continental Magazine

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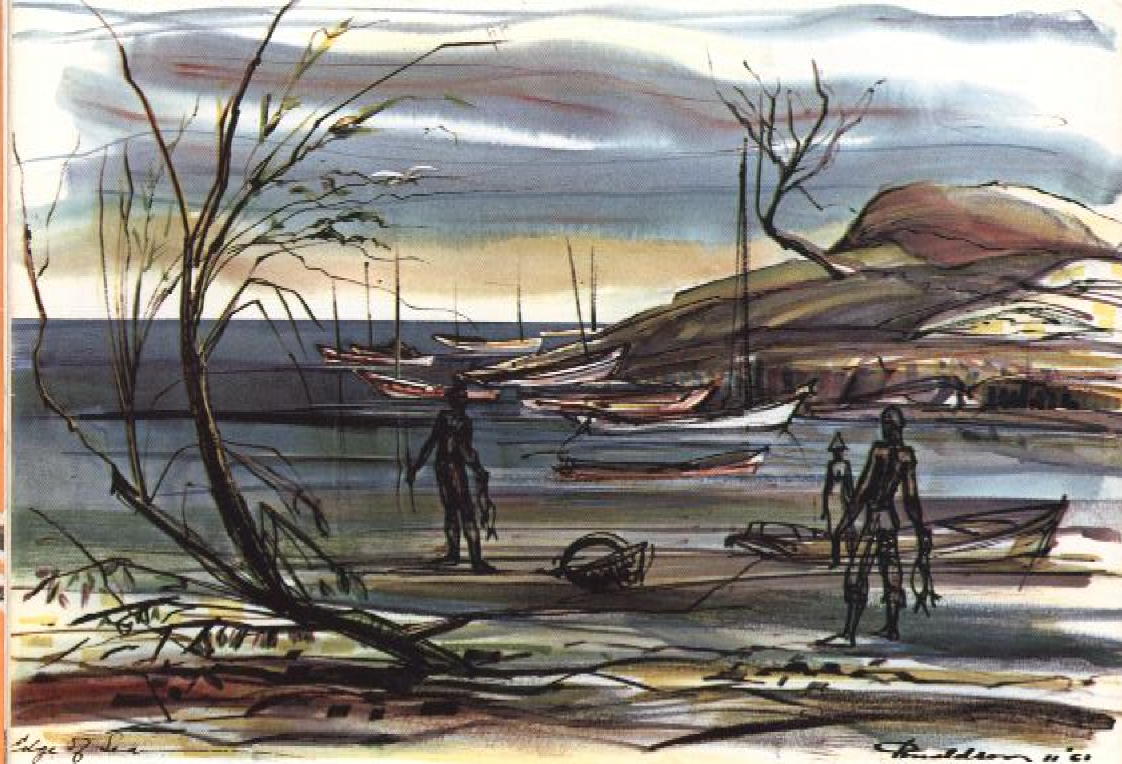


"Wedgwood blue of a magic sea . . ."

Caress of the Caribbean

by Charles A. Rawlings, paintings by Joseph Donaldson and Horace Day

THE CARIBBEAN! What is its unique thrill and vitality? It has it. But after all it is only a thumb of the Atlantic Ocean snugged up against the hot and humid coasts of Central and South America, marked off on the north and east by a curve of islands. On a chart it looks as if a child had tried to make his little private sea in a tidal pool with a barrier of sea shells. Can it be a separate and special place?

Haiti's southern shore was green velvet with a dainty lace fringe of slow surf out of the starboard window of the plane when we picked up a magazine and began reading Carleton Mitchell, one of America's most observing and winning small boat sailors. Mitchell thinks it's a separate and special place.

"Another of the charms of cruising," he said, "is that every area takes its character from the life along its shores, both present and past. Each is different because of its combination of geography and history."

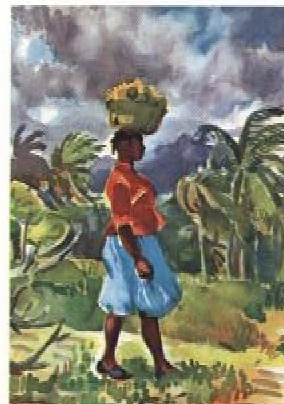
Across the plane the Wedgwood blue of the magic sea stretched to infinity, innocent, benign, disarming.

"Sweet one," we said to it, "no wonder you intrigue us. What a past you have. No sea on the globe has swashbuckled and scuttled and sinned more than you."

For 250 years, from 1550 to 1800, the Caribbean was the cockpit of maritime rivalry for all of Europe. Spain, starting with Columbus,

Charles A. Rawlings is a nationally known maritime writer and an authority on sailing.

A familiar Jamaica scene.



A haunting and colorful past

discovered and developed. Holland, France, England plundered, conquered and settled. Catholic and Protestant, trader and pirate, merchant and slaver were all actors in the great and bloody drama, and all at the same time. More treasure of gold and silver moved from west to east across the Caribbean, driving man mad with every slow roll of the heavily laden galleons, than any sea ever floated before or since. Names of men who lived and loved and hated and fought in the Caribbean ring like bells: Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Hamilton, Nelson.

Sugar took over when the treasure was gone and conquest stilled—sugar and slaves. The Caribbean for more than a century echoed and shrieked and shuddered with strife and struggle and cruelty and horror. Its blue was stained pink with men's blood. If a colorful past can leave a distillate the Caribbean is haunted with it. One has to be there and be half a poet and feel it for himself. We were there and we could travel on. Take a small look at the present that Mitchell says blends with the past to make character.

We sat down in Jamaica. Hibiscus was in its prime. Dark green hedges of it were everywhere with the blossoms as red as blood.

But the pleasantest blossom was a yellow-skirted girl's face under a heavy basket and her straight-spined graceful sway as, "Good morning, sar," she said and smiled.

We left the city of Kingston with its hundred smells and teeming streets and hawkers' cries and rode a bus up and down the steep jungle hills of the interior. It was a sweet-smelling jungle, cool with moist, scented air. The royal poinciana flamed amid the wild vines and towering trunks of hardwoods. Banana groves. Cocoa pods hanging jade green on homely little trees.

The north coast has a southeast breeze, and a small surf was breaking on the white sand at Ocho Rios and Runaway Bay and Discovery Bay where Columbus landed on his second voyage in 1494.

The surf was waiting for us and our new red bathing trunks at Montego Bay. Montego is the Riviera of the Caribbean. The grand hotels are spaced along the curve of the bay, each one looking much like the one before. An entrance archway, curving drive, broad portico with uniformed bell boys waiting. A seaside veranda with the breeze rippling the colored awnings. Then the perfect white beach sloping down to the perfect sea; soft green in the shallows, jade green in the middle depths and then the unforgettable blue that sank the galleons.

Beyond the last of the swanky inns, down the coast a piece, is Round Hill. It sold lot by lot in a brilliant promotion that was restricted to the rich-famous. Not the rich *or* famous. You have to be both.

We found a lonely stretch of beach and launched the new red trunks. The caress of the Caribbean on the human hide is schooled voluptuousness. You stop feeling so sorry for the men who had to walk the plank in pirate days.

The time to come into Saint Thomas, in the Virgins, is after dark but not so late you miss a drink and dinner. We walked around the corner of the hotel's porch and stopped short. Ahead was fairyland. Stretching up Denmark Hill a half mile away, up, up were ten thousand lights. They twinkled and glowed in the soft night. They reflected on the still glass of the little harbor. The waiter came and without taking our eyes away we said the habitual ritual.

"Daiquiri, please. Mount Gay or Vat 19. Tell him one squirt from the syrup bottle. Make it dry."

Why were these lights so beautiful? Suddenly it came. There was no neon hideousness. No garish reds and oranges and bilious blues. These were all white lights. We forget the beauty of white light against the night. The waiter came.

"Where are the fancy colored lights of other cities?" we asked.

"These are the lights of our city

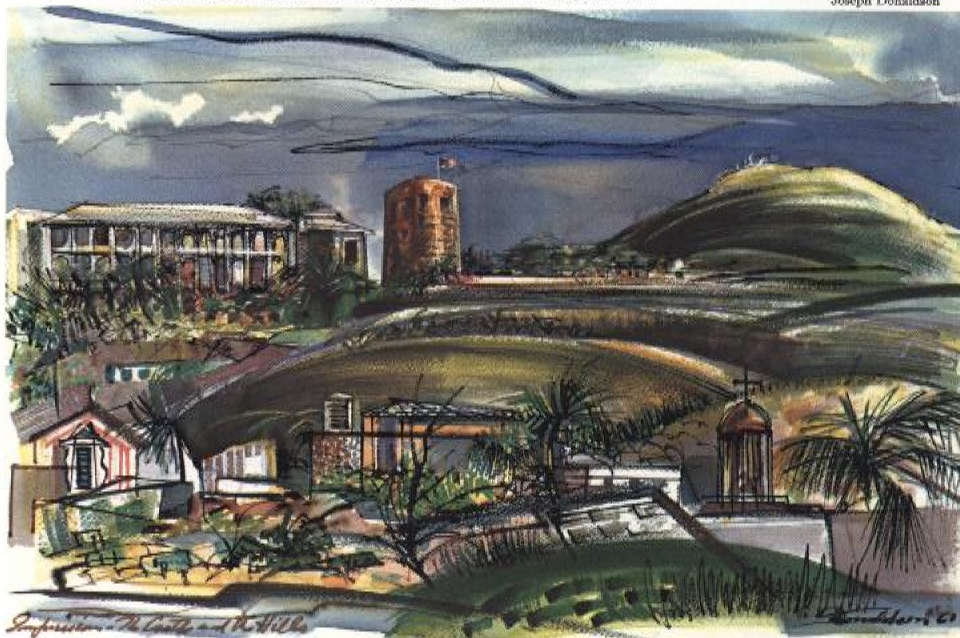
Map by Adele Bichan

Horace Day

A lush jungle shades this island road.

Green hills dominate the landscape of St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands.

Joseph Donaldson



of Charlotte Amalie," he said, and that unhappy empress would have been caressed by his soft tongue on the lovely syllables.

Far off, a blue smear on the horizon, due south, was the island of Saint Croix, so we journeyed to the southward. There was a frustrated little reef there. I heard him in the night talking to his little swing of sea. He was saying "Up's-a-daisy!" and "Slush-slush-you!" and "Slush-slush-you-too." He was speaking softly and kindly as a little reef should in this fine high glass weather but there was a note of frustration in his murmur. He lulled me to sleep, but in the morning we remembered him and put on the red trunks that never seemed to get quite dry and went down the hill to see him. He was a cutie. He was a hundred yards off and about a half acre big, with his point aimed dead to windward. We could guess his name. It was Isosceles, the little frustrated reef of Saint Croix.

The reason for his frustration was apparent. He was throwing two sides of his triangle, his namesake, with the greatest ease. The sea would swing in and his point would part it and the white crest would split and become two crests and they would angle down to make two sides of his triangle. But to close the triangle in, to make it perfect, that was the real trick. He tried and he tried. And then, maybe a hundred seas later, he got it. The cross currents and the undertow and the timing was just right and there, for half a second it was—his perfect and complete triangle.

"We saw it," we yelled out to him. "Good boy!"

Isosceles lorded it over a swimming hole that will haunt our dreams all the rest of the Maine winter, maybe forever. It had two black volcanic rock headlands about a hundred yards apart. Between them in a perfect sickle curve was the white sand with a backdrop of young cocoanut palms. It was all ours—Isosceles' and mine. I soaked and floated in the marvelous water, watching the young sun lipping the hill. Just as the first breakfast bell tinkled and I stood up, Isosceles closed his triangle again for me.

Instead of being hills and dales like Saint Thomas, Saint Croix has a big expanse of level plain and there is deep soil and considerable agriculture. There are two sleepy little hamlets: Frederiksted on the western end of the island and Christiansted about midway on the northern shore. Danes settled Saint Croix early and Denmark bought the island from France in 1733, and Danish order and cleanliness are pleasantly all about.

With Saint John, the third of the U. S. Virgin Islands, both Saint Thomas and Saint Croix are free ports. The shops are filled with duty-free merchandise from many parts of the world. Perfumes and jewelry and Swiss watches get a big play. The United States paid twenty-five million dollars for the three handsome little nuggets, the Virgins. As foreign aid billions are flowing today it seems like a good, sensible buy.

We found the trades blowing brisk and cool in Antigua, a fine British Island, and we reached across it south to Trinidad and Port of Spain. One of our assignments said, "The upside down hotel! Find out about that." It was not hard to find. It is a new swanker, Trinidad-Hilton by name, going up against a steep hill on the northern corner of Queens Park Savannah in Port of Spain. It looms stark and imposing, a modernistic pile of verticals cut by horizontals, and will be very handsome when it is finished next May.

It is upside down because it will load from the top. The entrance will be at the end of a curving drive up the hill, and the guests will enter there and filter down by gravity. Those that do not filter down too far will encounter a vital and moving scene—Port of Spain's vast Savannah. It is a perfectly level field, encompassing the whole northeasterly corner of the teeming, colorful city, a playground for the most racially mixed populace perhaps in the world. Here are Spanish and Portuguese and South American Indian peoples and East Indians, too, many of the women in saris. The Savannah, their playground, has a flat track for horse racing and a grandstand and soccer pitches by the score. Port of Spain is soccer mad. Afternoons the place is swarming with small urchins kicking the dusty round balls and attacking the goals.

We were coming home. The Caribbean was an even blue floor now far, far down under the big jet. It did not look like our romantic sea. It looked like blue linoleum. There were a few little clouds down there, too. They did not look like the lovely trade wind clouds that they had to be. They looked like little cotton swabs.

The jet's skipper came aft down the aisle. "Where are we and what are we doing?" I said.

"We are on a rhumb line course for New York," he said. "We are five and a half miles high, old chap, and we are making a good 580 miles an hour."

It was too high and too fast. Too fast to be leaving Isosceles forever. Too fast to leave our separate and special place, where the sea smiles and the daiquiris are good.

What Makes a Classic Car?

The 1962 Lincoln Continental has those special values that made its forebears an American tradition

by Burgess H. Scott

photo by Robert Boram

In the classic tradition: The 1962 Lincoln Continental . . . and the Lincoln Continental of 1941.

THERE HAS never been an automobile, living or dead, that has become so enwrapped in automotive classicism as the early Lincolns and the later Lincoln Continentals. For more than forty years now Lincoln has been a factor and a participant whenever a roster of classic motor cars has been contemplated or compiled.

Just when the definition of such an automobile was laid down we aren't quite sure, but we do know that rules now exist by which a candidate can be measured. These rules evolved through the mutual consent of automobile historians, collectors, and restorers, now thought to number more than half a million.

Some of these rules of measurement will be of interest.

One group's definition of classic cars: "Fine cars that are distinguished for their respective fine design, high engineering standards, and superior workmanship."

Another group calls for: "Exceptionally fine cars with meritorious coachwork."

In more forceful terms, but with less delineation, still another group declares: "The Classic Car is neither a museum piece nor a chromium plated cocoon. Designed for adventure, and built without compromise, it is a powerful, comfortable, efficient automobile. It is all car."

Taking points from the above definitions, we find some interesting answers that Lincoln and Lincoln Continental have presented over the years. High engineering standards and superior workmanship date back to early 1922 when Henry Ford and his son Edsel bought the Lincoln Motor Company from Henry M. Leland and his son Wilfred.

Leland had perfected the Liberty aircraft engine of the first World War, and had embodied some of its more valued features in the Lincoln engine. When the last nut was drawn tight on its bolt in the completion of a Lincoln engine, the Lelands ran each one on its own power at a time when other manufacturers of luxury cars spun their engines from an outside power source just to see if the parts moved.

The first Lincoln engines were thus run on a block with loads calling for ten to twenty horsepower to achieve, and when that was done, the engine was attached to a chassis, a little roadster driver compartment was set on, and the engine whirled the chassis around the Lincoln seven-eighths-mile test track at varying speeds for a dis-

photograph by Robert Boram

The Lineage of Lincoln and Continental

The earliest Lincolns, such as this 1921 phaeton, were classics because of their forthright engineering excellence—styling was secondary.

Meritorious coachwork is always a factor in determining a classic, as this 1929 Lincoln with body by Dietrich attests. (Famed coachmakers chose Lincoln.)

The first Lincoln Continental (1939-48), designed by Edsel Ford, became a classic through sheer beauty. It blended both American and European designs.

William Clay Ford endowed Continental Mark II (1955-57) with lines faithful to the beloved original, with the result that it was virtually born a classic.

Quality construction and timeless styling make the 1962 Lincoln Continental a sure candidate among current American cars for elevation to classic status.

tance of twelve miles or so. Now, forty years later, the Lincoln Continental is still being subjected to this type of treatment—three hours on the test stand, and twelve miles of driving by a highly critical team for each car produced. (For more on this, see "The Practical Meaning of Craftsmanship" in the November-December CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE.)

Another point brought out in the foregoing Classic Car definitions is "meritorious coachwork." Practically every car that has made the grade as a classic has done it with a body conceived by a custom coach crafting firm, or a carrozzeria, as it is called in Italy, and Lincoln has also leaned on this outside source to place its cars in the realm of the classics. The list of body makers who have blended their creations with Lincoln running gear, engines, and drive trains can evoke an automotive history all its own:

Brunn	Judkins
Dietrich	LeBaron
Fleetwood	Locke
Holbrook	Willoughby

But it is interesting that bodies built by Lincoln have also taken these cars into the misty realm of classicism. The early Lincolns were built from the inside out, with less attention paid to appearance than function. Despite this, the stark, dependable, forthright vehicles that resulted have elbowed their way onto the classic scene in a manner that suggests Andy Jackson and Davy Crockett.

The biggest gold star in Lincoln's body-building crown came in 1939 when Edsel Ford envisioned the Lincoln Continental and had it built, based on the Lincoln Zephyr. From 1939 until 1948—subtracting the years of the second World War—this model hit the country with an impact seldom felt in new-car introductions. Here was a car with a style conceived by the manufacturer which captivated everyone who saw it.

There were something over 5,300 of them produced, and if there was ever anything that validated the expression, "Scarce as hens' teeth" that car is it.

The Lincoln Continental of the above dates has been generally accepted as the last classic, with the door left half-open for later contenders. There has been no official notice given, but some classic club officials have indicated that the Continental Mark II is at a high premium on used car lots principally in the West, with the result that this car can expect to join the ranks of classic cars.

Meanwhile, the aficionados of car lore continue to restore Lincolns of any vintage they can find. They are especially fortunate in choosing Lincolns because the precision of Lincoln parts and the finish put on them make them less subject to the wear and deterioration that are usually encountered in other cars to be restored.

Of course, every car restorers work with is a used car, but they never refer to them by that name. Lincolns that are brought from the grave are known as "pre-owned."

One enthusiastic Lincoln lover recently found the carcass of a '28 Lincoln double-cowl phaeton in a farm field and laboriously brought it back to his shop to do a complete restoration of it. Before long people will see a gleaming reincarnation of this car traveling over the highways and byways.

The 1962 Lincoln Continental fills all of the above requisites by being a clean-limbed car—clean-limbed enough to hark you backward or forward through the Lincoln classic tradition.

It has a cleanness, symmetry, finish, and repose that will be rewarding to you.

Lincoln Continental owners will be pleased to know that their automobile has been ranked with the best made anywhere. *Road & Track*, one of the world's foremost automobile journals, published in its July, 1961, issue the editor's choice of the seven highest quality cars in the world. Lincoln Continental was the only American-built automobile to be included in this exclusive group.
The other choices were: Rolls-Royce and Rover, England; Mercedes-Benz and Porsche, Germany; Lancia, Italy; and Peugeot, France.

The 1962 Lincoln Continental four-door sedan with a 1932 Lincoln KB Dietrich sport coupe in background.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY scholar hopefully named it *Mare Cathaynum*, the China Sea, and a sixteenth-century cartographer mapped it with bright paints on an oxhide five feet long by three wide. A twentieth-century biologist precisely defined it as a "partially landlocked body of water indenting the southeastern periphery of the North American Continent." A name and a definition four hundred years between, but each in its own time was meant for one and the same place.

The place is the Gulf of Mexico, a sea of riddles unravelled yet by man, a fickle sea, a vast one. There are 615,000 square miles of it. The sea is 1000 miles broad at its broadest, 12,000 feet deep at its deepest. From Cape Sable, Florida, its land rim curves 5000 miles away to Cabo Catoche on the Yucatan Peninsula. But the rim is so cracked by waters, so jumbled with islands and bars, that in the United States alone Gulf tides wash more than 17,000 miles of shoreline.

The world's most prized game fish await the sportsmen who venture southward for

Blue-Water Action on the Gulf

by Thomas H. Lineaweaver

Those miles are much tracked by anglers. Some 1,437,000 Americans, during 1960, spent an average $100.81 trying to catch fish in the Gulf of Mexico. How many fish were bagged the statisticians don't say, but Gulf waters are known to tremble with fish, and one is the tarpon.

A very old tarpon may be over eight feet long and 300 pounds heavy. The present angling record stands at 283 pounds. Tarpon of 100 pounds are commonplace. Whatever their size, tarpon everywhere are hunted with all manner of tackle and all manner of baits and lures. And their behavior when hooked is awesome. They erupt in a frenzy of leaps and bounds, heads yawing.

Springtime brings tarpon rolling and splashing into the shallows. They herd through 'tween-island passes into bays and harbors, rivers and swamps. And the followers are waiting—waiting at port Aransas in Texas, Grande Isle in Louisiana, Mobile in Alabama, at Tampa in Florida and countless greater and lesser ports where fishing thrives until the chill of late autumn sends most tarpon tumbling back to warm deeps.

Compelling as tarpon may be, they are not the only fish that compel Gulf anglers to fret the water from lagoons to jetties to offshore oil rigs and beyond. There are snook, snapper, sea bass, striped bass, drum, dolphin, cobia, croaker, tuna, trout (weak-fish), sheepshead, shark, bluefish, redfish (channel bass), kingfish, sailfish, blue marlin, white marlin, wahoo and what-all. And from time to time some boatman can't resist harpooning a manta ray and it's rather a dirty trick.

Mantas (also called devilfish because of the modified fins which jut horn-like from either side of their mouths) are sizeable fish. Specimens have been reported that measured as much as 20 feet across the back and weighed over 3,000 pounds. For reasons best known to mantas, they enjoy an occasional leap clear of the water, and that is about the extent of their deviltry.

So much for sticking harpoons into hapless mantas. More note-worthy is the growing number of blue water anglers and charterboat captains, in the Gulf and elsewhere, who are preoccupied with sticking *tags* into fish like marlin and sailfish. Sport and science have been wed and it was pretty clever match-making. The angler has all the fun of hooking and fighting a fish to the side of the boat. But, there a tag is jabbed into the animal's back, the leader is cut, and off goes the fish trailing a short, plastic streamer printed with a number and the name and address of the interested research institution. The angler fills out a card noting tag number, date, locale, species and estimated dimensions of the fish and mails that to the institution. Fun has been endowed with serious purpose (the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake has never sat easily on the American conscience) and the angler is entitled to feel righteous on all counts.

Thomas H. Lineaweaver is a well-known naturalist-author.

When and if a tagged fish is caught again, it adds a little to man's fragmentary understanding of pelagic fish migrations, growth rates, spawning habits, and distribution. Many fragments are needed to construct a pattern, but tag recoveries have been dramatic. A 350-pound bluefin tuna tagged at Cat Cay in the Bahamas on June 10, 1961, was caught by a commercial fisherman four months and 4500 miles later near Bergen, Norway.

Fishing for snapper off the Timbalier Light

Angling is good off the mouth of the Mississippi

paintings by Edward Turner

Sailfish meanderings are less spectacular, equally provocative. At Port Aransas, where 400-odd sailfish were taken last season, the Rod and Rue Club has been tagging for years, and Texas sailfish have popped up on the Atlantic side of Florida.

An unusually broad tagging project is one planned and directed by Frank J. Mather III and his research group at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Mather, designer of the dart tag and long-time advocate of tagging as a research tool, enlists his taggers from volunteer individuals and clubs and will supply anglers with the necessary outfits.

Not long ago, Mather's loyal legion was joined by the New Orleans Big Game Fishing Club. The club's guiding spirit, Harley B. Howcott, had fished the storied grounds of the Atlantic and Pacific and come to the conclusion that the best fishing was off the Mississippi Delta in his own backyard. At South Pass (Port Eads), the steep edge of the Continental Shelf is a very few miles to seaward, and the edge is an ocean road for fish. The Shelf is a pastureland, rich with the outpouring of fresh water and nutrients from the Mississippi River.

From May 5 to October 30, 1960, and within twenty to forty miles of port, Harley and his co-anglers aboard the *Jennifer Ann* raised 30 blue marlin, hooked 14 and boated 20 weighing up to 92 pounds. They raised 48 sailfish and boated 18 which averaged 140 pounds. And they boated 239 dolphin from 25 to 44 pounds.

Nine days at the start of the 1961 season proved South Pass fishing to be no chance event. Ten blue marlin, 21 white marlin and one sailfish (it was early for sailfish) were raised and approximately a third of them were tagged and released.

The New Orleans Big Game Fishing Club has taken in almost 50 members now, and is developing South Pass at a brisk pace. Buildings are going up, and docks for charter and private boats. Two charter boats sailed from them this past summer. There will be many more next summer.

The nomadic angler who journeys the Gulf may discover other South Passes. Certainly he will discover fish to suit him and ports to serve him the year 'round. Certainly he will discover the rich past and exotic present of the Gulf; the myriad birds, the shrimping fleets, the oyster tongers, the windrows of shells on island beaches made of sand so fine it squeaks under foot. And while he journeys the Gulf of Mexico he will wonder, like Melville's Ishmael, at the "thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries" who must get "just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in."

A jet from Miami will speed you to the temples and pyramids of a civilization older than Rome

Two Hours to Antiquity

by Oliver La Farge
paintings by Louis Freund

What manner of men were they?

They built a civilization without metal, without wheels, without cities . . . a stone-age civilization . . . yet advanced in architecture, sculpture and writing, in mathematics and astronomy . . . long before Rome or the Golden Age of Greece. This is the puzzle of the Mayans in Yucatan, Mexico.

Take Mérida as your starting point . . . ride out to Uxmal, Chichén Itzá and Dzibilchaltun. You'll discover ruins as imposing as those of Egypt, without going half way round the world and scuffing through desert sand.

From the "Temple of Warriors," the ruins of Chichén Itzá are impressive

THE MODERN Mexican state of Yucatan is a rough triangle at the northern tip of the Yucatan peninsula, jutting into the Gulf of Mexico. All of the peninsula, an area of some 360 by 200 miles, is low country, in the south drenched by furious rains and covered by awe-inspiring, high forest, at the northern edge almost arid, the trees scrubby. Within this great lowland area developed the most interesting of all manifestations of American Indian culture, the high civilization of the ancient Mayas, and from there it spread outwards, into Mexico proper and Honduras.

The northern triangle was occupied by the Mayas throughout their long history, but how really long that history was we are only beginning to know.

If the findings of Tulane University's recent digging at Dzibilchaltun, Yucatan, can be accepted—and I don't see why they can't be—an unbroken cultural sequence goes back at least to three thousand years ago, which would indicate occupation during all that time by a single people. Thus it is likely that the ancestors of the Indian you see on the streets of Mérida, the capital of the state, or around Chichén Itzá, were in the neighborhood *before Rome was founded or Greek civilization established, and more than a thousand years before the first of the English came to England.*

In the Temple of the Warriors at Chichén Itzá you can see a mural in which are paintings of huts closely similar to those that the

Oliver La Farge is author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *Laughing Boy*, and an authority on the American Indian and the Mayan civilization.

Above: At Uxmal, the "House of the Magician" looks down over the court of the "Nunnery."
Left: The Sacred Cenote, or well, at Chichén Itzá, was a place of worship for the Mayans

Even temple names spell romance

Indians build today. A good, round date for that temple is 1100 A.D. in the most generally accepted chronology for Mayan history. At least two centuries before that temple went up, the Nunnery at Uxmal was built; on its walls are carved familiar-looking miniatures of palm-thatched dwellings. There is every reason to believe that the form of the modern, rural hut goes back very much further than that.

Occupation by a single people, the persistence of a language, probably of many gods, of house-types, does not mean that this was a land in which nothing happened. The modern Mayas are quiet and unwarlike; so, apparently, were their ancestors from when we first begin to have real knowledge of them, around the time of the birth of Christ.

The last 600 years of undisturbed Mayan culture, up to about 950 A.D., are called the Classic Period. Then their arts and architecture reached their highest pitch, and surviving inscriptions indicate the furthest advances in mathematics and astronomy. As yet we can only guess at what daily life was like in that golden age, for the records have largely been destroyed, and so far we are able to decipher only a portion of what writing we have.

Wars did occur. The Mayas did take captives, and they practiced human sacrifice, but sparingly; their main interests were more creative. They developed hieroglyphic writing, mathematics with a place system and the use of zero well before these devices were hit upon anywhere in the Old World, an accurate calendar. They excelled in astronomy, arts, crafts, architecture, and engineering.

To us, the term "stone age" implies primitive barbarism or even lower stages. "Civilization," we believe, cannot exist without cities. At the peak of their civilization, the Mayas did not live in cities. The great clusters of pyramids, temples, and mounds, such as at Chichén Itzá and Uxmal, were ceremonial centers; the permanent Maya population was small and the people lived spread out, handy to their farms. This civilization, also, was strictly stone age. No metals were known in the peninsula until after it was well on the down grade, when small amounts of copper and gold were introduced.

Here was a great civilization, then, that grew without metal, without wheels, without cities, not much warfare, yet a civilization so advanced as to call for thousands of years of development before it took the form visible to us in the great ruins.

Uxmal was abandoned before 1000 A.D. The structures you see there, such as the House of the Magicians and the Nunnery, are fine examples of the northern style of the pure Maya period. In them you can see the beautifully executed corbel vaulting characteristic of the high Maya style. Incidentally, the names given to most ancient buildings in Yucatan are either the expression of romantic Spanish guesses, such as the two just mentioned, or later concoctions of explorers based on some striking features, such as the Temple of the Warriors, so named for the numerous columns on which warriors are carved.

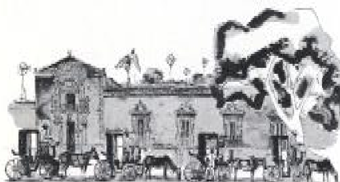
Chichén Itzá had a longer life than Uxmal. Throughout the Yucatan peninsula we find *cenotes*, sinkholes in the limestone that tap underground waters. There is a big one at Chichén Itzá, the Sacred Cenote, that seems to have been holy and a center for pilgrimage since very ancient times. Pilgrimages and sacrifices to it continued into the sixteenth century, when the Spanish stopped them. Into the *cenote* were thrown great quantities of valuable objects, such as jade, wooden articles, inlaid with delicate mosaics, and later, after the coming of metal, some copper and gold.

From time to time, Mayas also threw in human beings. Some of these were simply sacrifices. Others were sent in the belief that in the dark waters they would receive a prophecy. If they did not drown, they were fished out. The Spanish,

The modern city of Merida offers a colorful contrast with the ancient Mayan ruins nearby.

Toltec invaders doom the Mayas

always romantically inclined, developed the story that virgin young women were the usual victims, but the remains that have been found do not support that tale. Many were small children, others were men, while of eight females old enough to be considered women, all but one were well past the usual Mayan age of marriage.



The Mayan Classic Period was ended by warlike invaders. Far from Yucatan, at Tula in what is now the state of Hidalgo, Mexico, was a city of the people known as Toltecs. Less advanced than the Mayas, the Toltecs had developed true cities. They practiced human sacrifice on a large scale, and, in order to secure victims, constantly waged war. Thus war tended to dominate their religion. Somehow a group of these people made their way through a thousand miles of country, difficult to traverse even to this day, through alien nations, and invaded and conquered Yucatan. It was probably their coming that led to the desertion of Uxmal.

The Toltec conquest was facilitated by their superior military equipment. Their shields and their armor of quilted cotton were much better than anything the Mayas had. Also, the main Mayan weapon was the spear, used both for stabbing and throwing. Toltecs had a more sophisticated missile—the javelin, thrown with a throwing stick, which completely out-ranged the Mayan spear and was much more accurate.

The great Toltec family of the Itzás took over the site of the Sacred Cenote, and their city became Chichén Itzá, "The Mouth of the Well of the Itzás." Construction of pyramids and temples continued in Toltec or "Mexican" style. After 1100 A.D., warfare racked Yucatan, wars between city states with Toltec rulers, wars of rebellion against those rulers, wars of conquest. The invaders were slowly absorbed by the Mayas, but the trait of eagerness for war carried on, and with it the civilization steadily degenerated, the arts disappeared, crafts became crude, and the great architecture grew slovenly, incompetent, then was forgotten. All of these stages are visible at Chichén Itzá, the most impressive of all the ruins of ancient, fascinating Yucatan.

In this north country the Spanish found people using structures they no longer were capable of building. We feel that they had relapsed far towards barbarism, but the Spanish, themselves hardly out of the Middle Ages, deemed them civilized. Their aristocracy was still literate, and when the white men entered a town, there was likely to be a scribe on hand, recording the event for history. The Mayas fiercely resisted conquest, but in the end the Spanish overcame them. The books were sought out and burned, the last of the temples abandoned. Bishop Diego de Landa did great deeds in destroying the old culture, after which he wrote a careful account of what he had learned of it. Of all the libraries that once existed in Yucatan, Guatemala, and southern Mexico only two books and a piece of another about this period have survived for modern scholars to rack their brains trying to decipher.

Today, you can go easily out from the attractive little town of Mérida and view the ruins. You can imagine the last Spanish conquerors, on horseback, with their gleaming, steel armor, or in your mind bring back to life the Toltec warriors that are carved and painted in some of the temples, or try to cast back to the earlier, golden age, and beyond that to the long beginning about which we know virtually nothing. Who first developed mathematics, wrote in books, carved inscriptions? These same Mayas, or others, from whom they learned? And if others, what became of them? We do not know. And the modern Maya Indian who goes out to pray and make offerings to the gods of rain and the four directions does not know how ancient his ritual is nor what its glory once was.

In Mexico: An interesting Lincoln Continental Owner

When Thomas C. Mann went to Mexico as United States Ambassador last May, he took with him nearly a lifetime of interest in Latin America. Most recently he had been Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. He has traveled widely in Mexico and has a special interest in archaeology which he expects to pursue.

"I grew up loving Mexican music, art, and culture in general," he says. "It's part of the climate (ambiente) in which I grew up. I hope soon to visit Yucatan and northwest Mexico to explore the ruins there."

A native Texan, Mr. Mann went to school in Laredo and graduated in law from Baylor University in Waco. He joined the State Department in 1942 and was sent to Montevideo. There followed assignments in Caracas, Athens, Guatemala City, and San Salvador, where he was our Ambassador.

From all over the world, connoisseurs are finding rare bargains in modern art in Mexico City's colorful

"Jardín del Arte"

by Robert Prescott

IN THE SHADOW of Mexico City's soaring new skyline of glass and steel, for a few hours every Sunday a tiny park between two bustling boulevards is transformed into a paint-daubed frontier of American art.

This is the "Garden of Art," an outdoor art show where the dreams and talent of Mexico's emerging "new wave" of artists are put to the acid test in the marketplace. Bright-hued paintings—all kinds of paintings, hundreds of them—are arrayed along the footpaths and under the trees with sculptures, carvings, ceramics, and other works of art, in a quaint combination of old world charm and imaginative new world salesmanship.

Balloon vendors, their red and yellow and blue globes bobbing over the heads of the crowd, and shouting peddlers of ice cream, cactus candy, whirling tinfoil pinwheels, roast corn, soft drinks, and even chili-flavored "cracklings," compete for your attention. Captivated by this carnival atmosphere, thousands converge upon the "Jardín del Arte" every Sunday.

Less than seven years ago, the sidewalk gallery was created as a last resort by five discouraged Mexican painters who couldn't find any other way to show their works. One cold January day in 1955, they self-consciously appropriated a small patch of lawn in Parque Sullivan, just a few yards from where the broad Paseo de la Reforma and Insurgentes Avenue intersect at the heart of Mexico City. With a cautious eye for the law, they spread an armload of paintings out on the grass, and nailed a few canvases to trees.

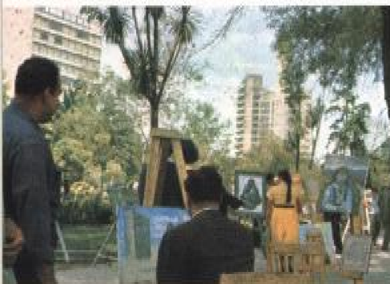
"That put us in business," recalls architect-painter Jorge Contreras, "but it wasn't much of a business. We only had 35 paintings. The people walking through the park weren't quite sure what we were trying to do. And none of us knew how to go about selling on the street. Besides, we were afraid the police would break it up any minute. You need a permit for that sort of thing in Mexico City."

But in Mexico, there's always someone to buy anything, and before that Sunday was over, Contreras and his friends decided it would be worth while to try again.

Today, their informal attempt to break through the cultural barrier has grown into a block-long

Robert Prescott, formerly foreign correspondent for the United Press in Latin America, is now Director of Public Relations for Ford of Mexico.

photographs by the author



They look

They bargain

They buy

"Avenida Juarez", a street scene in Mexico City, by Alfredo Garcia Salazar. Purchased for 600 pesos ($48), framed.

"Payasos". Oil painting by A. G. Orozco. Purchased for 650 pesos ($52), framed.

"Caballos." Oil painting by Alberto Flandes Guerrero. Purchased for 700 pesos ($56), framed.

It's fun to shop—or just to browse

exposition where some 175 artists from a dozen countries exhibit and sell their works every Sunday. Over a thousand paintings are being offered every week, and several hundred are sold.

The swarms of visitors number not only art fanciers and strolling families, but eager American tourists in search of art bargains to take back across the border. For those who know what they're looking for, the bargains are there to be found. Nothing is over $80.

Almost every type of art is on sale. Modern, impressionistic paintings seem to predominate. And you can't ignore some weird three-dimensional paintings and nightmarish drawings. But there also are peaceful landscapes, portraits, softly-tinted watercolors, engravings, wood and clay sculpturing, and even hand-painted ceramics.

Prices range from about $12 for a small oil or sculpture, up to whatever the traffic will bear. Only once, however, has a painting ever sold for more than $80. That was the $200, contest-winning landscape of Victor Rios Valencia, now director of the art school in Oaxaca.

A person who doesn't speak Spanish can expect to get a fair deal. While a certain amount of bargaining is customary, the artists like to quote the same prices to everyone. And there's always someone to translate. (For tourists, there are no problems involved in buying paintings, if you take your purchase home with you. The Mexican government waives duties, permits and other requirements.)

Perhaps no other country today offers budding artists the same opportunity to work creatively on a full-time basis. As their work matures, some critics feel that the Mexican "new wave" may bring a forceful and fresh approach to painting that could profoundly affect art throughout the Americas.

Artists from the United States, Haiti, Honduras, Colombia, Poland, Chile, and Spain already are working side by side with the growing number of Mexicans in the Garden movement. Other foreign artists are expected, and welcomed.

Several painters who first showed their works in the "Garden of Art" already have won acclaim. The critics are keeping their eyes on such standouts as Armando Anguiano, brother of a more famous painter, Raul Anguiano. Armando was one of the five pioneers who inaugurated the Garden with Jorge Contreras in 1955, and he still shows there regularly. So do three other founders—Roberto Kan, Oswaldo Partida and Fernando Cruz.

Arturo García Bustos, who won a world award for his engravings in a recent show in Poland, and Rodolfo Quintero, also an engraver, are others who are climbing into prominence. Painters Ernesto Alcantara, Austreberto Morales, Alfredo García Salazar (whose work is illustrated here), José Chavez and Juan Chamizo all have exhibited successfully in the United States and Canada. Two girls, Irma González and Eva Cepeda, are considered very promising.

Before the Garden was launched, most fledgling artists in Mexico had little hope of getting before the public. Working under the shadow of Mexico's world famed trio of muralists—Diego Rivera, Jose Clemente Orozco and David Alfaro Siqueiros—the restless younger artists found most galleries preoccupied with the successful older generation.

The "Garden of Art" changed all that, and not only in Mexico City. Its success has been echoed in art colonies throughout the country. Other Sunday expositions bearing the "Garden of Art" label have sprung up in Guadalajara, Chihuahua and Mérida in recent months, promising to give the same stimulus to provincial artists.

Outdoor art shows, of course, are nothing new. The Left Bank of Paris and New York's Greenwich Village have had many successful sidewalk expositions. The Mexican "Garden of Art" is somewhat different, however, because it's a week-after-week event. Since it opened in 1955, it hasn't missed a single Sunday. And it's also different in the sheer number of aspiring artists, and the coordination and guidance given them.

To the public, the "Garden of Art" means an opportunity to become educated in artistic techniques, and to obtain fine works at reasonable prices. Where in the past many families had only calendar pictures, cheap prints or pin-ups in the parlor, Contreras comments, now they're buying inexpensive but original oil paintings, water colors or sculptures.

It's too soon to say whether Mexico is moving into a new era in modern art. Many of the paintings shown at the Garden are obviously patterned after successful works from the modern French movement, or from Mexican masters like Diego Rivera and Tamayo. Others are crude and tentative. But with hundreds of young artists struggling for recognition, many signs of originality and talent are to be seen any Sunday at the "Garden of Art." The successors to Rivera and Orozco easily could come from there.

"I think we can be confident of one thing," Contreras says proudly, "The seeds we planted seven years ago are growing into a tall, healthy garden."

Louis Cheskin, pioneer in probing public attitudes, explains why the Lincoln Continental is the car with

The Look of Success

Interview by C. H. Dykeman

CAN PEOPLE really tell you what they want in styling—in design of the car they intend to buy?

Few pre-marketing research studies have so clearly predicted an outstanding success of a car within weeks of its introduction, as did an association test of the 1961 Lincoln Continental vs. competition.

The editors of THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE interviewed Louis Cheskin, director of Color Research Institute, president of Louis Cheskin Associates (marketing research) and author of BASIS FOR MARKETING DECISION, in which the study of the Lincoln Continental is included. The prediction of the sweeping popularity of the Lincoln Continental was made on the basis of this study.

Q. Mr. Cheskin, where and how did you conduct your study of attitudes toward the Lincoln Continental?

A. We conducted studies in New York City and Chicago with 4,792 car owners of over $15,000 income. The major part of this study consisted of controlled association tests.

Q. How could you be so sure that the Continental would be such a great success even before there was a sales trend?

A. We had no difficulty doing this. We tested every new car which was announced as embodying a "new concept." We found that the new Lincoln Continental styling had very great appeal. In fact the Continental topped all cars by a remarkably high rating in favorable associations (88%). Only the 1957 Thunderbird came anywhere near with 84%. No other car ever had rated over 60% in favorable associations before this time.

Q. What do you think most people mean by "styling" in a car?

A. Our sense of sight is the most important of all senses. Styling for most people symbolizes the function of a car. Women especially were attracted by the new lines of the Lincoln Continental. Men called it "classic," "reliable," "lasting" and "desirable."

Q. Were you able to determine what point about the Lincoln Continental besides the styling was particularly well liked?

A. The fact that the company executives had such confidence in the new Lincoln Continental that they were willing to give a *two-year warranty* made a deep impression. Of the luxury car owners interviewed, 81% associated this with "trouble free." Also, the price was right, being competitive with other luxury cars which did not rate nearly as high in styling, in mechanical aspects or in advertising appeal.

Q. Did you ever feel that you had gone out on a limb in predicting the success of the Lincoln Continental?

A. Not for one minute. Like anything else, research can be good or bad. If you base a prediction on the assumption that people can tell you *why* they make choices, you get misleading answers. If you ask people to be judges, they will give you misleading information. Too small samples of consumers can also mislead. Controlled research conducted on an unconscious level with large enough samples of respondents has on the other hand successfully predicted marketing success or failure for over 15 years.

Q. What is the most important factor, in your opinion, that has led to Lincoln Continental success?

A. I began to have confidence in the car when I learned that the manufacturer considered the product itself—the performance of the car—most important. I had a report that the Lincoln Continental had the longest road check in American car production history.

Q. You obviously rate product quality high, then, in influencing sales?

A. Yes, I consider quality as the basis for a marketing program. But we must remember that the performance of a car as a means of transportation is only one aspect of its success. The design, the psychological or aesthetic aspect of quality is another. Next comes the character of the advertising, which is communication about the performance and psychological quality. Last is price, which should of course be competitive. All four aspects are important factors in marketing.

Q. One final question. Did the people being interviewed know you were making a test of the Lincoln Continental?

A. We conduct attitude studies. Tests are conducted so that the respondents do not feel we are interested in any one particular product. We want their feelings expressed without their defense mechanisms aroused to influence their responses. We want a reaction from each individual that represents his true feelings. The Lincoln Continental was tested together with other things of interest to the respondent, among which were architectural designs, which are also of general interest.

> *"Among the top echelon of Cadillac, Imperial, Lincoln buyers, those who shopped for cars priced $5,500 or more, 56.2% bought Lincoln Continentals.*
>
> *"Accordingly, in the first year of marketing its revolutionary concept of prestige automobiles, Lincoln captured No. 1 spot in its own immediate price class."*
>
> *—Ward's Automotive Reports, Nov. 6, 1961*

Cruising the Windwards

Chartering your own "private" yacht is adventurous, comfortable, and surprisingly reasonable

by Franklin M. Reck

SEEKERS AFTER unusual vacations in the sun are finding that cruising the Caribbean in their "own" spacious yacht—setting their own timetable, finding hidden coves and unpopulated sandy beaches, exploring the reefs for crawfish and snapper—is a wonderful way to spend two weeks or a month, and at a cost considerably less than an equivalent stay at a well-known spa. Charter yachting is enjoying a pronounced but still largely unrecognized boom. Let's get down to cases:

Last winter, five congenial gentlemen from the Midwest tried it. They began by writing V. E. B. Nicholson and Sons Ltd., St. Johns, Antigua, British West Indies. There are many charter boat companies, but Nicholson is worldwide, and even will arrange an Aegean cruise if you want it.

Our vacationers chartered a 65-foot yacht equipped with three large double cabins, saloon, galley, and a 12-foot boat with a powerful outboard for diving and fishing. Their crew consisted of the skipper and his wife, cook and two deck hands.

There are dozens of cruises to take in the magic ellipse of the Caribbean and its flanking islands—the Greater Antilles, the Bahamas, the Leeward Islands, Windward Islands, and the Lesser Antilles.

Our five gentlemen picked the Windwards for several reasons: the islands are green and lush, the harbors and towns less commercialized, insects and snakes almost unknown. Thus they began their two-week vacation in St. George's, Grenada, called "Spice Island" because it profusely grows such spices as cinnamon, clove, nutmeg and ginger.

From here they made their leisurely way north via the lovely and unpopulated Tobago Cays, Bequia, St. Vincent and St. Lucia, islands that whisper legends of Columbus, Napoleon's Josephine, Lord Nelson, pirates, and chests of gold.

Their entertainment? Picnics on hidden beaches, fishing the reefs for grouper and snapper, enjoying impromptu steel band concerts in the town square, collecting sumptuous feasts of oysters and crawfish, gazing through a face mask at the sparkling clear underwater world of coral and brilliant fish, and helping make canvas in a spanking breeze.

Clothing? Nothing but a pair of shorts and one good suit for visits in town.

Best time to go? From January to May, thus missing both the hurricane season and the rainy season.

The cost? This is the surprise. The charter was $100 a day for ship and crew, food and fuel extra. The five gentlemen spent $1400 for the ship, and $500 for food and fuel (spirits included), or something under $400 per person for two full weeks of private yachting in the Caribbean. The pictures tell their own story.

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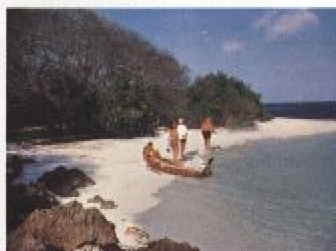

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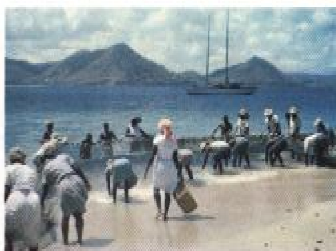

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1. The historic transportation in these islands is the Caribe canoe, a dugout with sail and outrigger.

2. This party finds a suitable cove and brings a basket lunch for a lazy picnic on the deserted beach.

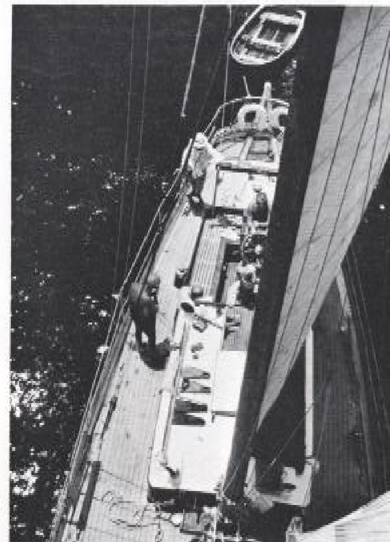
3. On this island, the inhabitants make regular hauls of the net to obtain fish for their own use.

4. Deck load of fresh fish for dinner. Spearing or hooking fish is easy in these waters.

5. Beginning of the cruise, St. George's harbor on Grenada, southernmost island in the British West Indies.

6. The yacht under way, looking down from the mast. Note skin diving gear and small boat.

7. Each night the yacht anchors in a sheltered cove or a harbor for restful sleeping.



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Symphony in Vitamin C

Florida's less-known tropical fruits

by Nancy Kennedy

photographs by Robert Leahey

EVERYONE who visits Florida savors the tree-ripened orange or grapefruit, may even ship a couple of crates home. Less well-known are the delectable fruits that Florida rarely ships outside the state. Do you know the rough lemon . . . the tangelo . . . the Key lime? Try them sometime.

Most of these fruits are of the same family as the cultivated citrus varieties found everywhere in stores. But many grow wild, others are staples of the party menus of Floridian gourmets, and all have a history that reads like romance.

Oranges originated in southeastern Asia and spread through Persia to the Mediterranean.

Columbus brought them to the Western Hemisphere, planting seeds of the sour orange in Haiti. In 1565 Spanish and Portuguese explorers brought sweet oranges to the West Indies and Florida.

The descendants of these original trees have been used as the root stock of the modern-day hybrids. But in some parts of Florida these ancient varieties still flourish in the wild, rough lemon, the Key or Mexican lime, and others.

The rough lemon is rather like the ugly girl with a heart of gold, for its exterior conceals a sweet and durable character.

And the Key lime—once grown commercially but abandoned after the severe storms of 1926—has a never-to-be-forgotten flavor.

Literally thousands of less famous fruits grow on Florida's sun-drenched lands, such as the cool green sea grapes found along the miles of ocean shore in tangled thickets. They make sparkling green jelly with a subtle tart flavor.

A trek off the beaten path to such a spot as Demeré Key, near Fort Myers, where botanist-resort-owner Phil DeGraff grows over 44 varieties of unusual subtropical fruits for his guests, is an education for the sophisticated palate.

1. A Florida fruit enhances each course of this meal. 2. The exotic flavor of sea grapes is perfect in jelly. 3. Reading from top to bottom—at left of cocoanut are grapefruit, Temple oranges, pineapple oranges, tangelos (cross between grapefruit and tangerine), tangerines, and kumquats. To the right are wild oranges, calamondins and Key limes.

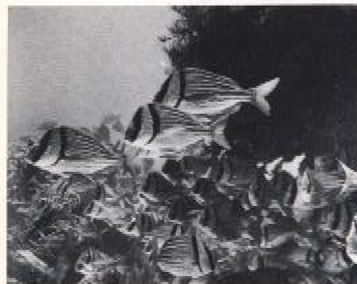
Beauty Below the Surface

It's easy to put on a face mask and see for yourself

by Walter Machos

Fantastic coral at six feet

Hitching a ride with a loggerhead



Handsome and delectable porkfish

photographs by Jerry Greenberg

SUN WORSHIPPERS who travel Florida and the Caribbean without a face mask have seen only half the beauty of these lush, volcanic shores. There's as much loveliness—and sport--below the surface of these crystal-clear waters as there is above.

Equipment is simple and inexpensive—a well-fitted face mask, snorkel tube and a pair of rubber fins. All you need do is lie face down and paddle along the surface over shallow reefs and rocky coves. You will see a fairyland of coral and become intimately acquainted with unafraid, brilliantly hued fish.

After you've paddled the surface, you'll quickly learn to hold your breath and dive down a few feet. Next thing you know, you'll be taking along a spear to get yourself a fish or lobster dinner.

Snorkeling (as contrasted with aqua-lunging) is a safe, shallow water sport for the middle-aged as well as young. Nevertheless, always go paddling in pairs. It's the cardinal rule in any kind of swimming.

Here is an all-too-short guide to some of the most fascinating skin-diving spots:

Florida reefs: They run roughly five miles off the southeastern shore. Try Carysfort reef off Key Largo—beautiful finger coral; Pennekamp Coral Reef Park off Largo —50 varieties of coral, 1200 species of fish; Key West reefs—caves and coral galore.

Man o' War Cay, Acklin Island, Bahamas. See a sunken wreck.

Cayman Islands, between Jamaica and Cuba. King-size clawless lobsters, gin-clear water.

Puerto Rico's north coast, at Boca de Cangrejos and Vega Baja. Magnificent marine gardens, great spearfishing.

St. Croix, largest of the U. S. Virgin Islands. A barrier reef comparable in beauty to that of Australia. In less than an hour of shallow-water viewing you can see more than forty species of fish.

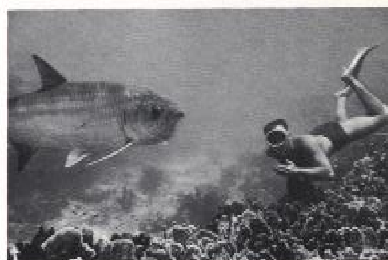
Jamaica north shore. Practically all the bays and coves are great.

British Honduras. Reefs are ten to twenty miles off shore. Fine for underwater viewing and fishing.

Spiny lobster dinner—use gloves

Above: A beautiful coral landscape

Below: Man meets tarpon. Howdy!



Among our Contributors

ROBERT PRESCOTT feels that writing the article on "Mexico's Jardín del Arte" came close to being a financial disaster. "I started visiting the Garden every Sunday for photos and research, and got 'hooked.' Now I'm there every week, buying more pictures than either my wall space or income warrants. I'll have to write another article to pay for the damage done by this one." Except on Sundays, he directs Ford's public relations in Mexico City, his home for the past thirteen years. A California graduate, he served as a pilot in the U. S. Air Force and as a foreign correspondent on the United Press Latin American beat before joining Ford in 1957.

THE AUTHOR of the well-loved Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *Laughing Boy*, Oliver La Farge has a world reputation as a scientist and an expert on American Indian affairs. A graduate of Groton and Harvard, Mr. La Farge served for several years as Assistant in Ethnology at Tulane University. He has taken part in three archaeological expeditions to Arizona for Harvard and two to Guatemala for Columbia. His many books include novels, works of nonfiction, and five technical books on the American Indian. He has twice been president of the American Association on Indian Affairs, a post he holds today. Mr. La Farge and his wife live in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER, author-naturalist-angler-hunter-scholar-bibliophile-critic, and all-around burr under the saddle of his fellow man, was born in Philadelphia in 1923. He became interested in natural history early in life when he bit the head off a live but lethargic garter snake and thereby collected 25 cents.

Eventually Mr. Lineaweaver attended Princeton University where he studied the history of man, which so appalled him that upon graduation he turned to writing about wilder but more sensible animals. His stories have appeared in many magazines and he is currently writing two books for J. B. Lippincott, one of them about sharks.

He lives in Woods Hole on Cape Cod so he can pester at leisure the scientists at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, the Marine Biological Laboratory, and a branch of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries.

CHARLES A. RAWLINGS has been writing as long as he can remember: University of Wisconsin, then newspapering, then magazine free lancing, then magazine correspondent in the Atlantic and Pacific in the last war, and now free lancing again. He first sampled the Caribbean early in the war aboard an old destroyer. His assignment to write our lead story in this issue was his first return to the Caribbean since war days.