

the
Continental
magazine

Volume 2; Number 4

Autumn Reaches the Southwest · Report on the '63 Lincoln Continental · Hunting the Clapper Rail in Georgia

Memo to our readers:

Sometimes happy accidents play a role in shaping a magazine. This issue of the CONTINENTAL provides two good examples. The first concerns our opening story—on the location and lore of an elegant prize for gunners, the marsh hen, alias clapper rail. The story didn't begin with hens, however; it began with doves; we had decided at an editorial meeting to present the scenes of a Southern dove shoot.

Searching for the story, one of our editors found himself at The Cloister, that fine resort on the Georgia coast, deep in dove-shoot talk with Bill Jones, one of the resort's management. Bill moved some papers on his desk—and out came an old photograph of gunners and birds. But they weren't doves, they were marsh hens. The subject of the conversation changed abruptly. So did the subject of our story. Accident No. 1.

(The author, by the way, **Lew Dietz**, is a resident of Rockport, Maine, and a knowing man with gun and typewriter. He regards the outdoors as his beat and has written about it from Down East to Deep South.)

The second happy accident concerns the piece on wine labels. We had planned to unveil some of the mystery of wines and were casting about for a writer, so we asked advice of **J. W. Sundelson**, an executive of Ford International, who is both a connoisseur and an authority. "If you want to do something different," he said, "why not tell the wine story through labels? I happen to have a large collection." Accident No. 2.

Sundelson is a member of Wine Importers, Inc., of Ann Arbor, Michigan, a nonprofit organization, chartered by the state, which imports wines for its members directly from vintners, bottlers, and exporters. Soaking the labels off bottles at home and slipping waiters something extra to do so in far-flung parts of the globe is a hobby. Mrs. Sundelson, whose family for many generations were wine growers and dealers in Germany, shares her husband's interest in fine wines.

The presence of **Cleveland Amory** in this issue is no accident. Someone happened to make a chance remark about the pleasures of traveling out of season, which struck us as a good story idea. It was only natural to ask Mr. Amory to develop it, since he has a firsthand knowledge of resorts, old and new. One of our wittiest commentators on upper-class manner and morals, and our most eminent sociologist of high society, he first gained fame with "The Proper Bostonians" and went on to greater heights with two more best sellers, *The Last Resorts* and *Who Killed Society?*, both recently published in paperback.



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Volume 2 Number 4

September-October, 1962

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FRONT COVER: Frost colors a grove of quaking aspens in the San Francisco Peaks near Flagstaff, Arizona. Photograph by Marguerite Johnson.

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Hunting the Clapper Rail

*Gunners and gourmets alike welcome the snorting northeaster
that leads them to the secret bird of the Marshes of Glynn*

by Lew Dietz

watercolors by Milton Weiler

Take a chill day in the fall of the year, a lowering sky and a snorting northeaster combing the marsh grass. Add a flood tide veining the salt marsh with a mesh of watery gutters and flushing out the uttermost creeks. No fit day, you say? Strange as it may seem, this is a perfect day for some, a day to gladden the heart.

The rejoicers—admittedly a special and dedicated breed—are the wildfowlers and, most especially, the marsh hen shooters, for this, in the lexicon of the Georgia marsh gunning man, is a "marsh hen tide." It may be no fit day out for a reasonable man or a sensible beast but "out" is where you'll find your marsh hen hunter on such a day.

There are a number of good and sound reasons for this, not the least being the fact that it is here in the sea of grass that runs north and south for several hundreds of miles between Georgia's barrier islands and the trees of the main, that this most secretive of game birds may be found each fall in astonishing numbers.

Amazing is certainly the word, for there are old-timers alive today who can recall the incredible gunning pressure these shy birds once faced in the days of uncontrolled hunting when it was nothing for a pair of market hunters to shoot 150 hens on a tide. Today's generous daily bag-limit of 15 birds is testimony enough to this shore bird's ability to take care of himself.

This timeless and lovely tidal region known as The Golden Isles of Georgia today supports the largest

concentration of these wildfowl on the continent, nearly 300,000, according to the estimate of Georgia's Game and Fish Commission. Even happier is the estimate that only a bare 50,000 are harvested annually during, roughly, a two months' season that extends from the middle of September—a figure far below the survival danger mark.

Clearly, the marsh hen is there to stay for a spell and no one could rejoice more at this shy bird's talent for staying alive than the salt marsh gunner, for a gunning sport, after all, is only as rewarding as the challenge it offers to patience and skill.

Call this shore bird the clapper rail and the Georgia marsh man may, or may not, know what you're talking about. "Marsh hen" it has always been and doubtless always will be to the native gunner who knows few pleasures to match the seeking of this elusive bird in its tidal haunts.

"A real sneaky bird," old Simon Bailey will tell you, the eyes in his earth-brown face agleam with admiration, "and you gotter hunt 'im sneaky. You makes a sound as you poles your bateau through the grass and you'll never see that bird. You gotter come up on him real unexpected."

Old Simon is just one of many marshwise men available for guiding at The Cloister, a fine and congenial hostelry on Sea Island, which lies a few miles to the seaward of Brunswick, Georgia. If it's your baptis-

The watery land of hen and hunter

mal marsh hunt, Old Simon will be delighted to brief you on the lore of this rather special sport.

First of all, the best shooting is during the spring tides (at the new and full phases of the moon). On top of that it's helpful to have that snorting northeaster to add another foot or so to the water level on the marsh. The high water tends to concentrate the birds on the drier grass hammocks and rafts of weed wrack.

There's apt to be pretty fair gunning for three or four days during both the full and dark phases of the moon even if the northeast wind doesn't cooperate. A good guide like Simon Bailey ("I sorter can smell where them birds is at") should raise some birds for you, wind or no wind. A .410 will do, a 20-gauge double is, perhaps, ideal; but anything down to a 12-gauge will do the job. Not *too* good a gun, the seasoned marsh hen hunter will hasten to warn, for a salt marsh is no place for a presentation firearm. An open bore is in order, for shots are seldom over twenty-five yards. As for shells, #7½'s to #9's—and plenty of them.

So there you are out on the marsh, alert and erect in the bow, a good guide poling you silently across the creek and into the flooded marsh gutters. You have, perhaps, been forewarned that the marsh hen doesn't present a tough target; he's a weak and lumbering flyer. But the very fact that he doesn't care too much about taking to the air tends to make him astonishingly easy to miss. A woodcock will tower, a grouse will explode into the air and dodge through cover; the marsh hen won't cooperate in either manner. He'll just flap up above the grass and settle down again a few rods off. He just won't stay in the air much longer than it takes time to say "marsh hen."

But first you have to locate your birds in that great sea of grass. "And don't think them birds don't know when it's a marsh hen tide," Simon will tell you. "You can hear 'em cacklin' like chickens when the water is low. They's safe then. They got all kinds of room to sneak around in. But once that water's up, they hush. Don't make a sound. You got to find 'em. Yep, a real sneaky bird and you got to hunt 'em sneaky."

Unerringly, he'll find you a bird, though. Suddenly, up from a hammock of grass the quarry flaps into view, legs dangling against the sky. If you haven't gunned marsh hens before, the chances are you'll miss that first shot. You have your gun up; but that bird is down. Nor will you flush up that same bird again that day unless he's in a spot where he can neither sneak nor swim away.

Or he may dive and then there's no telling where he'll surface again. Another favorite marsh hen caper: he will frequently sink below the surface with only his bill showing and remain unmoving until all danger is



passed. But his water prowess is nothing compared to his fancy footwork in the grass. The marsh hen's ability to weave into a maze of marsh grass and dissolve is just short of incredible.

Nonetheless, you can count on plenty of action before the tide turns and you start hunting back with the run of the sea. You're out in the creek now and heading for the landing. Behind you, those furtive birds you sought may open up with a derisive cackling chorus.

And a grin will break out on Old Simon's face. "They's safe now and they's laughin' at us."

But whether you have a limit bag or a mere brace of birds in the boat, it's been a good day. To a wildfowler, a day on the marsh is its own reward. These are the Marshes of Glynn, immortalized by Sidney Lanier, Georgia's greatest poet, who knew and loved this tidal region of Glynn County.

Free

*By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea,
Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the band
Of sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the
folds of the land.*

Ornithologists have decided that there are two species of marsh hens on these marshes of Glynn in the fall.

The native bird is the Wayne clapper rail. Sometime in September these native birds are joined by the northern clapper rail which breeds to the north and finds these marshes an ideal wintering ground. (It can be distinguished from its native cousins only by the lighter coloring of the gray barring of their flanks). This is quite enough to explain why the marsh regions between Charleston, South Carolina, and Jacksonville, Florida, offer superlative shooting in the fall.

Young Bill Jones of the Cloister, a passionate marsh hen hunter, is of the opinion that the marsh hen population is increasing. It is the outlawing of the power boat for hunting that is largely responsible for this game bird's stout stand, he feels. At the time this regulation was written a decade ago there was a deal of muttering in the bailiwick among those who insisted that marsh hen hunting would become a sport for the very rich or very poor. You have to be rich enough to hire a guide to pole your bateau, the wry comment went, or hungry enough to pole it yourself.

By and large, wildfowlers today are happy about the

Continued on page 17



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT BORAM

You can learn a lot about wine before the cork is pulled

Language of the Labels

by J. W. Sundelson

Writers on wine have confined themselves to the contents of bottles and not to the labels. This indicates a proper sense of values, since a drop in the glass is undoubtedly worth a hundred bits of paper, however tantalizing. Still, there is valuable information and lore on many wine labels. This is especially true if the labels, like those shown on the opposite page, come from France or Germany.

One should not construe from this that the only wines worth considering are French and German. While connoisseurs favor these countries, fine wines may be found in almost all parts of the world where grapes are grown. Our choice here is dictated by the

labels available to us and the lack of space to deal with the subject more extensively.

French labels are—if you'll forgive the term—sober. They reveal the basic facts about the origin of the wine, the soil that produced the grapes, and something about the grower and bottler.

The word *clos*, for example, is sometimes found on a French label. It means "enclosure"—thus revealing that the grapes came from an enclosed vineyard, a fact that indicates quality. The word *supérieur* assures the buyer that the wine is of a better than ordinary quality and that its alcoholic content is a half per cent higher than that of a wine not so labeled.

German labels are bigger, more colorful and pictorial, and full of cheerful data on the owner of the vineyard and the method of growing and picking the grapes. They often reflect a lighthearted approach to the naming of the wine, as, for example, *Kaefferkopf*, or beetle-head.

Do labels contribute to the enjoyment of wine? Hardly. To a recognition of quality? Occasionally. They do help in identifying wines you like so that you can order them again. And there is the possibility that a good background in the lore of labels will impress the lady who is your dinner guest—something not to be overlooked when planning an evening.



The bottom lines reveal that the Friedrich-Wilhelm-Gymnasium, a secondary school (where, incidentally, Karl Marx was a student), owns the vineyard and bottling works in the town of Trier and has branded its corks accordingly. *Auslese* says that the grapes were specially picked, and *naturein* that the wine was fermented without additives.



This is a Rhine wine with the German eagle to show that the vineyard is owned by a unit of government, in this case the town of Eitville. A *Kabinettwein* is an especially good one fit, let us say, for an American President's table. *Rauenthaler* designates a particular section of the Rheingau.



The label pictures the hillside on which the grapes grew. The region is the town of Bernkastel; *badstube*, the name of the vineyard, means bathing room (evidently for the fun of it), and *spätlese* means late-picking, in other words, that the grapes were picked as late as possible for maximum sugar content. *Eigenes Wachstum in den Lagen*, above the list of vineyards, says that the vintner used his own grapes and bottles. Note the word "Lay" near the bottom of the list. It means slate, which is often placed on the earth around certain vines to give the wine a specially desired quality.



Like all important French wines, this one is registered with the French government (*appellation contrôlée*). The numeral showing alcoholic content is required of wines for the American market. The wine was not bottled at the vineyard, but by Prosper Vignat, a merchant in the town of Nuits-Saint-Georges in the Côte-d'Or (Golden Slope), Burgundy.



This wine was bottled at the estate (top line), a fact usually associated with high quality. The registered name (bottom line) is Pauillac (*pwee-yahk*), a town in the Medoc section of Bordeaux, southwestern France. The year was one of the greatest.



The name of the wine is "Pope's new castle," referring to a period in the fourteenth century when certain Popes were situated in Avignon, a town on the Rhone in the south of France. Vaucluse is nearby. The design is that of the Papal coat of arms.



Pommard is a town in the Côte-d'Or, and Patriarche the name of the family making the wine—a father-and-son operation. The family name has a great local reputation, hence its prominence on the label. A separate label (not shown) tells the year.



This wine is so prized and rare that the bottles were numbered and the buyers listed—among them the late Fernand Point whose restaurant in the town of Vienne is regarded by many as the greatest in the world. The vineyard is in the Burgundian town of Meursault, home of the Hospices de Beaune, an institution dating from medieval times—part inn, part hospital—which uses the profits for charitable work.

THE DELIGHTS OF OFF-SEASON TRAVEL

A distinguished vacationer nominates his favorite resorts for the traveler who waits until autumn

by Cleveland Amory

A sea-facing terrace at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City



Let us admit, quite frankly, our envy of those who can travel out of season. They do so because they are blessed with freedom and the wisdom to exercise it after the school bell sounds, not because they lack gregariousness or suffer from claustrophobia. They stay home during July and August and make the most of their patios and pools. Summer drifts on. They are in no hurry. The days grow shorter. Then Labor Day comes and, calmly and deliberately, with smiles and self-assurance, they sally forth.

To what? To a world from which frenzy has fled, to the luxurious combination of cool air and hot sun, to forests patched with flame, mountains basking in hush, beaches on which the lease has expired, teenagers captive in school. It is a world in which serenity is sovereign, and which (sweet irony) costs less.

Anxious to offer these pleasures to our readers, we asked Cleveland Amory, one of America's most distinguished and authoritative vacationers, to select some resort hotels particularly suited to off-season travelers. His choices and descriptions follow.

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall

I think of Atlantic City as the Eighth Wonder of the Resort World and Chalfonte-Haddon Hall as the first wonder in it. I like its punny ads: "NO DICE. You'll have to go to Vegas if you want to roll the bones, but if you want to rest them, better come here." "UNREASONABLE. Our rates are unreasonable. You'd expect them to be considerably higher." "BEACH. We have the finest beach in America, and you can gambol on it."

Biggest resort hotel in the world, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall easily covers three worlds of entertainment: the Caribbean (bongos, steel drums, and well-salted calypsos), the Left Bank (sidewalk cafes, beautiful girls, and cants), and the South Pacific (ukuleles, grass roofs, and grass skirts). Take your choice.

It is still big enough to dispense peace and quiet. It's dignified, like

polished mahogany and worn tweed. It also has twenty-three chefs. Too many cooks? No. The broth is the finest in the world.

The Lodge at Smugglers' Notch

This Vermont winter ski capital turned summer vacationland is an ideal in-between-time resort—an intriguing integration of Grandma Moses' New England with the Swiss-Austrian chalet motif typified by owner Sepp Ruschp. The same ski lifts which in winter take you to the top of the runs take you, in the out-of-ski season, to the sights from the top of Mt. Mansfield, and since fifty-two members of Ruschp's staff come from outside the U. S., you can count on continental dining when you return. There is a French chef, a German pastryman, and an Italian who cooks everything, as well as an American breakfast cook who maintains that his reason for being there is simple—"It takes a Frenchman twenty minutes to cook an egg."

The Harrison Hotel

This British Columbia resort, 155 miles north of downtown Seattle, calls itself a whole world of hospitality, and whether it's Old World or New you're after, you'll find it here. The staff can converse in sixteen languages. It has more ways than that to make you happy. The Harrison has just completed a \$1,250,000 redecorating job, including a whole new executive wing—everything from an open panorama of lake and mountain to closed-circuit TV. It also has two hot springs—potash (120°) and sulphur (150°). Hippocrates said 2,400 years ago that mineral springs are good for many bodily ills. Since then, people without bodily ills have found that hot springs tend to pile health on health. Lots of people go to Harrison Hot Springs with this in mind.

The Otesaga

This wonderful caravansary in central New York state is one of the last

of the country's true grand hotels. The Otesaga on Otego Lake (which was called "Glimmerglass" by James Fenimore Cooper in *The Last of the Mohicans*) is not only a memorable place to stay, but, because of its historical setting, is particularly unusual for the traveling connoisseur. Nearby is Cooperstown, known for baseball's Hall of Fame.

But here, too, under the leadership of Louis Jones, is a center of a new trend in "education vacation"—the Fenimore House and Farmers' Museum enables you to step back in time to the way of life men and women experienced between the Revolution and the Civil War. A dozen buildings have been brought together from a hundred-mile area. If baseball reigns supreme at Cooperstown, golf is a close second. The course is of championship caliber, and the running of the hotel, in the hands of Ken Arnold, is perfection itself from every variety of food to recreation.



Above and right: The Harrison, at Harrison Hot Springs, British Columbia



Below and left: The renowned Lodge at Smugglers' Notch, Stowe, Vermont



The Broadmoor

"Pikes Peak or Bust" made it sound like a rough trip—and it was, but no more, especially if the terminus is The Broadmoor at Colorado Springs. Here is a wealth of western beauty as well as wealth itself—both eastern and western. Built by the late, great, ex-Easterner "Spec" Penrose of Philadelphia, who struck it rich in gold, copper, and oil, the hotel combines western flavor with eastern cosmopolitanism. Long before it went up, William J. Palmer, a young engineer with a gift for prophecy, took a look at the site and said, "I am sure there will be a famous resort here—but may the people never get to be as thick as on the Eastern Seaboard."

Hotel Hershey

This hotel, a few miles east of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is a complete and unique resort in itself—located in unique "Chocolate Town,"

which not only boasts the world's largest chocolate factory but which has been called, by no less an authority than *The New York Times* (during the Governors' Conference last July) "the most benevolent and responsible 'company town' in America." After you've had your pheasant under glass from the hotel's own pheasant farm—and cocoa pudding for dessert—take a trip to the delightfully whimsical Hershey Amusement Park. And don't miss the championship golf—forty-five holes of it. There's a lot of Pennsylvania Dutch *gemütlichkeit* here in autumn.

Manoir St-Castin

If this splendid resort hotel near Quebec City had nothing else, the fact that it is bilingual would see it through. "Bonjour!" says the breakfast card, and then it goes on about *demi-pamplemousse* (half grapefruit) and *crêpe de froment avec sirop d'érable* (wheat cakes with syrup). But it has a

great deal more— isolation, five terraces overlooking Lac Beauport, beautiful autumn scenery, and Quebec City fifteen minutes away. The dinner menu is something to read: *L'escalope de Veau Viennoise, L'entrecôte poêle marchand de vin*. No need to translate. This is *haute cuisine Française* and a wonderful way to eat through the off-season.

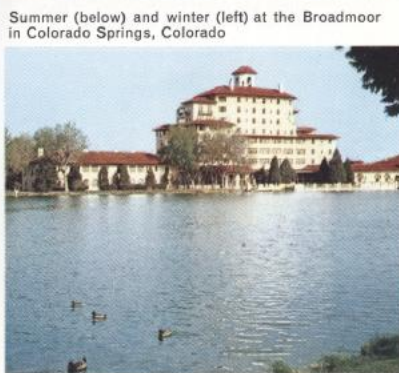
Manoir St-Castin, Quebec



Hotel Hershey, central Pennsylvania



Summer (below) and winter (left) at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs, Colorado



Newton T. Bass

Newt Bass was already a successful oil man in the Long Beach area fifteen years ago when he began to scout Southern California for some cattle ranch acreage. From the Southern Pacific he acquired a 6,300-acre patch of desert complete with lizards and Joshua trees in a valley northeast of Los Angeles.

He then began adding to his domain until he had 25,000 acres, but as his holdings grew his vision of cattle faded and in its place he saw homes, swimming pools, and a whole community in a resort-like atmosphere. Although he thought the buyers would build second homes for weekends away from Los Angeles, he was delighted to note they had year-round living in mind.

Not long ago, the sixty-million-dollar was spent on real estate in Apple Valley, which now has a population of 9,000. Part of this huge success is based on the fact that Apple Valley floats on a lake—there is water anywhere from a foot to three hundred feet down. Newt's real estate force works in style in a fleet of air-conditioned Lincoln Continentals equipped with telephones.

For the happy residents, among them Lloyd Mangrum the golfer and Frankie Carle the musician, Bass has built 300 miles of roads, a landing strip, a bank, thirty miles of bridle paths, and the sumptuous Apple Valley Inn, hub of community entertainment. He is now developing a thoroughbred horse operation with the Kentucky Derby as its goal.



William J. Levitt

The person who staged a one-man housing revolution in this country and is busily planning similar revolutions elsewhere in the world should, by all rights, have little time for anything but business. Not Bill Levitt. He finds time for a number of things: buying modern French and Italian paintings to expand his already creditable art collection; pursuing a hobby of photography by taking fine portraits of his family and friends; playing better-than-average jazz piano at home—and sometimes in night clubs if the regular pianist doesn't mind.

In spite of activities that would seem to take more than twenty-four hours a day, he finds time to play tennis and is engaged in a continuing tournament with close friends.

Two American cities are named after Bill Levitt: Levittown, Long Island, where he started his housing revolution shortly after World War II by erecting a city of 17,000 homes with new techniques in house-building; and Levittown, Pennsylvania, the state's tenth largest city and the first pre-planned city in the U.S. since Pierre L'Enfant laid out Washington in 1809.

President of Levitt and Sons, he has housing projects under way in Puerto Rico and in France, where, cooperating with the French government, he is planning a new Levittown.

Walt Disney

Out of Walt Disney's imagination has come a world so universal that even Nikita Khrushchev was miffed when his U.S. visit could not include Disneyland. He has filled the whole world with his magical cartoon char-

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

acters (Mickey Mouse is a citizen of the whole globe) and has now turned his special enchantment to "live action" productions, including the successful "20,000 Leagues under the Sea," "The Parent Trap," "The Absent-Minded Professor," and a series of feature length nature films beginning with "The Living Desert."

These pictures, at the rate of seven new ones a year, are the major output of his studios in Burbank, California, and, like his cartoon movies, they dominate the industry in their box office success. This is no surprise. Whether filming cartoons, animals, or people, Walt Disney has an unerring way of talking to the heart. It has made him one of the most famous living Americans.

He personally dreamed up his \$40,000,000 Disneyland, he was the first major movie producer to enter television, and he takes an intense interest in every phase of his business—from the decision to film a sequel to "Old Yaller," to the last mechanical bird for the "Enchanted Tiki" now being added to Disneyland. Work is his real hobby, but he likes bowling on the green, is an ardent railroad fan, and prefers home movies to night clubbing.



*Timeless styling,
superb craftsmanship,
lasting value are yours in*

THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL FOR 1963

Elegance is a synonym for the private world of the Lincoln Continental.



photographs by Robert Boram

The Lincoln Continental for 1963 is now being presented across the country, and it is a certainty that most who look at it will say, in effect, "Good. It's the same beautiful car. They haven't changed it."

The comments are accurate ones, of course, although they are based on a purely surface impression. In its essential outlines, in the timelessness of its styling, the Lincoln Continental adheres to its original concept of a design that is permanent. Thus, from an appearance standpoint, the car is virtually the same one that, when it first appeared two years ago, promptly established itself as a new standard of beauty and quality in luxury motor cars.

But the tremendous fund of automotive experience and talent, the research and production facilities, and the habit of good taste at Ford Motor Company did not rest when this car was created. True, a thing of beauty does not need its beauty improved on any more than a Renaissance cathedral needs improvement; in this sense, the 1963 Continental has not been improved on. People can go on saying, "It's the same beautiful car"—until they investigate further.

Then they come on the fact that the Lincoln Continental wasn't created solely as a work of art, that it was made—*is* made—by people who know that beauty has to be interpreted in human terms. This commits the car to

improvement. It has a job to do for people—to take them places in utmost comfort, to perform outstandingly, and to represent topmost integrity of manufacture.

This brings us to the essential point: the Lincoln Continental is not quite the same car as its predecessors. It is a better one. It reflects the kind of subtle refinements that always result from an honest quest for perfection. The refinements and improvements are in these areas:

- Engine performance.
- Convenience items.
- Inside space.
- Riding comfort.
- Appearance.

To begin, Lincoln Continental engineers have found ways to increase the interior size of the car for additional passenger comfort. The rear seat has been moved back

NEW SPACIOUSNESS AND POWER

and the angle of the front seat changed so that there is now over an inch and a half more legroom in the rear compartment. And a new contour in the instrument panel on the passenger side provides two inches of additional knee room in front.

The size and accessibility (and thus the usefulness) of the luggage compartment have been increased. The extra room in the compartment will accommodate an additional two-suit.

The next point is engine performance. This has been enhanced in the 1963 Lincoln Continental. Due to the improved 430-cubic-inch engine (the largest production engine in the industry) with its new four-barrel carburetor, new intake manifold, and new combustion chamber design, the horsepower has been increased to 320. This is 20 more than last year, and the difference is readily apparent, especially in the passing range.

Among the more impressive of the 1963 refinements are those relating to the third element—riding and driving luxury. An example is the improvement in the distribution of the flow of both heated and cooled air. Special ducts along the tunnel floor provide a more even and more comfortable distribution of air between the front and rear compartments.

One of the quietest cars ever built has been made even more quiet through



Redesigned front grill identifies this as the Lincoln Continental for 1963

the use of an extra amount of sound-deadening insulation. For instance, the insulation has been thickened under the hood and in the roof, and there has been improvement in the quality of the dash insulation.

Continental brakes are even better in 1963. Taking advantage of the latest in engineering developments, the front brake drums are now made of aluminum and the lining thickness has been increased for longer life.

Likewise, the muffler system has been improved. Last year's muffler was a triumph of high quality, but this year's has even longer life and durability. Stainless steel has been added to it in critical areas.

The electrical system of the 1963 Continental must come in for praise. For one thing, the battery is the finest ever put into a car—a heavy-duty, super-premium source of electricity. For another, the generator has been consigned to history and in its place is an alternator that provides a strong and steady flow of electrical current even when the car is idling. All in all, the life of the whole system has been lengthened.

These and many other improvements in reliability and durability make the infrequent need for maintenance in previous Continentals even less frequent in the Lincoln Continental for 1963. The long warranty period

remains two years, or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first.*

Some changes have been made that enhance the convenience of passengers. For example, the glove box door has been redesigned so that it opens to a level position, permitting its use as a shelf. Also, its lock has been moved for easier operation.

A new standard rear seat speaker has been installed in sedans in the right side of the package tray, and the front speaker is mounted so that the sound is directed upward and reflected off the windshield for greater fidelity.

Where appearance is concerned, Lincoln Continental stylists have found ways to add new beauty while still holding to the basic principle of permanence of design. For example, the radiator grille and grille opening have

**Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, who in turn warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement, including related labor, will be made by dealers, of any part with a defect in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered by the warranty; appropriate adjustments will continue to be made by the tire companies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.*

The interior of the car has been refined to provide an inch and a half more legroom for passengers in the rear seat.



Sole heir to a great tradition of motoring: the four-door Lincoln Continental convertible.



Holding to the handsome lines of last year's model, the deck lid of the 1963 Lincoln Continental (at left) has been altered slightly to increase room in the luggage compartment.

been redesigned. The result suggests even more refinement, as if the car now speaks more easily for itself as a thing of beauty. The lower back panel applique has been restyled for an extra touch of elegance. The famed Lincoln Continental star ornament has been placed on the rear luggage compartment lid, and the lid itself has been redesigned.

There have been changes in interior styling, too. The instrument panel padding and radio speaker now have a more finished and integrated appearance.

Three new exterior colors have been added—red metallic, medium green metallic, and light pink—to bring the total number of available colors to eighteen. Some of these will be available in a new acrylic-based enamel which undergoes a chemical change in the baking process to lock in the finish color and offer greater resistance to scratches and chipping.

Another important characteristic remains: the Lincoln Continental is offered in one series only. Ownership of such a car is a guarantee of exclusiveness. There is no "economy" ver-

sion, no "second edition"—only the best. And the series contains only two models—the sumptuous four-door sedan and the four-door convertible, the only convertible of its kind being made in America today.

And finally, the Lincoln Continental for 1963 suggests a change in an old geometric axiom, to wit, that the whole is not necessarily only the sum of its parts, it is in this case greater than the sum of its parts. When you add together the enduring style, the classic beauty, the meticulous attention to comfort, the superiority of its manufacture, you have, without possibility of dispute, the finest motor car ever built in America.

A New Dimension in Continental Radio

Among its options this year, the Lincoln Continental has an AM-FM radio—the first such combination unit ever offered by an automobile manufacturer in an American car. It brings to the Continental driver and passengers the finest and most complete car listening.

FM radio has excellent applicability to motoring. It is not affected by static or lightning storms, and its signal does not fade when the car goes under bridges.

Continental's AM-FM radio and standard AM radio are transistorized. This means that you have only to flick the switch and the program is on.

There is interesting news on the way for us stage-struck and star-struck Americans: the campus and the stage are forming a partnership. If it grows as it now promises to, millions of us will get to know Eva Marie Saint, Paul Newman, Helen Hayes, Robert Ryan, Burl Ives and their equals intimately across the footlights, not just two-dimensionally through movies or television. And not only the players, but the great playwrights, like O'Neill, Molière, and Chekhov.

This is a partnership of universities and professional theatre. Don't confuse it with student productions, which are an old story. It involves the greatest actors and actresses in the country. Given a decade and it may push Broadway off its perch as the capital of legitimate theatre—decentralized, as it were, and in its place a roster of small Broadways across the land.

Already at Baylor University in Texas, at the University of Minnesota, at the University of California at Los Angeles, and at the University of Michigan the partnership has begun. "Don't be surprised," said *The New York Times* not long ago, "if the partnership turns out to be a significant development of the sixties."

Look at U.C.L.A. as an example, for this school is a pioneer collaborator with professional theatre. The company there is called the Theatre Group, a joint undertaking of the university's extension and the theatrical profession. In the three years of its existence it has proved to be a port in the storm for Hollywood players tired of grinding out motion pictures and TV tapes. Those who have walked the boards and done some real acting in the Theatre Group include Nina Foch, Robert Ryan, Diana Lynn, Dean Stockwell, Edie Adams, and a host of others of equal talent if lesser fame.

This company has lured its distinguished actors partly because of its distinguished director, John Houseman. Houseman earns more than \$100,000 a year as a producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and works hard and long for his pay. He gets an extra \$1,000 as director of the Theatre Group, and for the punishment and a pittance he has the satisfaction of shaping what *Time* magazine described as one of the most creative organizations in the American theatre.

Earlier this year, the Theatre Group premiered "The Child Buyer," a play

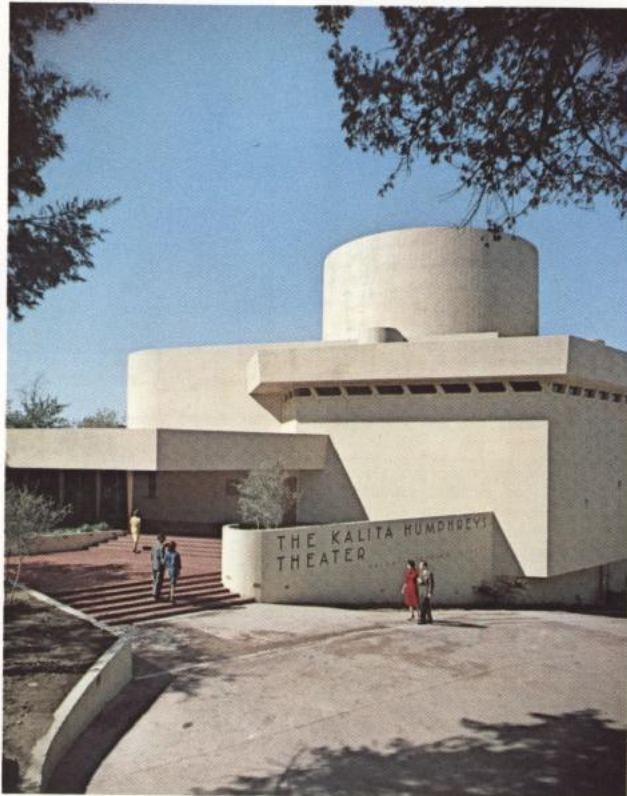


Broadway on the Campus

A growing link between New York's professional stage and universities across the land may lead to a flowering of great regional theatre.

by Robert Martin Hodesh

Frank Lloyd Wright designed the theatre in Dallas used by Baylor University



based on John Hersey's novel of the same name. Critics journeyed from New York to the Coast for the opening and sent glowing notices back. Previous productions have also earned unstinting plaudits, as much for the quality of the acting as for the adventurousness of the plays: "Mother Courage," by Bertold Brecht, "Sodom and Gomorrah," by Nikos Kazantzakis, "Three Sisters," by Chekhov, and works by O'Casey, Pirandello, and Dos Passos. It has been plain to observers of the theatre that something of theatrical importance is afoot in the heart of filmland.

The newest example of the partnership—and the one with the closest connection between the partners—has just been launched at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. It is under the aegis of Robert C. Schnitzer, for thirty years a considerable figure in American theatre as actor, director,

and teacher. His Professional Theatre Program is impressively ambitious.

One element in its varied plans was the signing of a three-year contract with the Association of Producing Artists to be in residence on campus for twenty weeks. This is a master stroke, for APA, a large group of superb actors and actresses, has earned more praise from critics than any repertory group in New York. "America's most highly skilled repertory company," said the *Saturday Review*.

Another element in the U. of M.'s plans is a tour of the Michigan hinterlands. The APA will go out in March and April to show "Antony and Cleopatra," "The School for Scandal," "The Seagull," and other classics to an audience that has rarely seen theatre of this quality before.

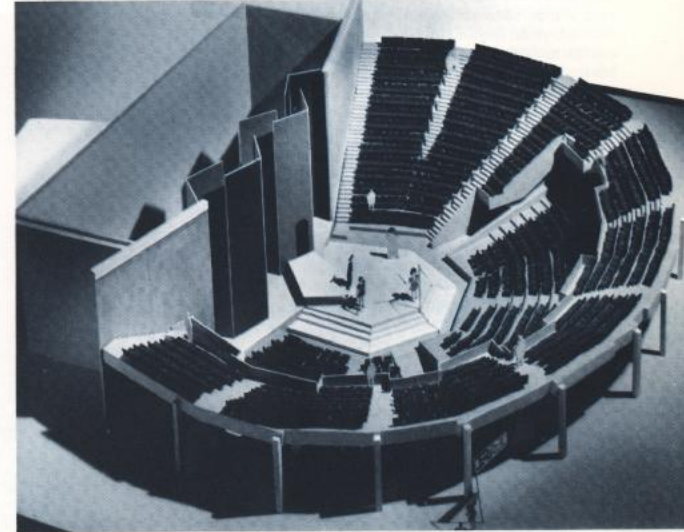
Schnitzer is not content merely with a great repertory and a state tour. He has arranged the world premiere in Ann

Arbor of "The Ides of March," a new play based on a Thornton Wilder novel. He has invited Lee Strasberg, founder of the celebrated Actors' Studio, to lecture. He has engaged Judith Anderson, Maurice Evans, and Charles Laughton for a Great Star series. He will not be satisfied, in short, until he turns the University of Michigan into a recognized center for great theatre.

In Minneapolis, the University of Minnesota has cooperated in the establishment of a theatre headed by Sir Tyrone Guthrie, world-renowned as managing director of the Old Vic in London and first artistic director of the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario. In the spring of 1963, a repertory company will begin to present plays in the newly-built Guthrie Theatre, with the players to be drawn from the ranks of professionals.



The University of Michigan has hired the Association of Producing Artists, shown (above) in "Twelfth Night" and (below) in "The School for Scandal."



A model of the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, now nearing completion in Minneapolis. It will seat 1,400 in "open stage" productions, 900 in conventional "proscenium arch" productions, assuring intimacy between actor and audience.

The initial area of cooperation between university and theatre will be the establishment of a graduate fellowship program to be carried out jointly by the University of Minnesota drama department and the Guthrie Theatre, the fellows to be an integral part of both business management and acting in spring and summer and of theatre study in fall and winter.

The University believes," Sir Tyrone said recently, "that this link between its drama department and the professional theatre will be valuable in attracting a high standard of recruit to the department. And the theatre is happy to be assured of a source of recruitment where the recruits, far from being raw, will already have assimilated many technical elements of their job and will already be indoctrinated with an informed and serious attitude towards theatrical art as well as theatrical business."

In Texas, the celebrated Dallas Theatre Center has a repertory group and a graduate school of theatre through which Baylor University grants credits towards a master's degree. The leader here is Paul Baker, who is director of the Theatre Center and head of the drama department at Baylor. Like Michigan's professional players, those at Dallas are planning to go on tour, taking classic plays and new ones throughout the Southwest.

These four universities are not the only instances of a link between professional players and the campus. Members of the San Francisco State College staff have established the largely professional San Francisco Workshop. Western Reserve University cooperates with the Cleveland Playhouse. Yale and

Carnegie Tech have worked with the professional theatre for years.

Lovers of theatre regard all this as long overdue. After all, universities have assumed the role of cultural centers for their areas in all the arts—except in theatre. Campuses support poets-in-residence, composers-in-residence, string quartets, good art exhibits, concert courses, and various cultural festivals. So why not theatre on an equally high level?

Many observers of dramatic art think the movement will burgeon, and there are reasons why. One is the wildfire spread of community theatres throughout the country. Hardly a community of any size is without its group of amateur players today. Accompanying this multiplication has been a rise in the public appetite for good theatre.

Simultaneously there has been a decline in the nagging little prejudice that actors and actresses are somehow emissaries of Satan. Stage people are now

generally acceptable outside the big city and mothers in the smallest Podunk are not likely to hide their children when they appear.

And Broadway itself, no doubt against its own will, has helped set the stage by its own decline. In 1928 it had 63 theatres which mounted 264 productions. Last year there were 33 theatres and fewer than 60 productions. Economics are partly to blame. Costs of productions have risen astronomically and the rise in the price of seats has not bridged the gap. To satisfy its backers Broadway must rely on hits—and Shaw and Euripides are not hit playwrights. Except for musicals, in which it may remain pre-eminent, it has fallen on barren days.

So, if real theatre is one of your loves, look to the campus. While Broadway lowers one curtain, the university is raising another. Here a regional flowering of drama is on the way.



Hunting the Clapper Rail

Continued from page 3

healthy status of the rail on the Marshes of Glynn. After all, there are relatively few marsh hen hunters to be made happy. Moreover, it's unlikely that this gentle sport will ever attract the guns of the masses, for the drama is not so much in the shooting as in the marsh itself. When you are marsh hunting, two is company and three's a crowd; it is a quiet sport, all in all, for a quiet man.

A true wildfowler insists on eating what he shoots and shoots no more than he can eat. The first impression of the neophyte when he retrieves his first marsh hen is that all he has is a handful of feathers. Feathers the marsh hen has; but he also represents some gourmet eating of the finest type.

That a marsh hen is a treat served up on the table is most certainly a consideration, but in the final analysis, this additional pleasure falls far short of explaining the wildfowler's irrepensible urge to be abroad on the marsh in a wild northeaster. Marsh hunting has forever had a special allure for the gunning man who seeks something more than game for the pot. It may well be that it is the elemental thing—wind, tide, the smell of the marsh, the mystery of migration itself—that gives marsh hunting its unique and stirring appeal.

The tidal marshes have been there for some millions of years. It's quite enough to rejoice that they are still there for the marsh lover who is willing to match patience and cunning with that most secret of game birds and accept as his reward a day on the Marshes of Glynn.



Roast Marsh Hen à la Cloister

6 marsh hens, or equivalent weight of game birds
1 bottle dry white wine
2 tablespoons of brandy
1/2 cup wild rice
Butter and brown stock

Seasonings as follows:

1 tablespoon of minced carrots
1 tablespoon of minced onions
1/2 tablespoon of minced shallots
2 buds crushed garlic
1/2 teaspoon parsley sprigs
1/4 teaspoon rosemary
4 bay leaves
1/2 teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon crushed black pepper

Salt and pepper the hens on all sides. Make a bed of the aromatic herbs listed above and cover bottom of a pot. Place the hens on top of this bed and cover with half of the white wine. Let stand for 12 to 14 hours to get rid of the "marshy" flavor; this would not apply to other game birds.

Remove hens. Stuff with wild rice which has been cooked in chicken broth and seasoned with thyme, shallots, and chopped livers from the hens. Place hens in a greased roasting pan. Sprinkle with butter. Place in hot oven (400°) and roast until slightly brown. Now take herbs from the pot and place around the hens. Cook for about 20 minutes more, basting frequently with the wine. Remove hens. Add rest of the wine to the herbs and a cup of brown stock. Simmer down until about half gone.

Cream together one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon flour and add to thicken the wine sauce. Cook a little longer, then strain. Add to this the two tablespoons of brandy and two tablespoons of butter. Stir well and serve hot over the hens.

This recipe was supplied by Herman Yursich, chef de cuisine at The Cloister, who is often asked to prepare marsh hens for hunters.

The Marsh Hen Season

Open season for hunting marsh hen is September 15 through November 23. Daily bag limit 15; possession limit 30. Shooting hours are from sunrise to sunset.

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BY JOHN HERSEY ***
ADAPTED BY PAUL SHYRE

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UCLA
HUMANITIES BUILDING AUDITORIUM
DARK May 14, 1962



UCLA's Theatre Group in Chekhov's "The Three Sisters" with Nina Foch, Pippa Scott, Mike Kellin, and Gloria Grahame.

Autumn visitors to the Southwest can see residents of the reservation turn lambs to cash to winter clothing because—

Indian Summer is Pay Day in Indian Country

Story and photographs by Marguerite Johnson

Visitors enjoying resorts of the Southwest during this season will be interested in the pattern of Indian life around them. The economic cycle of the Navajos begins now: moving the sheep from the high country to sheltered canyons, selling excess lambs, settling debts and redeeming turquoise and silver that has been used for cash, selling rugs woven while the sheep were tended, buying winter clothing—and off to the fair.

Like a wand, the first heavy frost sweeps from mountain top to canyon depth in the Southwest and brings autumn to Indian country. The aspens turn a shimmering yellow and drip like butter down the forest-green slopes. Look over the edges of the steep walls and you see blazing cottonwoods held prisoner in the dark and mysterious depths. The air is clear and vibrant, the sky is a blue so strong you can almost hear it.

During the warm days that follow the frost, the fruits of the harvest appear. In the pueblos along the Rio Grande, fall erupts violently with scarlet strings of chiles that hang, gay as a holiday, from every roof, curtaining the portals and swaying from the wash lines. Indian corn comes in six hues, from indigo to shocking pink. Pink, yellow, and orange squashes are placed like rows of beads on the edges of roofs, or are piled with disdain for order. The pumpkins glow. There is a merry disarray in the colors of these foods being dried for winter.

Indian summer is the time for ceremonial dancing. After the first frost, the Navajos do the Fire Dance. On high fortress-like mesas, the Hopi women dance the Basket Dance, a prayer for health and prosperity. Visitors are welcome at these ceremonies, but they must leave cameras behind and must show silence and respect because these events are sacred.

Finally, Indian Summer brings preparations for winter. The Indians

pile wood for fires on the plateaus, for winter can be harsh indeed at the higher altitudes. But the preparations include games and singing and a visit to the Tribal Fair, which is held at Window Rock on the Navajo Reservation. The Indians prize the blue ribbon for a fine melon as much as anyone else does.

Indian summer is the time of incredi-

ble sunsets. Here in the Southwest the sky is immense, and the low sun and clear air and clouds collaborate in creating the most glorious heaven-born drama to be seen anywhere. The whole month of October sweeps over the land in a blaze of glory from the Rio Grande pueblos in New Mexico, to the Hopi mesas, to the sacred San Francisco Peaks in northern Arizona.



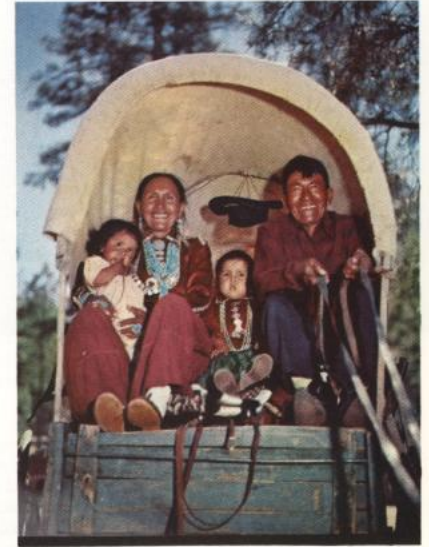
Strict about overgrazing on their lands, the Navajos issue rigidly-enforced permits, and each year sell off around 150,000 excess lambs. Those shown above are part of a trader's flock being driven across the reservation on foot to Gallup, one of several shipping points.

Turquoise and silver jewelry are forms of cash and the Navajos use them as collateral at the trading posts.

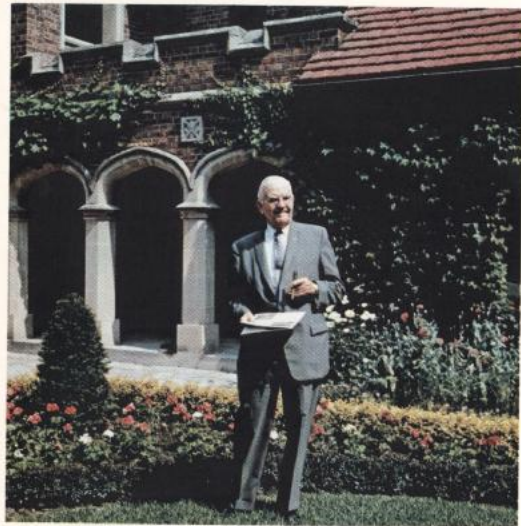


A sign of fall near the pueblos of the Rio Grande is the millions of chiles strung on fences and walls to be dried.

A Navajo family will travel as much as 200 miles, camping along the way, to partake of the fun at autumn tribal fairs.



At a fair, the Navajo woman is brightly clad and carries the Pendleton blanket she has bought for the coming winter.



Two New Careers for "Mr. Mac"

*At age 80, Dale McMillen
incorporated a new business—and now
every boy makes the team on
the playing fields of Fort Wayne*

by Franklin M. Reck
photographs by Dale Stedman

Dale W. McMillen's second career (more properly his most recent of many careers) took definite shape one spring day in 1960, on a casual tour of Fort Wayne's parks in company with Robert G. Cowan, high school coach and counselor. McMillen had just passed his eightieth vigorous year. A few years earlier he had retired from the giant Central Soya Company, which he had founded and nurtured into the largest soybean processing company in the world.

On this warm May day, McMillen noted the hundreds of youngsters crowding the many baseball diamonds in McMillen Park—a park he had bought, developed, and given to the city.

"That's a fine thing to see," he said, "but just what are they doing?" Obviously they weren't playing games, but going through some kind of organized practice.

"They're having tryouts for the Little League," Cowan replied. "Unfortunately, two-thirds of the youngsters will be sadly disappointed boys tonight . . . because they didn't make the team."

Dale McMillen was profoundly disturbed. Why should any boy who wanted to play not have the chance? After a sleepless night, he called Cowan over to his home, and out of their discussion was born one of the most remarkable summer recreation programs ever devised.

They called it the "Wildcat League." They laid down certain principles: that every boy who wanted to play would "make the team" and would play in every scheduled game. Every boy would receive personal coaching from a qualified older person. Every boy would receive friendly counseling on attitudes, habits, and language. They set up a Kitty League for youngsters of eight and a half to ten years, a Kat League for eleven and twelve, and a Tiger League for thirteen

and fourteen (later increased to fifteen).

The summer of 1960 was a busy one, with McMillen and his aides locating playing sites, creating a staff of directors and coaches from Indiana colleges and universities, and assistants from Fort Wayne high schools. This was to be a responsible, paid staff, screened for ability in counseling, guidance, and coaching.

Registration dates were set for late in May of the following year, after the Little League tryouts were held. McMillen and his staff hopefully looked for perhaps a thousand registrants among the rejects of the established leagues. To their surprise, 1,600 boys turned out the first day, and in the next few weeks, 900 more enrolled. That first year of 1961, 2,500 boys on 178 teams played in 929 games.

The coaches learned much that year. They skillfully balanced teams so that every team could win games. Parents were encouraged to watch, but not interfere. There was to be no adult-inspired emphasis on winning. Trained coaches and counselors frequently stopped a game in progress to give boys tips on batting, fielding, and throwing. No boy was reproved for an error. He was simply helped. On the ten playing sites there was no discrimination as to color or economic status. A boy could play on the field of his choosing. Every boy was outfitted with an inexpensive T-shirt and cap for which he paid \$1.50.

The program was a smashing success. During the second season, just completed, over 4,000 boys competed on 280 teams, and the national publicity that resulted brought 1,300 inquiries from 1,500 cities across the nation and from abroad.

D. W. McMillen, a driving, imaginative man, now saw another opportunity that tied in neatly with his flourishing Wildcat League. In Fort Wayne there were two layouts of factory buildings that had once housed the second largest and fourth largest industries in the city—a knitting mill and a pump company. Both of these industries had migrated to another state. The big plants were dusty, idle, and deteriorating—rapidly becoming a part of the urban blight that often afflicts large metropolitan centers.

McMillen noted that the plants were soundly and honestly built. He promptly bought both of them, incorporated them under the title of "Growth Industries," and hired a crew of men to clean, paint, scrub, and renovate, preliminary to offering them for rental. His idea was to devote all the profits of Growth Industries to the Wildcat League and other youth programs, thus assuring a perpetual income for these activities, and at the same time aiding urban renewal in Fort Wayne.

His close personal relationships with boards of directors and city government, plus his own gift of salesmanship, have been of great value to the new corporation. Small and large industries needing new quarters or space for expansion are moving into the renovated factory buildings every month. In less than a year and a half, Growth Industries has contracted for rentals of nearly \$100,000 a year, with a potential of several times that amount. It would seem that the financial future of the Fort Wayne summer recreation program is assured.

D. W. McMillen and his wife, over the years, have contributed importantly to every imaginable activity with an interest in youth welfare, including the Boy and Girl Scouts, YMCA, and the church. His most recent activity was building a library for Indiana Tech, a college that provides higher education for

students, most of whom work their way through school.

But his greatest pride today is the Wildcat League. He likes to sit on the bench with the nine-year-olds, or talk to his well-selected, well-trained coaches. He gets an undisguised thrill when a thousand Wildcat youngsters board the special train for their annual trip to Chicago to watch a major league baseball game.

He spent much time on the wording of the Wildcat Oath, which pledges sportsmanship, respect for property, and getting along with fellow players and parents. He gave special thought to the final item, which reads: "I shall show respect for all people regardless of their age, race, religion, or beliefs."

"You know," he says reflectively, "it's important for every boy to make the team. Then he knows he belongs." And this impels him to add with complete sincerity: "This is the greatest thing I have ever done."

"Mr. Mac," as he is affectionately known by everyone from employees of Central Soya to fellow corporation presidents, doesn't see why any man of means should have difficulty finding a second career.

All you have to do is enter the service of young people. And what better place to start than in your own community?

Close play in the Wildcat League



"Mr. Mac" with players, coaches, and Carl Erskine, former pitching star



Robert G. Cowan (left), who counseled "Mr. Mac" in setting up program





photograph by Robert Boram

Classic beauty, meticulous attention to comfort, superiority of manufacture are hallmarks of the Lincoln Continental

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