The cover of 'the Continental' magazine features a scenic photograph of a coastal landscape. In the foreground, several tall, dark pine trees with wind-swept branches stand on a hillside covered in reddish-brown vegetation. The trees frame a view of a wide, sandy beach that meets the ocean. Waves are breaking on the shore, and a long pier extends into the water. In the distance, a city is visible on the coast. The sky is a clear, pale blue.

the
Continental
magazine

Volume 2, Number 2

THE WEST COAST AND BEYOND:
AMERICA'S NEW WORLD OF THE PACIFIC

HAWAII: Back to Paradise
ALASKA: Adventure in the North
Our Spirited Western Cities



Golden Gate Bridge, looking toward San Francisco's Sunset District

the Continental magazine

Volume 2 Number 2

March-April, 1962

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FRONT COVER—View from a steep hillside at Sutra Heights, near San Francisco. Photograph by D. Knight, from Freelance Photographers Guild, Inc.

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Two words that thrill---

FOR most of us in the United States, the two words, "West Coast," start the pulse racing with an overpowering wanderlust. We know that out West the mountains are high and sharp, the seacoast rugged, the cities young and energetic, and the weather benign all the way from San Diego to Juneau. Just mention "West Coast," and we see visions of palm trees, orange groves and glaciers in a Land that Has Everything. It is a place for adventure and retirement, a destination for our dreams.

We sense the internationalism of the Pacific, the scent of spices, the Japanese and Polynesian influence in the architecture, the vocabulary, the clothing, and the foods.

Every family east of the foothills plans the Grand Tour to the West Coast, and sooner or later every family takes it, and the cameras click at Yosemite, Hollywood Boulevard, and the Puget Sound Ferry.

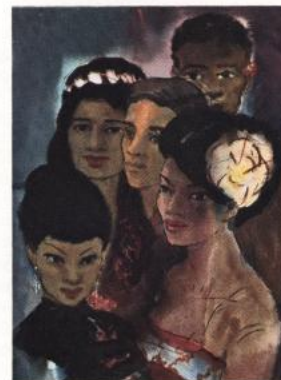
Now that Alaska and Hawaii are states, the near North Pacific Ocean has become a gigantic American lake, 2400 miles wide, a salty expanse of our homeland, bounded by leis, by totem poles and palms.

So it is with a special sense of anticipation that the editors present in this issue of the Continental Magazine a sampling of the pleasures of the West Coast.—The editors.

A best selling novelist and world reporter circled the world in search of the ideal place to live—and found it in Hawaii

I Settle for Paradise

by Richard Tregaskis



Charming and friendly people

"THAT's the fascinating thing about looking for paradise—it's so illusive." Those were the last words I wrote in "Seven Leagues To Paradise," my book telling about a round-the-world search for the perfect place in which to live, ending in Newport Beach, California. Now, my focus on Paradise has changed. We have moved bag, baggage, and books to Hawaii.

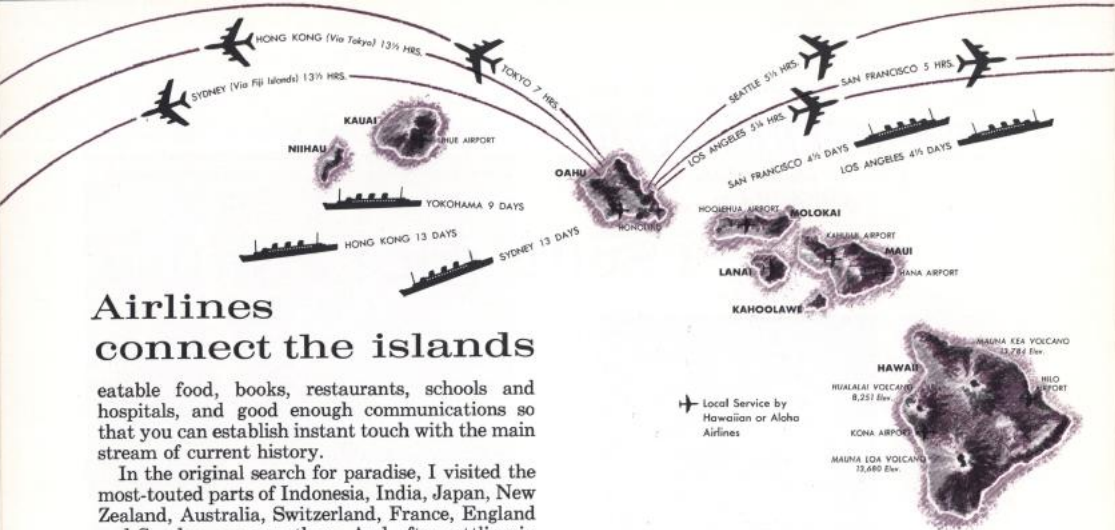
We have a house on the palm-laced shore of Maunaloa Bay, on the island of Oahu. From our back yard we look out on the sharp, dark peaks of the Koolau Range, where clouds drift over crags sharp as if cut from blue cardboard. Near us is the perfect tropical white lagoon called Hanauma Bay, with jewel-clear water a dozen tones from pale jade to amethyst. And, best of all, the water is warm.

My personal criteria for the "perfect place" are a pleasant year-round climate, beautiful scenery, good water for swimming, the availability of other sports, and the amenities like drinkable water and

Marvelous mountains and beaches

PAINTINGS BY J. P. OLMES





Airlines connect the islands

eatable food, books, restaurants, schools and hospitals, and good enough communications so that you can establish instant touch with the main stream of current history.

In the original search for paradise, I visited the most-touted parts of Indonesia, India, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, Switzerland, France, England and Sweden, among others. And after settling in Southern California, we kept on looking in Tahiti, the Philippines, Thailand, Vietnam, Okinawa, Greece and Lebanon.

During this light-hearted global hunt, we decided finally that there are two idyllic Pacific island paradises which have just about the right measure of desirable natural attributes. That is, they are just within the Tropics so that the temperature is warm but not too warm all year round—with trade winds that blow through the year to provide a natural kind of air conditioning.

These two island groups, located respectively about twenty degrees north and twenty degrees south of the Equator in mid-Pacific, have the geographical qualities most of us have come to think of as idyllic: jagged mountain peaks with their heads sticking out of low-flying clouds, tawny sand lagoons with palms like tall flowers, and jewel-like borders of warm, clear ocean water ranging from yellow-green to deep sapphire, screened from the sharks by reefs. Most important, these beautiful lands are inhabited by handsome athletic people with the friendliness which is born into Polynesians.

These two island paradises are Tahiti and Hawaii, and they are much alike, but for us Hawaii has the great advantage of being a part of the United States. Hawaii's natural resources are both profuse and accessible.

Take the beaches, for instance. Right at Waikiki is one of the world's most famous beaches, the strip of white sand in front of the Moana, Royal Hawaiian, Outrigger and Halekulani, with the celebrated view of Diamond Head and squads of board surfers scooting along the white crests.

The lesser-known beaches on the island, in many

ways more attractive, are all less than three hours away by excellent roads. Hanauma Bay begins eight miles east. Kailua, a tawny crescent of aquamarine, coral-free water with hard sandy bottom, is thirty minutes away from Waikiki via the Pali tunnel. The spectacular body-surfing beach at Makapuu Point is sixteen miles from Waikiki on the magnificent coast road.

On the wild north coast, forty miles off, is some of the world's best, and roughest, surf for both boards and body types, at Sunset, Pupukea, and Waimea. About the same distance on the west coast is the Waianae string of beaches, twelve miles long, from Nanakuli to Makaha, Makua and Kaena Point. This side of the island has the clearest water of all, and Pokai Bay, right in the middle of the string, has unbelievable skindiving—the water is so clear that you get dizzy looking down into it. It is so clear that it's almost like air.

So much for the assortment of beaches (all with warm water, winter and summer) available on Oahu. There are a myriad of other sports too—like climbing over the mountain trails of the Koolaus, right behind Waikiki. Or hunting. The world's record wild boar, more than 500 pounds in weight, was killed in the rough country less than three miles above the Aina Haina shopping center. And there are still plenty of good chukker and ring-necked partridges up in the highlands. The bird-hunting season is ninety-five days long, the longest in the United States, and the legal bag is staggering—so large that no hunter has ever taken it.

Big game fishing has its illustrious center at Kewalo Basin, right next to Waikiki. Boats go out for, and get, record-size black and striped marlin, by fishing the channel between Oahu and the next island to the south.

Or if golf is your pleasure, you can expect to play it 360 days in the year in Kahala (allowing five days for heavy rain).

But in simple, non-sporting terms, Hawaii's climate and geography make it one of the world's best places for just plain living, the most relaxed I have ever lived in.

For those who are neon-shy, there are five other islands offering varying degrees of the primitive. Kauai, Maui and "the Big Island" of Hawaii, are reachable in less than an hour by the well-run, tidy Convairs or Fairchild F-27's of Hawaiian or Aloha Airlines.

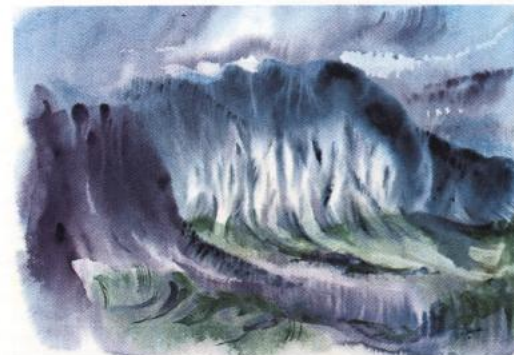
Some of the most fashionable hostleries of the islands have sprung up in the neighbor islands, and residential communities are following.

The deluxe hotels for the discerning who want to escape Waikiki are presently Hana-Maui, on that island, and Hanalei Plantation on Kauai. Richard "Kinjje" Kimball, long-time owner-manager of Waikiki's Halekulani, is building a new hotel-retreat in the "House Without a Key" tradition at Poipu Beach on Kauai. Laurence Rockefeller (yes, the same man who put up the mammoth Dorado Beach hotel in Puerto Rico) has started work on a giant resort on the Big Island, near the Parker Ranch. And Sheraton, the chain which now owns the Moana, Royal, Surfrider and Princess Kaiulani at Waikiki, has broken ground at Kaanapali Beach on Maui's east coast, for a deluxe inn, first step in a development expected to rival Waikiki in the next few years.

Undoubtedly, the big-game fishing and hunting are better on the Big Island than on Oahu. It is also the only island in the group with live volcanoes.

In any one of the Hawaiian Islands, these are the great, outstanding advantages: a range of tropical climates from desert to rain forest; jewel-like lagoons, high mountains-in-the-clouds, skies clear and dramatic by day or by night; friendly, polite people with golden skin; handsome roads and smart modern buildings done in the best blend of American and Oriental traditions.

So we have chosen these islands, these precious jewels set in a tropical sea, as our new home. Of course, as hunters-for-paradise-as-long-as-there-is-life-in-body, we reserve the right to go on looking for still better, more idyllic, and more exciting spots. Meanwhile, Hawaii will do just fine.



The lush mood of Hawaii

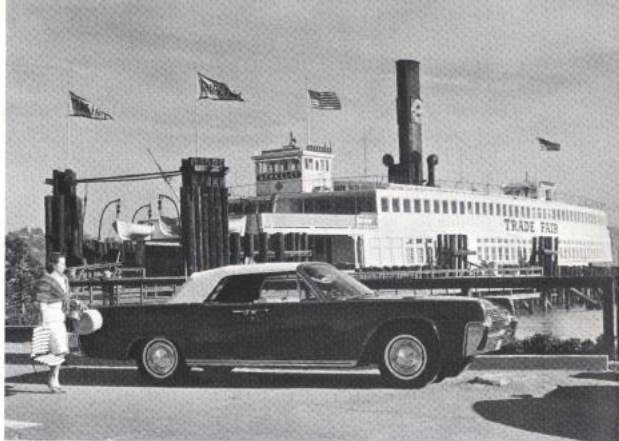


First Chinese temple in Honolulu, a century old

Mermaids in the water



Sausalito's Trade Fair was once a famous San Francisco-Oakland ferry.



Baskets for every purpose.

San Francisco offers you exotic bargains

Wondrous Wares of the Import Houses

by Ralph S. Gordon

Now that Uncle Sam has clamped a hundred dollar limit on tourists' tax-free imports, "import houses" have mushroomed across the country. In recent years alert merchandisers have reasoned that if the returning world traveler can't bring it in, let him buy it after he gets home.

The idea has taken hold. The import houses are thriving, and into them are crowding not only returning tourists, but stay-at-homes seeking an exotic decoration, a scent of sandalwood and spice in their homes.

In San Francisco is the daddy of all import houses—Cost Plus, a sprawling ground-floor bargain basement in an old warehouse, a stone's throw from Fisherman's Wharf.

Cost Plus is a help-yourself maze of aisles, counters and shelves, with wares from the seven seas piled over every available inch, including the floors. When you pass through the unprepossessing entrance, the shapes, scents and textures gives you the illusion of having been suddenly transported

Ralph S. Gordon, former head of the Northwest Public Relations Office, Ford Motor Co., has lived many years in San Francisco.

to foreign lands. But there are no hawkers, no babble of alien tongues, not even American salesmen. Once inside, you're on your own, and should you drop a Japanese satsuma bowl, you're stuck with it. Prices are well marked and there is no bargaining. On a stack of Oriental tables is a card reading "Take the top one. They are all imperfect." There are no refunds and no exchanges, nor is there a complaint department.

There are wooden figures from Kenya, wood, ceramics and textiles from Rhodesia, Zanzibar and South Vietnam. Emphasis is on furnishings for the house, but you can find stone images from Japan, Tanganyika bongo drums, numdah rugs from India, Madras spreads, silks from Bangkok and Italy, and brilliantly patterned clothes from Guatemala. Of course, there are monkeypod bowls from Hawaii by the hundred. Philippine mahogany tables, in the upper bracket, go for \$99.00, alongside Japanese paper favors for a nickel. Scores of San Francisco Telegraph Hill apartments are completely furnished from these import houses—late Cost-Plus decor.

Lincoln Bartlett, an old hand in

the retail import business, started Cost Plus in 1959 when the travel agents were seriously starting to beat the drums for Far East vacationists. His shop opened with 3,500 square feet of floor space. Today he owns the building, stretching over more than 25,000 square feet. His annual gross is \$2 million with no credit or delivery problems. He makes an annual buying trip around the world, but has permanent agents in Hong Kong and Japan. The Orient is the chief source of supply, but he is now importing from Europe, especially the Scandinavian countries. At the moment, popular items include Swedish-type furniture, smart and modern, but made in Japan and moderately priced.

Fifty employees, working two shifts, seven days a week, comprise the staff. There are four super-market check-out stands, and two ample parking lots where sleek Continentals rub fenders with beat-up cars, and mink-drenched socialites rub elbows with beatniks. It is a melting pot of shoppers. Sundays and holidays are the big shopping days, when upwards of 7,000 customers and lookers swarm the aisles. The hours are 10:00 A.M. to 9:00 P.M. daily, and Sundays until 6:00 P.M.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY KENNEY

Browsing the aisles of the Trade Fair for exotic gifts.



Bowls and dishes of all colors, sizes and shapes.

Recently Cost Plus has added a fairly complete grocery department, but no fruits and vegetables, except in tins. The idea started with items like smoked octopus, English hard candies and Irish oatmeal. The imported wine department has grown into a full-fledged liquor store featuring both imported and domestic products.

Across the Golden Gate in Marin County lies Sausalito with its Trade Fair, another bargain import house, but a touch more polite. Trade Fair is housed on a handsome historic ferry boat, moored to the old ferry landing, facing the main street. Here most certainly you have the feeling of going to sea. You walk down—or up—the gang plank, depending on the tide, and find yourself on the main deck lined with orderly departments of merchandise. Most customers, we learn, walk right-handed, in order to make a complete circuit of the shops without bucking oncoming traffic.

Before the completion of the Golden Gate Bridge, Sausalito was a tranquil and picturesque area overlooking an arm of Richardson Bay. The hillsides were dotted

with brown shingle homes, and access to San Francisco was only by ferry boat. With war and the building of the Marin Ship Yards, to take advantage of the excellent harbor facilities, Sausalito mushroomed. San Franciscans no longer packed a lunch to take off for a Sunday picnic in Marin. Thousands moved over permanently, for the commuting trip across the bridge to downtown offices was a matter of a few minutes. Then, a large segment of the San Francisco art colony moved to Sausalito, lock, stock, barrel and beards.

Following the war's end, Luther (Bill) Conover decided he had had his fill of the U.S. Coast Guard and the chain stores, where he served his apprenticeship in merchandising. So he started Trade Fair, a rather dignified and uncluttered shop with imports mostly from the Orient. His Bridgeway location overlooked the bay, and soon the upper floors of the three-story building were jammed with specialty shops.

Eventually Trade Fair outgrew its home and Conover started looking for a larger location, but definitely in Sausalito. In 1959, the last of the ferry boats linking the Oakland Mole with the Ferry Building was discontinued. Conover paid \$50,000 for the famous *Berkeley*, built in 1898 at a cost of a million dollars. This particular ferry had carried only passengers and not automobiles, so her interior was not scarred and marred like the others.

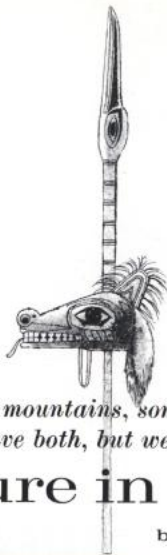
For sixty years the *Berkeley* had ferried millions of passengers from the western terminus of the Southern Pacific and Western Pacific continental trains across the bay to San Francisco. The *Berkeley* is now the Trade Fair, still serving

her old friends and thousands of new ones. It is the last example of what is known as Steamboat Gothic architecture, with its stained glass windows and filigree work. She is 276 feet long, 62 feet wide, tips the scales at 1883 gross tons and draws 14½ feet of water. She was scrubbed behind the ears, painted a glistening white and opened for business without many structural changes.

Bill Conover, who calls himself "The Master," is a "hard goods" merchandiser. This means that he doesn't handle yard goods, rugs, clothes or even Thai silks. He gets around the world annually on a buying trip, and has agents scattered throughout the Orient.

Most import house prices are comparable, but Trade Fair merchandise is more selective than others. The average purchase is around five dollars, but Trade Fair carries a Swedish ceramic figure of a horse for \$500. You will find an endless stock of furniture, Swedish glass and flatware, Japanese dolls, attractive wooden ware, lanterns and Spanish wine litres.

Import stores may be a new twist in merchandising, but they will last longer than the dance. Tourists love San Francisco and it took them no time to learn that they could literally shop the world by roaming the import houses of one glamorous city. Some tourists, never before on a boat, have been known to stagger off the Trade Fair gangplank with a touch of *mal de mer*. They have been to sea. Tourists leaving Cost Plus can look down the Embarcadero and watch the *Lurline* as it docks from Hawaii, or the *President Cleveland* slipping in from Hong Kong. They have also been to sea, without having to go through customs.



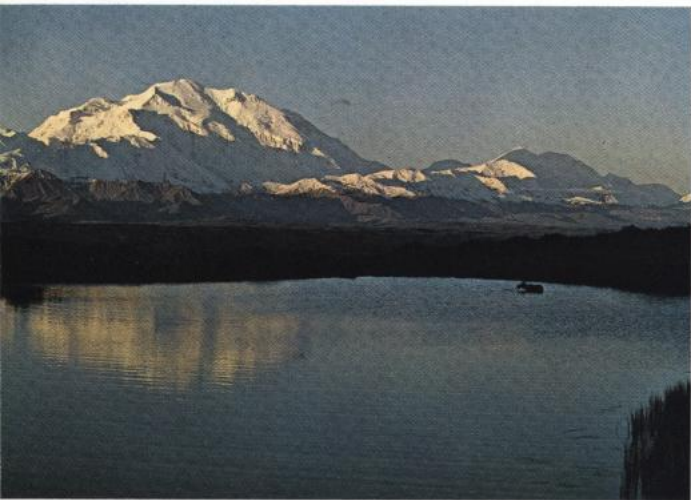
WHEN I first came to Alaska in May, 1936, I was entranced by its spectacular beauty. I had summered in the Alps, been thrilled by the lofty Andes and captivated by the gentle charm of the South Seas; but none—to me—matched Alaska's sensational scenery.

As our ship proceeded from Seattle up the "Inside Passage"—that thousand miles of protected salt waterway stretching northward from Puget Sound—we skirted increasingly steep slopes covered with virgin forest. Beyond Ketchi-

'Some people love mountains, some love the sea. In Alaska we not only have both, but we have them together . . .'

Adventure in the North

by Senator Ernest Gruening



Mount McKinley, at 20,350 feet highest mountain in the hemisphere, is accessible by good highways



Indian house near Ketchikan



Highway 29 passes close to Worthington Glacier near Thompson Pass

kan, "the salmon capital of the world," the mountains rise steadily higher. The mainland is indented by deep fiords at the head of which tidal glaciers discharge their blue-white cargoes into the clear waters.

Shoreside, habitations were and are sparse. An occasional totem pole amid a few log cabins signalize the aboriginal Tlingit culture. We paused at two fishing communities: Wrangell, the outgrowth of an early Indian village, and Petersburg, born at the turn of the century, its neat white-painted homes inhabited chiefly by the sturdy sons of Norway.

Beyond Juneau, the capital, nestling between the almost vertical sides of Mount Juneau and Mount Roberts, lies Glacier Bay, crowned by the glory of the Fairweather Range, whose apex soars sheerly from the ocean 15,300 feet into the sky. One hundred miles farther westward, the snowy cone of Mount St. Elias rockets over 18,000 feet into the blue, while to its right looms the still higher crest of Mount Logan, a 19,850-foot giant, second loftiest peak in North America. These crests are doubly dramatic because they rise directly from sea level. Mount McKinley, monarch of the continent, with its summit at 20,300 feet, rises from a base less than a thousand feet above sea-level and is visible from coastal Anchorage and from Fairbanks, Alaska's two largest cities.

Continuing up the terminal fiord of the Inside Passage, Lynn Canal, we cut seventy miles into the continent. At the end is Skagway, ensconced in a narrow valley under lofty jagged peaks. This town is bravely clinging to its past glory as the principal entry to the Klondike in the famed days of '98 and the Gold Rush. Its people have established a fine museum filled with priceless relics of the early Indian days and historically valuable mementoes of the gold seekers.

Clearly, tourism is one of Alaska's greatest potentials and the state is moving vigorously to develop it. For, besides scenic splendor, Alaska boasts the greatest wildlife and

Ernest Gruening, formerly governor of the Territory of Alaska, now is U. S. Senator from the 49th state.

fishery resources in America. Even the casual visitor can see bear—brown, grizzly, black and polar—mountain sheep and goat, moose and caribou. And the flora rival the fauna. Whole fields are pink with shooting star, blue with lupine and wild iris, magenta with fire-weed. In the fall the ground cover turns to deepest crimson.

To the North and far West is the Eskimo country, with its unique folkways, walrus, fur seal and sea lion, and riotous flowers on the tundra.

To share in this tourist harvest, Skagway is seeking to establish a road connection with the continental highway system. The town is now served by a weekly Canadian tourist vessel operating only in summer and only in south-eastern Alaska. Passenger service on American boats plying between Seattle and Alaskan ports ceased in 1954, and except for those who drive to Alaska over the Alaska Highway the airplane has served as the only means of transportation for people between "the lower 48" and Alaska. Although the 49th State is well-served overhead by not fewer than four airlines, highways are Alaska's greatest need, and the tourist potential requires them for its development. Skagway's case is not unusual, but typical.

The fact is that until Alaska entered the Union as a state in 1959 it never shared in the important federal aid highway legislation first enacted in 1916 and subsequently amended and amplified. This discrimination did not apply to Hawaii or even to Puerto Rico, which paid no federal taxes whatever, while Alaskans paid all of them.

At present, Alaska's only highway system consists of some fifteen hundred miles in the south central portion of the state, linking the ports of Seward and Valdez with Fairbanks, through Anchorage and Palmer, with branches extending southward into the western Kenai Peninsula, westward into Mt. McKinley Park, and northward to Circle and Livengood, with a few minor ramifications.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB AND IRA SPRING



Citizens of the new state, a Kotzebue Eskimo girl and baby

East and West of this central artery the state is highwayless except for a few short stubs of roads leading a few miles out of the principal towns and ending abruptly—at nowhere. Not a city in southeastern Alaska, including the capital, Juneau, is connected with any other (excepting Haines, which is linked with the Alaska Highway).

However, the people of Alaska have moved in true pioneer fashion to rectify this lack, at least in part. They voted a \$23 million bond issue to provide what are properly termed marine highways, namely ferry systems.

Scheduled to begin late next summer, large ferries will ply regularly between Prince Rupert in British Columbia, Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Sitka, Juneau, Haines and Skagway. Arriving at Haines, gorgeously framed between high serrated peaks, passengers can drive

Alaska plans 'marine highways'

over the Haines Cutoff to the Alaska Highway.

A royal treat is now in store for them. Proceeding northwestward over the Alaska Highway, they will pass by the great coastal range into the 1500-mile Alaska Highway network, and take still another ferry connecting the Kenai Peninsula with Kodiak Island.

On the way, few will want to miss driving into Mt. McKinley National Park to see North America's greatest mountain as well as the abundant wildlife. Others will wish to drive to Circle, on the shore of the great Yukon River, famed in the verse of Robert W. Service and the stories of Jack London. They will want to drive over the 300 miles of Glenn Highway in the lee of the mighty 16,000-foot Wrangell Mountains and the

Valdez, mountain-rimmed harbor for fishermen and tourists



Chugach Range and through the fertile Matanuska Valley to Anchorage. Beyond, the Sterling Highway will take them along the shores of Cook Inlet with its lofty volcanoes.

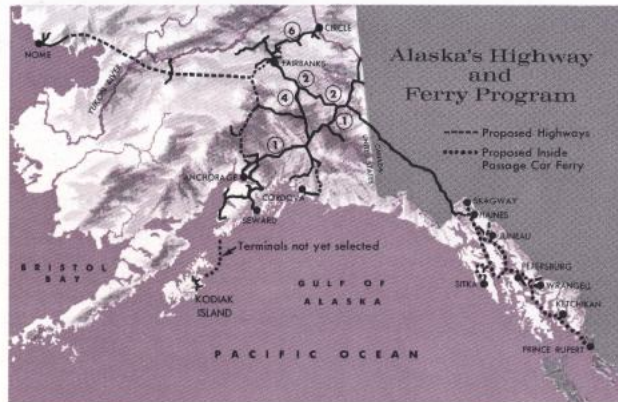
Alaska is more than just another state. One-fifth as large as the older forty-eight put together, with a coastline longer than their combined Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific shorelines, the only state extending into the Eastern Hemisphere, it crosses through four time zones. There would be five but for an obligingly and arbitrarily bent International Date Line.

Alaskans fondly call Alaska "the last frontier." And indeed it is—the last under the Stars and Stripes. It is a sparsely settled area with a mere 225,000 inhabitants—one for every three square miles as contrasted with some fifty to the square mile in the rest of the country. That is one of its charms.

For in Alaska the individual is not lost in the mass as in our great cities. He is freer to live his own life, to make his efforts count if he so wishes, to exercise an appreciable influence in shaping his society. In many respects Alaska today is like our great West of fifty or a hundred years ago, but with the benefits of modern invention.

A stone's throw beyond the

Map of Alaska's present and future highways and waterways



MAP BY ADELE BICHAN

towns' borders the wilderness beckons with all its beauty, abundance and mystery. The Alaskan's life differs from that of his less fortunate fellow citizens "down below" because the unspoiled wilderness is at his door. Nearly all Alaskans hunt and fish and nearly everyone's larder contains moose, caribou, and deer venison, sheep and goat, goose, duck, ptarmigan and grouse, salmon, trout and grayling.

Alaskans, enjoying a simple and elementary freedom, are relaxed and informal. They have a sense of humor. Nearly all Alaskans—including women unless their family responsibilities are extraordinary—work, and no physical labor is considered menial. Here the old values that Americans have long believed in and cherished have currency at par.

Maybe the "last frontier" and the "new frontier" are forming a happy blend of courage, initiative and tolerance in which men—and women—are esteemed, not for inherited wealth or position, but for what they themselves bring and what they are. In that spirit of a genuine equality and practical democracy they are at work building in America's farthest North and West a great state that will embody America's noblest aspirations and purposes.



King crabs, table delicacy in the "older forty-eight"

Howard F. Ahmanson

FINANCIER, sportsman and dedicated arts patron, he began by buying watercolors by a local artist and now owns an important private collection of great art . . . Titian, Tintoretto, El Greco . . . his favorites, the Dutch masters, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Ruysdael and Breughel . . . French Impressionists including Corot, Monet and Courbet . . . He sponsors art shows and is a strong supporter of the Los Angeles County Museum . . . His Home Savings and Loans buildings are distinguished by their good design, color and art . . . He is an expert yachtsman and likes to play piano and banjo.



Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

Earl B. Gilmore

HE rules supreme over a constituency affectionately called Gilmore Island, one hundred acres of valuable Los Angeles County land completely surrounded by Los Angeles . . . He lives in a house that dates back to 1828, one of the best preserved adobe houses in California . . . He's Mister Oil and for sentimental reasons he permits a well to operate on the premises . . . His island is lush with his enterprises: the Farmers Market, the Gilmore Drive-In Theater, the Gilmore Bank, and more . . . Ofttimes he's off in pursuit of big game—Canada—Africa. Indestructible at seventy-four he'll fight anything from a Kodiak bear to City Hall.



Rod Serling

ROD SERLING, author of the "Twilight Zone," began writing dialogue for network radio in college . . . For three straight years, in 1956, 1957 and 1958, he won Emmy awards for the best teleplay writing . . . He has just reworked "Requiem for a Heavyweight," his famous television play, into a full-length movie . . . He has written four books based on his scary scripts . . . enjoys tennis, golf, water skiing . . . lives in Pacific Palisades . . . He was born in Syracuse, New York, received his B. A. from Antioch College, Ohio, and served as a paratrooper during World War II.

Mrs. Austin McManus

LITERALLY the first lady of a fabulous Palm Springs, "Auntie Pearl" arrived as a four-year-old in 1884 when her father, the Hon. John Guthrie McCallum, brought his family from San Francisco to Palm Springs, as the first white settler and early developer . . . Enchanted by a trip to the Mediterranean, Auntie Pearl built a Moroccan villa for her home, and modeled the exclusive Tennis Club after a famous monastery garden in Amalfi, Italy. She doesn't mind civilization as long as the desert, the sun, and the mountains are still there.



Giant new Coliseum and Space Needle in the background

PAINTING BY RUDOLPH BUNDAS



Seattle Plans for Tomorrow

ON FLUSHING MEADOWS, Long Island, and on the shores of Lake Michigan, south of Chicago's Loop, little remains today to tell the visitor that as recently as the middle Thirties New York and Chicago staged magnificent World's Fairs on these two sites. The buildings have disappeared. Sally Rand and the glitter have departed.

When Seattle's city planners began to work on Century 21, almost seven years ago, they decided to be different. They resolved to build for permanence.

When the \$80 million exposition opens on April 21, visitors will see in the modern durably built structures, a part of Seattle's future. When the show closes on October 31, a large part of the Fair will remain as an attractive civic center located only a mile from the heart of the city.

This idea, so logical and so unique, is the work of the Fair's planners and of Paul Thiry, primary architect of the exposition.

Thiry, one of the leading architects of the country, is that rare combination, a proponent of modern architecture with a healthy respect for tradition. He believes that buildings should suit their function and be considerate of the needs of people.

At Century 21, visitors will see these concepts in action. They will see Thiry's huge Coliseum, a structure with massive lines, under a graceful paraboloid roof of aluminum. Thiry has created in the Coliseum one of the largest clear-span structures in the world. It points the way to the use of cables in buildings requiring large clear-span space. The Coliseum will remain as a convention hall seating 18,000.

The city has built a play house and a large exhibition hall, and converted its civic auditorium into a plush opera house. These will remain to house Seattle's concerts, plays and operas.

An important part of the Fair and a part of Seattle's future is

the U. S. Pavilion, a complex of five buildings, fountains and pools. During the Fair the Pavilion will dramatize science. It will remain as a part of the civic center.

There is much more to the Fair—40 international buildings, the dramatic 600-foot Space Needle, plus many regional and company displays. The high speed monorail running between downtown Seattle and the Fair is an experiment in urban mass transportation.

Before Century 21, the site of the Fair was a rundown area on the urban fringe. Its dramatic location on high ground overlooking Puget Sound was lost in dilapidation. Because Seattle's



PAUL THIRY

Fair managers have built wisely, this area will become a permanent legacy of beauty and utility for the Northwest.

SOME expensive cars require several sessions behind the steering wheel before their new drivers have acquired the "at home" feeling that is necessary for comfortable, relaxed, and safe driving.

One of the first impressions we hear new Lincoln Continental drivers mention is that of almost instant mastery of the car. They drive off as confidently as if they'd had the car for a long time. Such good first impressions aren't easy

Burgess H. Scott is an editor on the Ford Publications staff.

to come by because they are the essence of the car's design, engineering, and fabrication.

The Lincoln Continental's very appearance—the award-winning styling that will be with it for many years—contributes to this early harmony between car and driver. The clean fender lines tell the driver the car's exact width; there are no unseen protuberances to snag on obstacles. The four corners that you see from the driver's seat immediately convey the exact outer dimensions of the car.

Continental has brought a new

'It Handles Like Silk'

Those who drive a Lincoln Continental for the first time can find no other way to describe its amazingly smooth ride and power

by Burgess H. Scott

Pictures taken in the Los Angeles area



Lincoln Continental 'sure-footed

from the ground up'

size to the luxury car field that is an amazing blend of spaciousness and compactness. Its appearance unmistakably places it within the realm of larger, expensive cars, yet the driver is immediately aware of the compactness that leads it into maneuvers and spaces generally forbidden to other cars of its class.

The lady of the house will drive it confidently through the most intricate shopping center parking areas. Its smaller diameter steering wheel feels nicely controllable in her hands as she goes in and out of parking places, and high-pressure power steering does her bidding with a hand movement of only two pounds on the wheel at the most, even if her car is standing still. The pressure generated by the power steering system also runs Continental's exclusive hydraulic windshield wiper motor, which swings the longest blades in the industry, exerting such efficient cleaning pressure on the glass that a conventional motor would not operate them. These blades operate in tandem without leaving a widow's peak of grime to obscure the driver's vision.

With Continental's appearance

*Glides easily into
parking spaces*



*A smoothie for exploring
the byways*



*Timeless styling, like a
fine home*



*Handles superbly off the
highway*



*Masterful on express-
ways and turnpikes*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHIC DONCHIN

not likely to change for a long time, due to its enthusiastic public acceptance—and well it might not, in view of the Industrial Designers' Institute award it has earned—engineers have turned their attention to hidden improvements. These are improvements that you can't see on the outside but which you can sense, and feel, and enjoy. They have made hundreds of such improvements, and they haven't stopped yet. As the years pass the total will probably be doubled and tripled. The result is a solid, luxurious car that will remain that way through many years of use.

To experience Continental's built-in excellence to the fullest, you have to leave the boulevards and take to more punishing roads. Ford Motor Company has made a collection of such roads in its various test tracks, and we rode along as a gleaming Continental was exposed to the indignity of performing over sharp road cracks, exaggerated tar strips, ripple and washboard roads, and wheel-flight sectors. It was something like hitching Black Beauty to a plow. Continental moved through this mistreatment in the grand manner, its precise suspension compensating for the severe road shock,

and its sound-deadening and noise-absorptive process keeping the driver luxuriously isolated from the noise of travel.

Then came the curves—some flat, and some steeply-banked for the high-speed course. Here the Continental was given its head, and it burrowed down for the job at hand. The speedometer moved up to the 95 mph mark, and in the midst of a sharply-banked turn, the steering wheel was deliberately turned sharply this way and that way, and the Continental performed exactly as the skilled driver dictated—no more, no less.

Let's trace this sure-footedness from the ground up.

To begin with, Continental tires are rigidly exclusive and surpass the quality of so-called premium grade tires. In their manufacture they are held to fifteen ten-thousandths of an inch tolerance, which means that they are far more than just a rubber and fabric bag of air. The rules for Continental tires were laid down in 1961, when no existing tire, including premiums, was deemed good enough. Three major tire companies were commissioned to build the special molds and develop the precision tires desired, and the sum of their

efforts is on the road today only on the Continental. These tires out-run any other brand of premium tire. With this, we have a superior foot on the ground.

The Continental wheels have had like attention. They may look the same as other wheels, but specifications called for slicing ordinary tolerance for roundness in half—30/1000ths instead of 60/1000ths. Why are we being picky about minuscule measurements? A tiny imbalance when multiplied by the furious revolutions dictated by today's speeds can vary from a tap with a tooth pick to a blow from a twelve-pound sledge hammer.

After the big effort has been made toward perfection in both tires and wheels, the wheel-tire assemblies are dynamically balanced at the factory.

We continue upward to the brakes. You have a vehicle which transports you in quick elegance, yet you have to have a means of halting its progress, sometimes in a sharply inelegant manner. The brakes have to overcome, swiftly, the powerful thrust that your engine has produced. This requisite may be likened to robbing Peter to pay Paul.

The answer to a superior braking system is found in the roundness of the brake drum, upon which the brake lining bears to stop the car.

An out-of-round shape can set up sledge-like forces that can batter and bruise brake linings and other fortifications built in to control speed. Continental brake drums are held as near perfect roundness as possible by heat treating for an hour at 900°F. to relieve internal stresses, and the braking members which bear on them are likewise as carefully engineered. As an example, there is chrome inside the brake assembly, not as ornamentation, but to provide a smoother surface for the brake shoes to move on. In our test run, an emergency stop was a smooth, non-shuddering, non-swaying performance, accomplished quietly and without noise.

Continuing upward from the brakes and running gear, we come to the suspension of this car, which is extremely simple. There are coil springs for the two front wheels, and soft steel semielliptic springs at the rear. To achieve simplicity with this type of springing, bearing members have been encased with butyl rubber to isolate the passenger compartment from road shock.

That the Lincoln Continental engine is reassuring, authoritative and a pleasure to control, you will learn the first time you press the accelerator. You will also notice that it won't give you a false cold

start when you have stopped for twenty minutes or so in the parking lot when the engine couldn't have become as cold as the outside air. The automatic choking system is activated by the temperature of the engine coolant rather than by air temperature. Inasmuch as water retains its heat for a much longer time than air, the engine starts easily without choking after winter shopping stops.

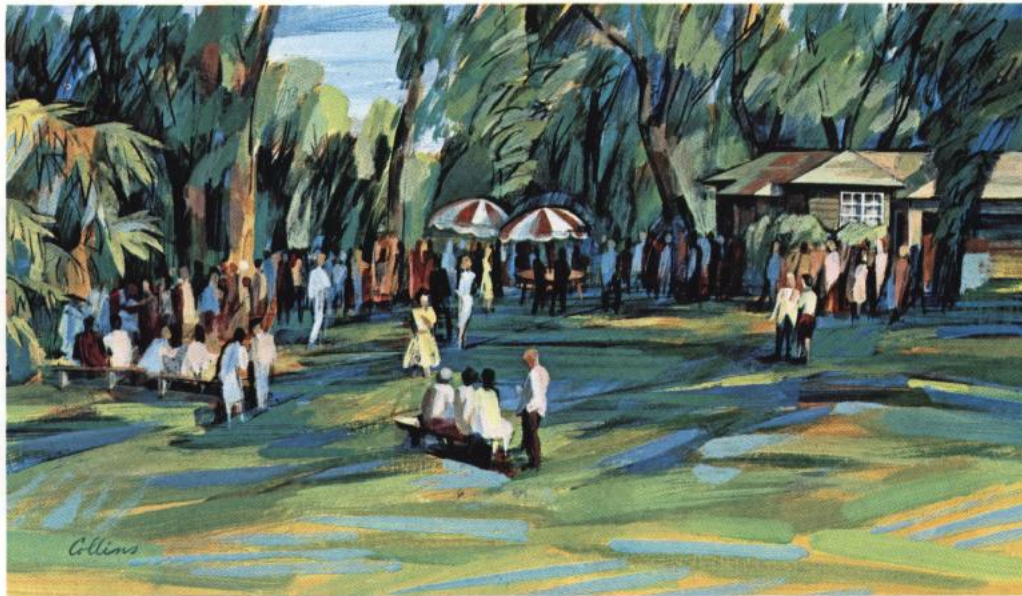
Thus, the Continental driver is relieved of the awkwardness of moving out of parking lots with the engine going at a fast idle.

Upon completion, each Continental is taken on a twelve-mile road test in which it is put through its paces with an expert at the wheel who sees that all of its controls, accessories, and components are operating properly. This test is performed against a checklist of 189 items.

One woman, upon trying out the Continental for the first time, summed it up this way: "Why, it's like silk!"

Silk is smooth and has a quiet sheen. It is not harsh. It is soft and strong.

The same adjectives apply to the Continental ride—it's soft, smooth and strong, like silk.



Visit the sunny slopes of Napa Valley
to enjoy the delights of a

Taste Tour of the Wine Country

by Charles G. Gordon

A TRIP to strikingly beautiful Napa Valley, San Francisco's "wine country," is a compelling must on any Easterner's California itinerary. A leisurely drive of an hour and a half across the Golden Gate Bridge up U.S. 101, then to Route 29 and Napa Valley, where live the most hospitable folk on earth—the wine makers—is a memorable experience.

Here, within ten short miles, as the wine taster flies, are such famous names as Inglenook, Beaulieu, Christian Brothers, Louis Martini, Charles Krug, Beringer. These, with a handful of others, produce many of the top quality wines in all the United States.

So many San Francisco visitors flock to Napa Valley that official tours and wine tasting sessions go

on the year round. Records topple annually. Each year 25,000 visitors crowd into Beaulieu's tiny tasting room. At historic Bale Mill, of the 1840's, 45,000 persons from twenty foreign countries signed their names during 1960.

Visiting a winery is a gay and happy event. If the charming tasting ceremony before the tour does not elevate a wine country expedition above the commonplace, the enveloping hospitality of the winery's staff surely will.

You find this warmth at the century-old Charles Krug Winery, where Napa Valley's first wine press is on display, when you meet Ken Dills, chief of Krug's eight-man staff of guides. Dills has no hesitancy in pointing out the excellence of Napa Valley's wines.

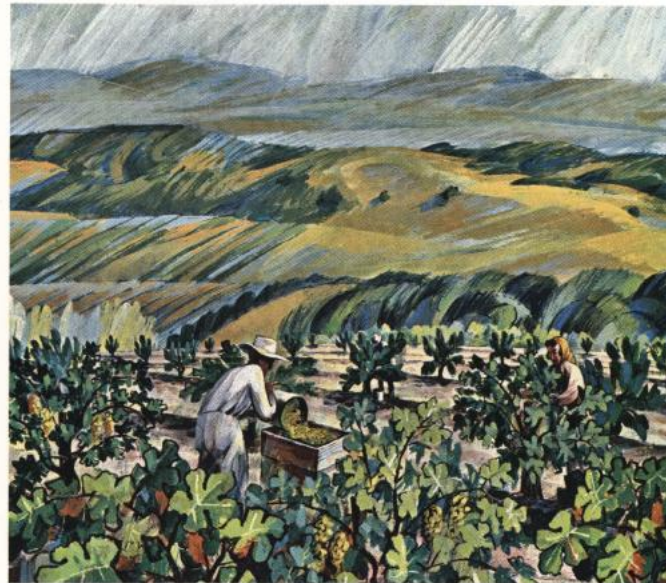
"Just read this!" he says, pointing to a framed letter on the wall. "Here is a man who has tasted all the great wines!"

From his Hammersley Hill, Pawling, New York, home, Lowell Thomas had written: "Somewhere recently I had some of your Chenin Blanc. It was delicious, and I am wondering where here in the East I might get a case."

The legendary Mr. Thomas got his case from a New York wine store, on the same day his letter was received.

Informal tasting groups meet regularly at the wineries and catered parties for several hundred are commonplace.

One day last summer, for example, Robert Mondavi of Krug conducted one of his better tastings—this of somewhat global proportions—for fifteen hundred astronomers from thirty-two foreign countries, including Russia. Mondavi's best flowed freely, and from all accounts it was quite a day,



PAINTINGS BY ROBERT COLLINS

filled with brotherly love.

After the tasting is over, the tour begins with a visit to the cavernous cellars and the guide explains the huge fermenting and aging vats, and how the blending and clarifying processes are carried out. Then a look at the Krug storage room where nineteen vast glass-lined tanks (5,115 to 8,835 gallons capacity) perform a holding operation as part of the maturing process prior to bottling.

You will hear about the fermenting process. This is the time when the vintner is on his mettle. Here, production of wines becomes infinitely more complicated as vintners wait nervously for the precise moment to arrive when they should draw off a wine in order to obtain the proper color and flavor. Then one more trip to the tasting room and now that you have been initiated, you will sample with more reverence the White Pinot, the Traminer or Dry Semillon.

Napa Valley belongs to the North Coast wine growing region, which together with the interior

valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin river areas, and parts of Southern California, make up three major areas in the state where vineyards are concentrated. These comprise 400,000 acres and nearly 300 wineries in full operation. This sun-drenched Western state produces a high per cent of all wine consumed in America!

Southern California and the Central Valley areas produce many fine dessert and appetizer wines (ports, sherries, vermouths). In the eight or nine principal Bay Area counties, of which Napa is one, are raised the aristocratic table wines, delicate and flavorful. They bear generic names such as Chablis, Sauterne, Burgundy, Claret, named for European wines. The varietal group, also grown here, are single varieties of grape and are so named—Cabernet Sauvignon, Semillon, Pinot Noir, Sylvaner, Traminer, and many others peculiar to individual wineries.

Jean Louis Vignes, who came from the world-famous region of Bordeaux, is credited with being the first to import the great vitis vinifera breed of French grape to California. He established himself

Far left: parties gather for a tasting at a winery. Near left: vine-covered slopes of Napa Valley.

near Los Angeles in 1833 to become the first viticulturist in the state.

Another famous name in the wine world is Agoston Haraszthy, a Hungarian immigrant, who, like Vignes, brought his own parent vines from Europe. He settled in 1857 in Sonoma Valley. His Buena Vista winery is now owned by Frank Bartholomew, head of United Press-International News Service, who likes nothing better than to show visitors personally the cool lime-stone cellars, where Robert Louis Stevenson once inscribed: "Wine is Bottled Poetry."

But to the early padres, in particular Father Serra, whose Spanish Missions are notable tourist attractions, goes much of the credit for planting the first vines in California. Father Serra brought vines to San Diego from Lower California in 1769.

The picturesque stone buildings of Napa Valley, covered with century-old ivy, are direct links with Europe. Travelers along Route 29 who visit these buildings never fail to take away a bottle or two of the wine they liked best. Guides will tell them what wine to use with what food. The best advice seems to be: "Drink the wine you enjoy—enjoy the wine you drink."

Traditionally, white wine goes best with fish, shellfish and white-meat fowl; red wine (the drier the better) with red-meat fowl, steaks, roasts, chops, spaghetti; the sweeter wines with desserts and fruits. As to temperature—white wines seem best chilled, reds at room temperature.

The price tags on California wines are modest, ranging from \$1.35 to \$2.50 for the premiums, somewhat more for champagne.

California vintners like to speak of a famous tasting participated in by twenty-eight food and restaurant editors, wine connoisseurs all. They sampled a great variety, domestic and imported, using numbered glasses. Their conclusion: "California premium wines rate with the finest produced anywhere in the world except in the matter of price."

For the vintners of California this was a great lift!

Charles G. Gordon, brother of Ralph S. Gordon (see page 4), is a Sacramento newspaper man.

THE Los Angeles area is famous for many things, among them its movie colony, its beaches, its freeways and its smog. Less well known is its rising importance as a center for the arts and crafts.

The fact is that the crafts are practiced in Greater Los Angeles by the largest concentration of handcraftsmen in the country after the New York area. The best of these artists have a national market and national reputations. They influence national trends in their fields, as do their colleagues in architecture, fashion and furniture. Their original ceramics, sculpture,

silverware, fabrics and mosaics are prized by fine stores, architects and private collectors.

Los Angeles crafts are contemporary and original. Uninfluenced by any strong regional folk art patterns, the artists are free to explore the materials and processes of their crafts anew, finding inspiration in the arts of many lands and eras. Supporting the work of these professional craftsmen is a strong educational movement. All art schools, universities and colleges and most high schools teach the crafts, with emphasis on ceramics. Among the most notable are the University of California at Los Angeles, the University of Southern California, Scripps College, the Otis Art Institute and Chouinard Art Institute. Every new high school in the city must include equipment for ceramic art.

I asked Norwood Teague, instructor in Industrial Arts at Los Angeles State College why people

turned out is an original, differing in some respect from all others.

For the casual visitor to see and appraise the work of Los Angeles craftsmen is not a simple matter, because few professional craftsmen encourage visits to their studios. Yet, if the traveler knows where to look, he can find many examples of their work.

The listing that follows will serve as a guide for an enlightening day of window shopping. It describes the work of some of the nationally known craftsmen—there is space to cover only a few of them—and gives the shops, churches, galleries and buildings where their work can be seen. The listing embraces ceramics, sculpture, glassware, silverware, furniture design, handwoven fabrics and mosaics.

Ceramics by Gertrud and Otto Natzler. These famous Viennese-trained craftsmen live and work high in the Hollywood Hills. In twenty-two years they have made some 20,000 unique bowls and vases. Gertrud "throws" the shapes and Otto devises the exquisite glazes. Museums and homes throughout the nation own their works. Like many craftsmen they sell through an art dealer, in their case the Dalzell Hatfield Galleries in the Ambassador Hotel.

Ceramics by Sascha Brastoff. Brastoff employs some twenty craftsmen. He has public showrooms at 11520 West Olympic Boulevard, West Los Angeles.

Glassware by Glen Lukens, the "old master" of this region's ceramic arts, *pottery by Myron Purkiss,* *enamels by Virginia Harris and Leonard Mayrhofer* and *silverware by Philip Paval.* All these may be seen at the Dalzell Hatfield Galleries.

Porcelain by Albert H. King. King and his wife, Louisa, built a kiln at 5027 Long Beach Avenue West, in Los Angeles, in 1932. King is an authority on all phases of the phenomenon of color and lectures on it at Art Center School, UCLA, and USC. The Kings fire only true porcelain and produce objects that rival those of ancient China. Their work also may be seen at the Dalzell Hatfield Galleries.

Silverware by Allan Adler. He has

his own retail shop at 8626 Sunset Boulevard.

Glazed stoneware by Joel E. Edwards. Edwards works full time producing his handsome stoneware and does more business with New York and Dallas than Los Angeles. As editor of the bi-monthly *Creative Crafts*, published by Oxford Press, 6015 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles 38, he reaches 7,000 subscribers with illustrated articles on handcraft art. He sells only to select stores—in Los Angeles, Leslie's.

Hand-loomed fabrics by Maria Kipp. In 1924, Maria Kipp brought two hand looms from Germany. Today, at 3425 West First Street, Los Angeles, she has thirteen looms and a staff of twenty producing her fabrics. In 1928 she wove all the hangings for the new Los Angeles City Hall. A recent job was the curtain for the new Ford Auditorium in Detroit. Fabrics for S. S. United States and for hotels and banks over the nation were loomed in her workshop. Her hangings may be seen in the Los Angeles City Hall.

Mosaics. Since World War II the ancient art of mosaic has had a world revival by artists who became their own craftsmen, learning



Enamel mural, Rose Hill Memorial Park, by Jean and Arthur Ames

to cut and set the tiny fragments of glass or tile to their own designs. Two local foci of the art are the Joseph Young Mosaic Workshop, 8426 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, and Millard Sheets Murals, Inc., in Claremont.

Sheets has designed more than thirty buildings in California and Texas. The results can be seen in Los Angeles in the twenty-four

buildings and offices of the Home Savings and Loan Association, and in the Ahmanson Bank and Trust Co., at 9145 Wilshire Boulevard, all of which he designed. A detailed glass mosaic by Sheets rises 45 feet on the east end of the new Scottish Rite Temple at 4373 Wilshire Boulevard, his latest building. In eighteen months he should complete a 40 by 16-foot mosaic mural for the Detroit Public Library.

The Byzantine mosaics at Ravenna, Italy, weaned Young from fresco painting. Among his most accessible jobs here are those in the lobby of the Los Angeles Police Facilities Building, in Temple Emanuel, Beverly Hills, and the Memorial Gate at Eden Memorial Park in San Fernando. Reinhold (New York) publishes his book, "Course in Making Mosaics," and he appears in a color film, "The World of Mosaic," produced at UCLA.

A variety of local handcraft may be seen at Leslie's Park La Brea, 6288 West Third Street, and Contempo in Westwood Village near UCLA. Other good hunting grounds are the showrooms of fine furniture that center upon Beverly Boulevard at Robertson Boulevard, and the many art galleries on North La Cienega Boulevard between Beverly and Santa Monica Boulevards.

Laguna Beach, home of "The Pageant of the Masters," performance has many craftsmen whose works are shown in art stores. Pottery of a less sophisticated, more popular sort is made and sold there.

With these random suggestions, the visitor to the Los Angeles area should have no trouble seeing for himself the uniqueness and scope of one of the most significant arts and crafts movements in the United States.

Note: A letter enclosing a stamped envelope, mailed to Laya Brostoff, 3334 Bonnie Hill Drive, Hollywood 28, will bring a membership list, with addresses, of Southern California Designer Craftsmen, Inc., of which Mrs. Brostoff, a distinguished weaver, is secretary. This group numbers some eighty-five of the region's top craftsmen.



Norwood Teague, wood carver.

The Lively Art of Los Angeles Handcraft

California taste in decorating has created a significant art movement. Here's how to sample the best.

by Arthur Millier

practice handcrafts in this age of machine products. Teague teaches students the uses of power-driven tools, but in carving his sought-after wooden ware at home he refuses even to use a lathe.

"It's simple," he said. "Craftsmen need the feel of the material and the feel of the tool."

Professor Hudson Roysher, creator of liturgical and ceremonial objects in metal and wood, agrees. Some thirty churches in Southern California, including All Saints Church in Beverly Hills, own his ritual pieces.

Said Roysher: "If I want to make figures on a chalice I don't model them in wax and cast them, because then they reproduce the character of the wax modeling. I carve the metal itself, feeling both tool and material as I work."

In true handcraft, every piece

Arthur Millier, former art critic of the Los Angeles Times, has spent many years etching California scenes.

Handsome stoneware vase.



Joel E. Edwards, ceramist, in his workshop



Hudson Roysher works in both wood and metal



GOLFER'S SCOURGE—THE CELEBRATED SIXTEENTH HOLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN F. GRAHAM

*The world famous club near Monterey
is as challenging as it is beautiful*

Tall Tales from Cypress Point

by Nelson Cullenward

CYPRESS POINT GOLF CLUB is not only one of the most exclusive clubs in the country, but one with a strong sense of propriety.

When John F. Kennedy finished his round of golf over Cypress a few years ago, he relaxed before the huge picture window in the clubhouse, shoes off and stockings feet resting against the glass. This happy posture caused stern orders from a club official to an attendant.

"But, that is Senator Kennedy from Massachusetts," murmured the attendant.

"I don't care if he is the President of the United States, he can't do that in the Cypress Point Club," replied the outraged officer.

Cypress Point, which is one of

Nelson Cullenward is golf editor of the San Francisco News-Call Bulletin.

five great golf courses in the Del Monte Forest of California, near Monterey, is nationally known as one of the most picturesque courses in the world. It is a delight to the eye, and a rugged, sea-rimmed challenge to the golfer's nerves.

Wildlife seems to have affection for Cypress, thereby providing mobile hazards for the golfer. Often a herd of deer must be chased from the green before a golfer can putt. Several years ago a herd of elk also roamed the fairways, and at mating time the bulls had a way of looking upon a golfer as a deadly rival not to be tolerated on the premises. The elk were finally trapped and penned.

Only one hundred golfers hold memberships in Cypress, and the list reads like "Who's Who."

San Francisco's Lincoln Continental dealer, Ed Lowery, one of the country's most renowned amateur golfers, is a member. So was former San Francisco Mayor Roger Lapham, and his son Roger, Jr. Bing Crosby is the only representative of the entertainment field ever invited to become a member.

Every golfer in the United States has heard of the celebrated—or infamous—sixteenth hole at Cypress. This man-killer calls for a 210-yard carry over the Pacific Ocean to a green that reminds you of a postage stamp at that distance. Several years ago, Bing Crosby sailed a three wood neatly and precisely to the green and watched the ball trickle into the hole, 222 yards away. He is one of two members who have worked this miracle, thereby becoming a member of the most exclusive club-within-a-club in the country.

The late Porky Oliver took a 16 on that hole in one of the early Crosby Clambakes, and a fellow by the name of Hans Merrill erased Porky's record with a 19 on the same hole, as shot after shot bounced off the cliffs.

Earlier than that, a Stanford student with the fine fairway name of George Traphagen was qualifying in the California State Amateur Championship and was six under par coming to that hole. Before he left the sixteenth green, Traphagen was five over par.

The breezes that blow at Cy-

press Point give rise to many a tale.

"Phil Harris," Crosby recalls, "was playing with Doug Ford on a windy day. Harris had been all over the course with his banana ball slice. When they got to the sixteenth, Phil had a putt for a four. Phil turned to Ford and asked how he ought to hit the putt. 'Keep it low,' Ford told him."

Another year, two top professionals gave up the ghost when they couldn't tee up the ball on Cypress Point's tricky seventeenth hole. Every time they put it on a peg, the wind promptly blew it off. They gave up and ducked for the clubhouse.

The late Peter Hay, famous Pebble Beach pro, ordered them to go back out and finish the round.

"Why, we can't even tee up the ball. The wind keeps blowing it off," the chagrined pros explained.

"I can't find anything in the rule book which says you must tee up a ball to hit it," drawled the ancient Scotsman, as the gallery roared its approval.

They finished the round.

Another year the wind came blowing in from the south with such ferocity that Jimmy Demaret, noted as an exponent of the wind-shot, was the only golfer in the field able to reach the 367-yard seventeenth in two shots. Demaret performed the feat by hitting his driver twice, aiming his second shot out to sea and letting the wind hook it back onto the green.

Many a golfer saw his second shot blown down on the merciless rocks fronting the seventeenth green that day, including comedian Bob Hope, who quipped:

"Next time I play this hole I'll need Band-Aids, a rope, and some mountain climbers."

Yet, it was Cypress' treacherous closing holes which allowed Lincoln Continental's Lowery and his famous partner, Byron Nelson, to win the Crosby National Pro-Amateur championship in 1955. Lowery birdied both the sixteenth and seventeenth and Nelson the eighteenth on their way to victory.

The wind at times can be a help as well as a hazard. S. F. B. Morse, founder of the entire Pebble Beach and Del Monte development, remembers the time he dropped his

tee shot on the treacherous 330-yard ninth hole, for a hole in one. "And I used a spoon off the tee, too," says Sam, forgetting that a following near-gale helped his ball reach its destination that day.

It was the swank Cypress Point Club that entertained President Dwight D. Eisenhower, when he wanted to go on a golfing vacation in 1958. Although the course swarmed with Secret Service men, carrying golf bags that concealed tommy guns, the Presidential golf score wasn't safe from the press. A couple of us who had covered many a golf tournament at Cypress got the score each day from Turk Archdeacon, who was Ike's caddy.

The wind at Cypress blows mostly in January. The rest of the time, the course is a lush and beautiful place, with variety to challenge a man's skill and scenery



Snow plagued the 1962 Crosby tournament, and golfers played in woolens and windbreakers. When Joe Campbell's putt failed to drop on the Eighteenth, he was forced into a tie with Doug Ford, then lost to Ford in overtime. The pro-amateur event was won by Bob McCallister and Albie Pearson, the Los Angeles Angels outfielder.

to bemuse his mind. And to this golfing writer, who has been hacking around Cypress for twenty-five years, the club's exclusiveness is nicely balanced by the warmth and friendliness of the members, and Henry Puget, the genial pro.

Maybe John F. Kennedy should try another round at Cypress—with his shoes on at the picture window, of course.



The Cornuelles entertain at an *ahaaina*, at their home near Koko Head

Ever try lotus root, sliced taro, poi, coconut milk, litchis? Then put on your cheongsam, sit on a zabuton, and enjoy a

Feast of the Islands

by Cynthia Eyre



WHEN my husband announced seven years ago that we were moving to Hawaii from Portland, Oregon, "The Boston of the West," I closed my eyes and sought strength from my

Cynthia Eyre, wife of an executive of Dole, pineapple producers, has lived in Honolulu for seven years.

English ancestors, some of whom had also married migratory birds.

Strength came, and with it the determination to establish my own fortress of culture in the primitive Pacific. The furnishings for this fortress included a Victorian dining "suite" complete with ten-foot sideboard stuffed with family recipes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WERNER STOY

Hawaiian feasts are colorful affairs



After the proper lapse, we planned our first Honolulu dinner party, which coincided with the hottest September night in history. If my new friends, in their low-cut cottons, had chattered endlessly about cold soups, I heeded not, but clove to my traditions:

Turkey and old-fashioned dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, corn soufflé, hot baking powder biscuits and honey, creamed peas with onions, and deep lemon-apple pie, with aged Oregon cheese.

Everything was hot—the food, the plates, the candles, the night air and the guests—everything, that is, but the conversation, which froze mid-meal. When our most elegant guest, in heat-wilted green Thai silk, departed, she said:

"A very dear dinner, dear."

Something in her manner gave me the first presentiment that culture had preceded me to Hawaii.

Not long after that, we dined on the breeze-swept lanai of a Diamond Head home. The menu was *mahimahi amandine* (dolphon sautéed in almond butter), peas with water chestnuts, and salad greens scattered with lotus root, like wheels of carved ivory. The dessert was fresh litchis, fruit of the Orient, served in a gold lacquer bowl.

That memorable night began our romance with Pacific food. It has continued ever since.

As each race arrived in Hawaii it added its own specialties to the communal cooking pot. France has her great tradition, as do Austria,

Ahaaina (see photo at left): 1—Pineapple sticks. 2—Prune cake. 3—Baked bananas. 4—Red salt, onions, water cress. 5—Jerbed beef. 6—Mai Tai, rum drink. 7—Taro pudding. 8—Pineapple coconut pudding. 9—Squid in coconut cream. 10—Candied yam and steamed fish in *ti* leaves. 11—Finger bowl. 12—Salmon with tomato, green onions. 13—Chicken with taro tops in coconut cream. 14—Roast pig. 15—Poi.



China and Japan, but here our leading island hostesses (world travelers all) combine the best of each to create a unique cuisine.

A dinner party at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Spoehr borrows from the kitchens of the world. Dr. Spoehr is Chancellor of the East-West Center, located at the University of Hawaii. Mrs. Spoehr's menus are often a combination of Viennese, Scandinavian, and Hawaiian delicacies: chicken and broccoli *divan* with cheese sauce, mango chutney and lingonberry sauce, baked breadfruit, sliced taro in coconut cream, rice pilaf, *cavadance* (veal in its own jelly), celery *Salari* and sliced tomatoes, wilted cucumbers in sour cream and farina fruit torte with fresh mangoes.

One of the finest non-professional cooks in Hawaii is Ernest K. Kai, a Yale-educated attorney of Hawaiian, Chinese and Caucasian ancestry. Genial Ernie Kai, who was president of the Honolulu Wine and Food Society last year, experiments boldly with ideas from all countries. He says:

"I've discovered that basic French white and brown sauces gain new piquancy when Oriental touches are added. Bamboo shoots and water chestnuts give distinction to ordinary vegetables. Teriyaki sauce (a marinade of soy, garlic and fresh ginger) for red meats is just as intriguing when applied to poultry. It opens a whole new approach to cooking."

Tourists need not despair if they are not invited to a Honolulu home. Our restaurants run the gourmet gamut. Before an early movie, my husband and I drop into a tiny Korean cubbyhole for delicious eggbroth and smoky barbecued meat. And we are truly delighted when our Chinese friends (whose slim wives wear *cheongsams* from Hong Kong topped with embroidered Mandarin coats) invite us to nine-course dinners at Lau Yee Chai's, located in Waikiki.

One of the most unusual dining experiences in the world is the Hawaiian *ahaaina*, or private banquet, prepared by Honolulu's handsome Irene Robinson and served in a private home.

When Mrs. Herbert C. Cornuelle expects a visiting business execu-

tive or leader in education, she may plan an *ahaaina* at her home on the ocean near Koko Head. This happens with some frequency because Mr. Cornuelle is not only president of the world's largest pineapple producer, but chairman of the University of Hawaii Board of Regents as well.

The fruits in our supermarkets—



The hostess, Mrs. Cornuelle, shops for exotic foods at a supermarket

bananas, pineapples, papayas, Kona oranges and mangoes—would make a health faddist swoon.

Well, we have long since stored our Victorian dining "suite" along with our mainland customs. We now live gaily in a Japanese pavilion, caught like a kite in the kiawe trees of Diamond Head.

In summer we serve chilled soups (I listen now), taro cakes, salad with lotus root and fruit compotes with Cointreau. We dine on the deck under the moon and stars. In the distance is the froth of the reef and yachts slip by like white night birds.

We wear kimonos or Chinese pajamas or *muumuu*s—and the men are comfortable in silk shirts. We sit on *zabutons* on the floor and dine at low tables covered with *obi* runner and lacquer and porcelain from Kyoto.

Have I ever served turkey since that fateful day? Yes, but now the bird is rubbed lovingly inside and out with a marinade of soy, honey, ginger and sherry.

And that's a bird of a different feather.



1962 Lincoln Continental

Among our Contributors



AFTER SPENDING six years getting a degree in medicine from Harvard, Ernest Gruening, today U. S. Senator from Alaska, promptly went to work for Boston newspapers, serving successively as managing editor of the *Traveler, Journal,* and *New York Tribune.* In the 1930s he was appointed Director of Territories with jurisdiction over Alaska, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Hawaii, and Pacific islands. He served in 1938 as member of the International Commission that planned the famed Alaska Highway. He served as Governor of Alaska from 1939 to 1953, worked incessantly for statehood, and became U. S. Senator in 1958. He has authored many books and has invariably championed the cause of equal right for all people.



NELSON CULLENWARD, author of the Cypress Point Golf Club story in this issue, has been golf editor for twenty-three years for the *San Francisco News-Call Bulletin,* and is an expert golfer himself, having played in seventeen Crosby tournaments. He's a University of Southern California journalism graduate and a former professional baseball player.

ARTHUR MILLIER, in 1926 an etcher with a family that liked to eat, took a job as art critic of the *Los Angeles Times.* Thirty-two years later he retired and turned etcher once more. When he arrived from England



in 1908, as a boy of fifteen, Los Angeles "had 250,000 people all realtors except me." Millier has won awards for art criticism. His dream is to "etch the pastoral beauty of California before subdivisions gobble it all up."



THERE'S HARDLY a nation on this globe that Richard Tregaskis hasn't explored as a working correspondent. Into his active twenty-two years of experience he has packed successful careers as war correspondent, novelist, and writer for screen and television. He worked his way through Harvard selling door-to-door, doing odd jobs and writing for Boston papers. His best-selling war books include "Guadalcanal Diary" and "Invasion Diary." He's a pretty fair boxer and an enthusiastic swimmer, which is one reason why he has picked Hawaii—with its magnificent beaches—as his idea of Paradise-on-Earth.