the Continental magazine

Volume 3, Number 1

A Visit to Saint-Paul-de-Vence

A Gourmet's View of San Francisco

Relaxing on a Freighter

Memo to our Readers:

During 1963 the symbol shown here will keynote the theme of the Henry Ford Centennial. The picture is adapted from a painting by Norman Rockwell depicting Henry Ford and his first car in his Detroit workshop. During the Centennial a number of observances will honor this leader among the millions who put America on wheels.

Some notes on contributors to this issue:

It was John Burton Brimer's enviable job to go to Saint-Paul-de-Vence. His visit there was a side venture connected with a tour of European gardens on which he was taking a group of Americans. Gardening is one of his consuming passions and he has lectured on them in many parts of the country, written about them for many magazines and encyclopedias, and discussed them on many tours abroad. His researches will eventually result in a new book on garden design.

Gerald D. Adams, who stuck his neck out to select his favorite San Francisco restaurants, is a newspaperman in that city. From his influential perch he campaigns unflaggingly for good food and against bad. "My critical faculty for food and wine," he writes, "stems from childhood. In my family, dinner was always the high point. My father saw to it that we tasted the best wines and my mother always supplied a fine spread."

Artist-correspondent in World War II and Guggenheim Fellow immediately following, Edward Reep (his paintings illustrate the freighter story) has accumulated many recognitions. He has exhibited at the Whitney Museum in New York and the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, as well as in many celebrated museums on the Coast. His work has been shown in *Life, Fortune,* and *Newsweek,* he has had several one-man shows and is the author of four books on practical aspects of painting and drawing.

Alfred Wright, Jr., is one of the editors of *Sports Illustrated* and for years he has observed (and written about) the inner and outer Arnold Palmer. A graduate of Yale, he used to be movie critic on *Time*. He was also *Time-Life* correspondent in London and western Europe after five years in the Navy. Occasional book reviewer for the *New York Times,* he has written mostly on golf, football, and numerous sports personalities.

the Continental magazine

Volume 3 Number 1 — *February-March, 1963*

Contents

Why Travelers Love Freighters 1
Hannibal Coons

The Incredible Arnold Palmer 4
Alfred Wright, Jr.

Lure of the "Touring Cars" 6
Burgess H. Scott

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners 9

My Seven Favorite Restaurants in San Francisco 10
Gerald D. Adams

Discovering the Splendors of Saint-Paul 14
John Burton Brimer

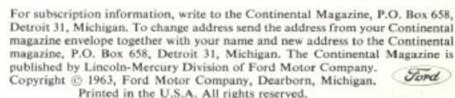
The Second Careers of Charles and Ruth Thompson 17
Charles Pennington

Gallery Passport, Ltd. 19
Felice Lee

Editor-in-Chief	C. H. Dykeman
Editorial Director	Frederic W. Fairfield
Managing Editor	Robert Martin Hodesh
Art Director	John C. Weigel
Assistant Art Director	Donald H. Kendeigh
Technical Editor	Burgess H. Scott
Women's Editor	Nancy Kennedy
Contributing Editor	Richard Barrett
Editorial Consultant	Edmund Ware Smith
Circulation Manager	Edwin C. Stephens

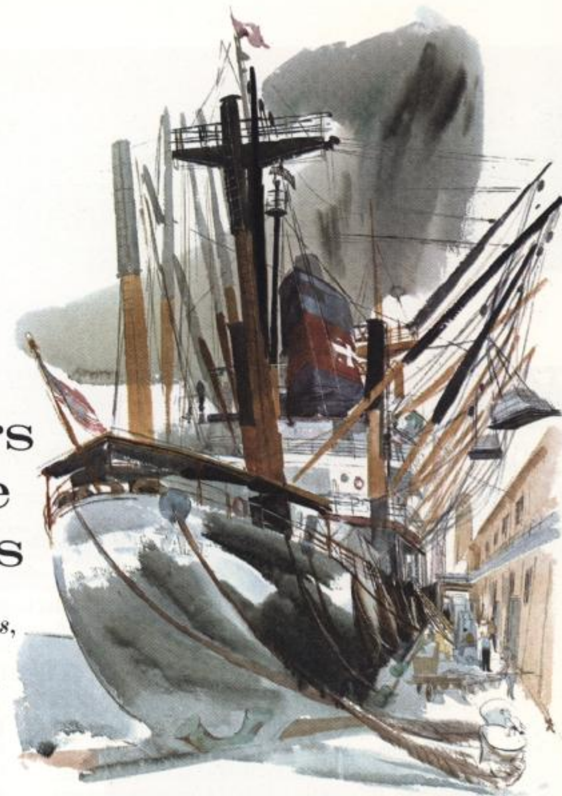
Editorial Board
D. R. Learned, Chairman
Herb Fisher — Robert J. Fisher — Moses Lane

FRONT COVER—The view is from the patio of Saint-Paul's noted restaurant (see page 14) past a flower arrangement that is changed daily by the proprietor's gifted wife. Photograph by Everett E. McGuire, Jr.



For subscription information, write to the Continental Magazine, P.O. Box 658, Detroit 31, Michigan. To change address send the address from your Continental magazine envelope together with your name and new address to the Continental magazine, P.O. Box 658, Detroit 31, Michigan. The Continental Magazine is published by Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company.

Copyright © 1963, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.
Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved.



Why Travelers Love Freighters

No longer rusty tramps, these modern ships offer the comforts of liners—with adventure added

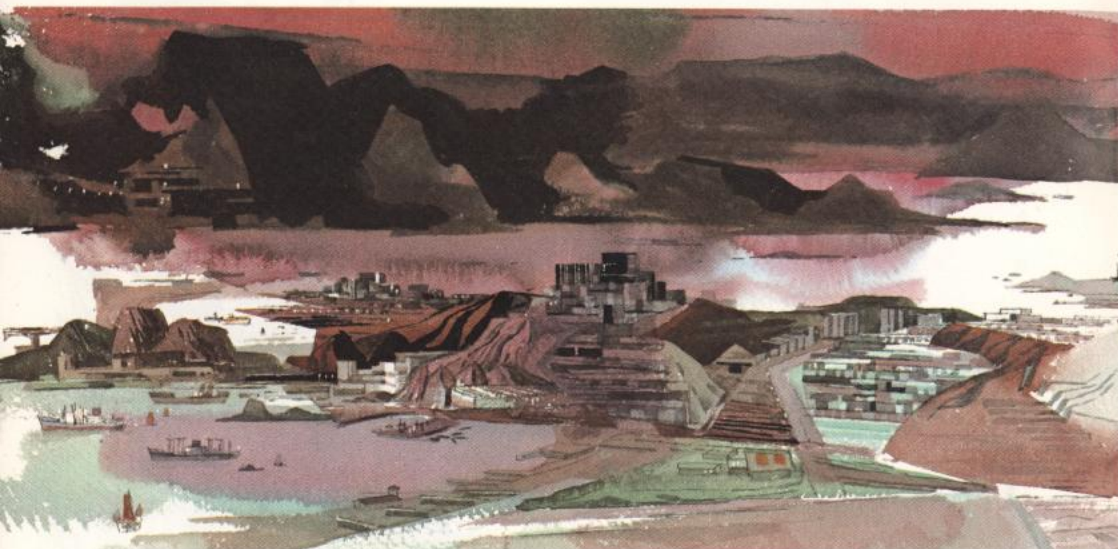
by Hannibal Coons **paintings by Edward Reep**

Crossing the oceans by freighter is a revered form of travel for people who cherish privacy, who have lots of time, and who love travel for its own sake. These are people to whom Bora Bora, Makassar, Puerto Cumarebo, Tamatave, and dozens of other strange ports beckon, but who are as much interested in the voyage itself as in the ports that punctuate it. They are, in a word, travelers.

This is not to say that they would argue against the luxury line that advertises "getting there is half the fun." The line is right, but the difference between the two voyages is one of emphasis. In taking the luxury liner, the traveler chooses the pleasantest way to get to Cherbourg or wherever, but his main purpose is, ultimately, to disembark. The freighter traveler is mainly interested in taking up life on a ship, this life to be interrupted now and again by disembarkation—some place, sometime, but with no special schedules and no special compulsions.

The passenger on a freighter feels more like a guest than someone who pays. He has that wonderful thing called "the run of the ship." He is at home on the bridge as much as in his cabin. The ship's officers—owing to the fact that there are only a dozen passengers—make him a close part of the ship's life, teaching him navigation and other aspects of running the ship. If he chooses not to take lessons in maritime matters, he is free to loll in a deck chair, or play shuffleboard, or organize activities with his fellow passengers if he (or they) feel like it, or just stare at horizons.

Moreover, the passenger is on easy terms with the captain, who will personally arrange car rentals or side excursions in port at the best local prices and who will advance him whatever local currency he may need. And the passenger doesn't stand in lines getting his cards stamped. The landing papers have all been taken



Sooner or later the traveler who chooses freighters will find himself in Hongkong . . .

Passengers are the captain's friends

care of and they're beside his plate at breakfast.

This intimacy between the passenger and the ship has other aspects. On a trip through the Panama Canal, for example, the captain may set his twelve passengers up at tables near the bridge with drinks and food, and they go through the canal like potentates with officers at hand to answer questions. Often the captain is host to a cocktail party before dinner and often he serves coffee in the lounge afterward—as if this were not a freighter at all but the *S.S. France,* first class.

To mention a freighter in the same breath with a luxury liner is not preposterous, although it might have been fifty years ago. Do not for a moment confuse the modern freighter with the romantic tramp steamer of old, the kind that limped off to Singapore with a hold-ful of fertilizer or that John Masefield had in mind when he wrote:

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked
smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

Masefield's boat is a relic of the past. It exists no longer. In its place is the modern freighter, powered by diesel or steam-turbine engines, immaculate from bow to stern, with public rooms and passenger cabins as fine as any afloat. The cabins are, by comparison with other forms of travel, huge. There are lower bunks or twin beds, ample closet space, nearly always a full bath, and all outside rooms with portholes big as windows.

Although a freighter makes its money by transporting cargo, it maintains excellent quarters for passengers, and since the top officers are dined in style anyway, the passengers are also dined in style. In the days when ships were the only way to reach foreign ports, the various lines always made provisions for their company's executives and shippers to go along. Because tradition is strong on the sea, the ships still have these quarters.

How do you arrange a freighter trip? It depends on how much money you want to save. The simplest way is to go to a travel agent and let him do the work. Tickets cost approximately the same as tourist class on a passenger liner.

Freighter *aficionados* sometimes scorn such simplicity. They get a copy of the "Official Steamship & Airway Guide"; all traffic departments in large corporations have this valuable book. They select a freighter line whose itinerary interests them and write a letter on their company letterhead. This is a good procedure because some freighter lines don't deal through travel agencies.

. . . or exploring the watery mysteries of Bangkok . . .

Real freighter travelers go a step further. On long voyages, such as those going around the world, they ship out to Hong Kong or Lisbon, then canvass the freighter lines in those ports and buy the bulk of their tickets there, thus often effecting substantial savings. Also, in those ports one can often join very desirable ships that don't call at American ports.

The character of the lines varies. Some travelers regard Dutch and Scandinavian freighters as best, though this of course is a matter of opinion. The new Japanese freighters are excellent. Italian and Greek freighters can be wonderful. English and French freighters have a certain informal jollity to them. American freighters are—well—American and homey.

. . . between long stretches of ease on deck

There is a certain amount of delightful uncertainty in freighter travel that will appeal to the traveler who has time and a talent for adventure. For example, the freighter company may decide that its ship's engines should be rebuilt in a port where it can be done well and cheaply. The line will then put its passengers up at the best local hotel at no added cost. Or a telephone call may come from the home office ordering a change of route and adding nine ports of call that hadn't previously been mentioned. One time, a couple was on a ship bound for South America when it was ordered to proceed to Africa. The travelers paid nothing extra.

A true freighter voyager has no trouble adjusting to such capriciousness. It is part of the fun. He will be in the company of fellow passengers who are doctors, college professors, wealthy retired people, students, or anyone else who has the time and knows that one of the true pleasures of the world is to be on a ship that assures him privacy and luxury and a leisurely look at remote and wonderful places.

On a freighter there is an intimacy between the passengers and the ship's workings

The Incredible Arnold Palmer

A great golfer explains how the relation between mind and challenge leads him to tournament success

by Alfred Wright, Jr.
photographs by J. G. Zimmerman

Not all of them drop . . . . . . even for Palmer

The greatest miracle (if one may be permitted a small hyperbole) that Arnold Palmer hath wrought in the world of golf during the past several years is the effect he has had on his fellow pros. They were inclined to think that he had quite a lot of luck going with his obvious skill, that a lot of his triumphs might just as readily have come their way if they had been in a similar hot streak. But sometime last spring—let's take the final day of the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas—most of the pros were at last willing to go along with the public and admit that Arnold Palmer was a sporting phenomenon who had an almost supernatural ability to make a golf ball obey his will in moments of crisis. The question is: what does Palmer have that the other golfers don't?

It isn't entirely by whim that one selects the Tournament of Champions. Just to refresh the memory, that was the tournament when Arnold came to the 72nd hole, a long dogleg par-4, needing a birdie to win—assuming that Billy Casper, who was tied with Arnold for the lead after 71 holes and playing in the same pairing with him, got home in par. Arnold sank a 25-foot putt for his birdie-3, while Casper, one of the finest putters ever to play professional golf, two-putted for his par.

After that performance Mike Souchak was heard to say, "Arnold would have driven the ball in the hole from the tee if he'd had to, to win the tournament." And a few days later, Byron Nelson observed that "the pros may say they don't have a fear of Arnold Palmer, but I don't think it's true. Whatever troubles they had before, the unseen nemesis of 'Palmer-itis' has only made it worse."

In other words, the professional tournament golfers were beginning to get the message that there is something about Palmer's golf that transcends his admitted ability to hit the ball exceedingly well.

Palmer's victory at Las Vegas was his second of three in a row. He had won the week before at San Antonio, and he would win again the following week at the Colonial Invitational in Fort Worth. The way those three victories were achieved best explains that something extra that Arnold brings to his golf and what happens to him when he doesn't use it. At San Antonio Gene Littler led Palmer by two strokes with only four holes to play in the final round, so Arnold birdied three of the last four holes to win the tournament by a stroke.

At the Colonial it was an entirely different story. On the basis of his previous lacklustre performances there, people had said that the Colonial Country Club was one course Palmer couldn't play. It was too tight for him. Palmer hadn't wanted to go there in the first place, but once there he had all the challenge he needed; he would prove that he could handle Colonial's narrow, tree-lined fairways. So he went out and shot his first three rounds in 67-72-66 to lead the field by a comfortable three strokes as he started the final round.

It is under such conditions that Palmer usually plays his worst golf. He cases the gallery for friends. He wanders over to the side of the fairway between shots to chat with his wife, Winnie. He watches airplanes flying overhead. The frown is gone from his brow.

During the first seven holes of that final round at the Colonial, Palmer went four strokes over par, and he arrived at the 72nd green needing to sink a shortish putt of about 10 feet for the victory. To everyone's amazement he missed it, winding up with a 76 and a tie with Johnny Pott for first place. The next day Arnold salvaged the tournament in an 18-hole playoff, but he never would have needed to play that extra round if he hadn't lost his concentration.

Yet having won six tournaments by mid-May—half of those he played in – Palmer had convinced his colleagues that when his concentration is fierce he can do things time and again that the rest of them can't seem to pull off under stress. Four of his six victories – at Palm Springs, the Masters, San Antonio, and Las Vegas —had seen him produce awe-inspiring golf for eleventh hour victories.

Earlier this year I had a chance to talk to Palmer about his mental approach to golf, and I allowed as how it was my feeling that the major advantage he had over the other top pros was his intrepid belief that a shot that *had* to succeed *would* succeed. Without claiming any superiority over his fellow golfers, Palmer did concede that he never makes a tournament shot that he doesn't expect to pull off.

"A lot of people criticize the way I gamble on a risky shot when I'm in trouble," Palmer said. "I'll be in the woods somewhere, and there will be just this little opening between branches in the direction of the hole. Whereas a safe way out would allow me to avoid further damage and sacrifice only a stroke, I'm almost always sure to play through the small opening. The reason I do it is that I honestly believe it will work."

These two qualities in Palmer—his ability to achieve total concentration when he needs to win and his belief that he will prevail—are the twin pillars on which his enormous success is built. It also seems fairly obvious that were it not for Palmer's great powers of concentration, the belief in himself would go for naught. For that reason I think a great many golfers, and perhaps non-golfers as well, would find it interesting to hear what Palmer has had to say about his methods of achieving full concentration. This self-analysis was printed last summer in "The Observer," one of the British Sunday newspapers, just before Arnold's great victory in the British Open:

"For me," Palmer said, "concentration means, above all, a relationship between your mind and the challenge, and the most important thing about that relationship is relaxation, not tension, the free flow of self, not the inhibition of it, something creative, not destructive, something spontaneous, not enforced . . .

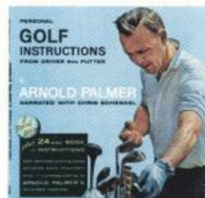
"The big three things a golfer must do are the same as many other athletes must do; he must hit harder and straighter than his opponent—power and precision. And power made precise is concentration—those are the big three."

Palmer then went on to describe how, before a big tournament, he gets his mind ready for the major effort that such concentration demands. "I start what I call concentrating several days before the tournament," he said. "The essence of the thing is that I want to be left to do what I want to do when I want to do it . . . I don't want to have to meet people, read things or think about anything systematically—including golf. It's not 'not thinking' that I want to do, it's that I don't want to *have* to think about anything . . .

"I arrange to shut out everything that might get in my way. Four days

Continued on page 9

See Arnold Palmer and Gary Player on Lincoln-Mercury's hour-long television show, "Challenge Golf," on the ABC Network Saturdays at 2:30 P.M. (EST) and Sundays at noon (consult local TV listings for variations).



Record Album

Lesson Book

Exclusive coupon offer for CONTINENTAL magazine recipients—

PERSONAL GOLF INSTRUCTIONS

LP record album by Arnold Palmer, star of Lincoln-Mercury's "Challenge Golf" *television show*

America's outstanding golf professional takes you step by step—from first tee to final hole—driver through putter—with stroke analysis and tips to improve your game. Two-record long-playing album and illustrated 24-page lesson book. *Only $2.95 plus 40¢ postage and handling.* Cut out, mail the coupon below.

Please find enclosed my check or money order for______album(s) "Personal Golf Instructions by Arnold Palmer" at $3.35 each which includes postage and handling. Make check payable to: Arnold Palmer Golf Instructions.

Name____________________
(Please print)

Address____________________

City__________ State__________

SEND TO: Arnold Palmer Golf Instruction
P. O. Box 5368, Detroit 11, Michigan

Lure of the "Touring Cars"

Today only Lincoln Continental offers a model in the rich tradition of the phaeton—a four-door convertible

by Burgess H. Scott   photographs by Robert Boram

If it weren't for the four-door Continental convertible of the present day, little would remain of "the great days of touring" but memories, nostalgia, and a few carefully preserved antiques. The Continental convertible is the sole heir to this great tradition of motoring not only because of its four doors, but because of its great beauty and because no other car like it is being made in America today.

Ask anyone over fifty his fondest recollections of bygone automotive days and he will tell you it is of the phaetons, tourers, and other open cars rolling over the open roads. The 1963 Continental convertible preserves the elegance of those revered cars in a 1960s styling interpretation and adds to it the electrical, hydraulic, and electronic conveniences that make it an engineering marvel. Owners of early-day phaetons, for example, scanned the horizon with a weather eye and raised and lowered the top by hand. The owner of a Continental convertible flicks a switch and four electric motors tuck the top into a compartment below the rear deck, concealing it beneath a waterproof covering. This is only one of many Continental marvels.

A backward glance shows that the predecessor of the Continental and all other open-body models was the horsedrawn phaeton, a four-wheeled carriage with open sides, and frequently with a top that could be lowered or raised. It always connoted distinction. The lines and appointments were so inviting that often the proud owner would dismiss his coachman to other chores and take up the reins himself.

A vehicle of such elegance called for a name of equal elegance and phaeton was chosen because of Phaeton in Greek mythology, the son of Helios, the sun god, who took his father's chariot on a grand ride across the heavens. Grandeur and phaetons have always been associated with one another. The countrysides of many lands resounded with the clop of a lively pair or two pulling their silent phaeton under the reins of a country squire or his teenage son.

The inclination of owners to drive their open vehicles themselves carried over into the automobile age, and the black-putteed chauffeur who succeeded the coachman was more or less relegated to custodianship of the closed cars. However, many chauffeurs were completely in charge of a family's transportation requirements, even including purchase of the automobiles. J. P. Morgan never met a representative of Brunn & Company of Buffalo, coachbuilder for his Lincoln chassis. The coachwork negotiations were handled by Morgan's head chauffeur.

There was some overlapping of chauffeur duties and owner-driving sentiment in the case of the phaetons. Sometimes the chauffeur was brought along on an open car ride, not to drive, but to be a symbol of affluence.

Ralph Stein's handsome volume, *Treasury of the Automobile,* has an example of this in a large double-spread picture of a young-man-about-town in the early 1920's at the wheel of his solid hardwood Hispano-Suiza phaeton, his Panama hat turned up in front and down in back, cruising the boulevard and eyeing the ladies, with his fully liveried chauffeur sitting at attention in the tonneau.

F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote his novel, "The Great Gatsby," during the heyday of the phaeton, and expressed the feel of this vehicle thus:

"... Gatsby's gorgeous car lurched up the rocky drive to my door and gave out with a burst of melody from its three-noted horn.

" . . . It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat boxes and tool boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of wind-shields that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory, we started to town."

Hermann A. Brunn, founder of the Brunn & Company mentioned earlier, had been retained by Henry M. Leland, first manufacturer of the Lincoln, to design bodies for the Lincoln make. When Henry Ford bought out Leland in 1922, the same arrangement with Brunn was carried on, and the Brunn firm, ranking with Dietrich, Judkins, LeBaron, and others of the famous American body craftsmen, devoted about eighty per cent of its output to Lincoln chassis until the company was liquidated in 1942.

It is interesting to note that Hermann C. Brunn, son of the Brunn company founder, is associated with the styling staff of Ford Motor Company. He is concerned with the upholstery of Continentals and is responsible for the top-grade American steer hides that are pleated into the standard upholstery of each 1963 Continental convertible.

The leather is placed on the seating surfaces with edgings and facings of matching crinkle-grain vinyl, and is available in seven solid colors and a black-and-white combination.

The vinyl-covered, three-ply top can be ordered in blue, black, and white, to harmonize with the leather upholstery color selected.

Possibly the most exciting thing about the Continental convertible is the way it has been bred to point up in a modern setting all of the verve

1922 Lincoln touring car (body by Brunn) with family dog in riding position

The 1932 Lincoln double-cowl phaeton (body by Dietrich) in mint motoring condition

Photograph by Carroll Seghers, II

The modern four-door Continental convertible is regarded as a classic-in-the-making

of its open-car forebears. With the top down, this convertible has one of the smartest low profiles you've ever seen—it's only three feet high at the beltline (top of the doors). With its top up, it's only a few inches higher.

All of the hand-powered conveniences that a driver was concerned with in the early days, and those that were later thought of, have been energized in the Continental convertible to the extent that a total of thirty-four electric, electronic, hydraulic, and other modern, engine-like devices have been incorporated into this car as mechanical servants. From your position at the wheel of this car you can, by manipulation of your controls, raise and lower the top, elevate your radio antenna, call on vacuum motors for controlling the interior heat, activate a vacuum system to lock your doors, shift your gears, and move your seat six ways.

If you choose to buy your convertible with an air conditioner, one of the very few accessories not standard on the Continental, you will add another electric motor which governs the amount of pure air you wish inside your car. The Continental has few accessories because practically everything you can think of comes on the car when you buy it.

The doors of your Continental convertible latch against a strong stub post in the center of the car structure, the front doors being hinged forward, and the rear doors being hinged aft, both closing with a satisfying noise that sounds like "luck."

In reviving the great art of the phaeton, the Continental designers and engineers realized that the stability of an open car was somewhat less than that of the closed car because it lacked the rigidity of a solid roof. The torques of open-car driving could impose strains which the lower structure alone must endure.

With the creation of the 1963 Continental four-door convertible, an interesting solution to this problem was found. Knowing the tendency of a non-upper-supported body to react unsatisfactorily to modern driving habits, the Lincoln engineers availed themselves of a few laws of physics. The same laws led telegraph and telephone companies to hang spring-loaded weights on their wires to sway in the direct opposite of wind-whipped lines; the weights cancel out the loops otherwise formed. Continental's convertible is equipped with comparable devices. These are weights, dampered into the springing system of the car, which cancel out hard bumps by methodically nullifying any harsh motions from the springs and shock absorbers. The dampers make it possible to eliminate 300 or more pounds of underbody structure that would otherwise be necessary.

These behind-the-scenes aspects of convertible Continental are important factors in its comfort and durability but they are obviously not the first impression it gives. What impresses the owner or prospective owner first is that here is the most beautiful convertible in America—perhaps in the world—and that along with its beauty it carries the weight of a grand tradition.

Try to imagine the American automotive scene without the Continental convertible and you will be imagining a scene with considerably less distinction than it now has.

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

O. H. Frisbie, president of the O. H. Frisbie Moving & Storage Company in Detroit, is known as a progressive mover. His techniques have been influential, especially in connection with the transportation of fine arts and costly furniture.

Frisbie began his business career by peddling ice during school vacations while at the University of Detroit in the early thirties. From ice he extended to furniture, using an old truck he bought with a $65 loan. Today his two large warehouses have more than a million cubic feet of storage space. "O. H." (only his closest confidants know what the initials stand for) is also in his third term as president of Atlas Van-Lines, Inc., a national association of three hundred moving firms.

Frisbie was one of the first movers in the country to build one-story warehouses for household goods. He also originated "Seal-A-Vault" storage, a system in which goods are sealed at the home—not to be opened until the whole vault is taken to the owner's new residence.

A member of prominent Detroit clubs, Frisbie has never forgotten his early days as an ice peddler. A few years ago, his employes gave him an anniversary gift—his old ice tongs, beautifully silver-plated. They are on the wall behind his desk.

The internationally famous partnership between Boston and baked beans began long before Robert A. Friend appeared on the scene, but he is one of the reasons why it has continued happily. He and his cousin, Walter A., operate Friend Brothers, Inc., one of the largest canners of baked beans in the country.

The firm began with Walter Friend's father, who established a bakery on the outskirts of Boston in 1892 and delivered baked beans by horse-drawn wagon. The present owners revolutionized the baked bean business by proving that baked beans could be canned without sacrificing old-fashioned flavor. They designed and built the necessary machinery, and in 1918 presented their product to the public.

Baked beans were the traditional Sunday dinner of Puritan times because they could be prepared on Saturday and eaten on the Sabbath when work was forbidden. With the relaxation of strict Sunday observances, baked beans became a Saturday night tradition, and this is what the Friends have aided and abetted.

The Incredible Arnold Palmer

Continued from page 5

of this and your ordinary mind, the mind that thinks about the kids and the bills and the airplane tickets, gets cleared out. Peace of mind, whatever you like to call it, is arranged for on the conscious level, but the point of doing it is that it produces effects on the unconscious level. You just feel right though you don't know why or what you feel right about . . ."

Palmer then listed some of the distractions a golfer has to fight against, particularly when things aren't going well. As he once said on another occasion, "There's no difficulty about concentrating when everything is going right for you." He told how he shuts out these distractions.

"You just recite to yourself the few basic rules of golf that any kid knows," he explained, "and you try to relax even more because you know you've begun to get tense. That's what has been causing the trouble. If you recover your peace of mind, your tolerance, you hit a beauty, then you sink an unexpected putt and the crowd roars, and the next day the papers say that suddenly Palmer pulled himself together, got a grip on himself, made a mighty effort, concentrated, recovered and won.

"But Palmer didn't pull himself together, get a grip on himself and make a mighty effort. On the contrary, Palmer saw what was happening and *relaxed*. You can only do this, though, when you are sufficiently on terms with yourself, when you tell yourself gently that you are in top form, win or lose.

"Concentration. Concentration means standing back over a period of several days and kind of regrouping. If I can do that, I can cope with anything that comes up. If I lose, then it's because a better man beat me, not because I beat myself.

"Concentration is trying to rediscover and regroup your personal resources and match them to the challenge well before the crisis comes."

It's not easy for Palmer or anyone else to describe these abstractions in precise language, but the remarks quoted above put it about as well as one could expect a man to explain his mental processes. Palmer's record of consistent superiority over his peers during the past three years, especially in a profession that defies consistency, certainly indicates that he has some advantage other than his ability to swing the golf club more efficiently. And that advantage is in the mind, in his genius for disciplining the mind.

My Seven Favorite Restaurants in San Francisco

A long-time connoisseur of food dares to narrow the field in a city renowned for its cuisine

by Gerald D. Adams

photographs by William C. Eymann

To select a list of "best" restaurants in any city, let alone San Francisco, is to invite argument. Here, where cuisine plays such a large role, there are strong opinions, and one person's choices are bound to seem outrageous to another, not so much for what's on the list as for what isn't.

While this article is hardly begun I can hear the shouts of protest: Where is Ernie's? Ondine? Fleur-de-Lys? The Blue Fox? Amelio's? These places are justly famous locally, nationally, and internationally, but the ones chosen and discussed here made the list solely on the basis of the author's criteria and tastes, as here defined. Undoubtedly, no other lover of good food would have chosen exactly the same ones. There are, after all, 1,357 dining places in San Francisco. Of these, 106 have been praised in print by various gourmet writers in recent years, and if any of these were to open a branch in any other major American city, there would, I dare say, be lines stretching down the block.

Thus, to narrow the gourmet list to seven is a difficult and risky (though pleasant) business. I have done it by the strictest application of a rigid set of principles. Here are my choices:

La Bourgogne, 320 Mason Street
Jack's, 615 Sacramento Street
Tadich Grill, 545 Clay Street
Oreste's, 118 Jones Street
Nam Yuen, 740 Washington Street
Mingei-Ya, 2033 Union Street
Kan's, 708 Grant Avenue

My first consideration is the food; second, the service; third, the atmosphere. Is the taste of each dish delectable? Do you crave to taste it again? It is cooked exactly right? Is it free of defects? Is the cooking "honest"?

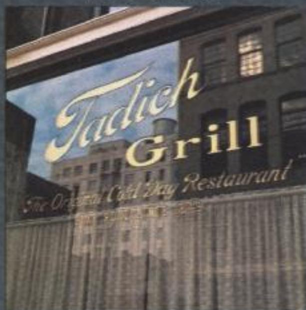
What is "dishonest" cooking? Here is a hypothetical example:

Three waiters wheel in a whole suckling pig that has been cooked while sealed in an earthenware casing. With a silver saw, they cut open the container and expose the culinary achievement within. The pig has white truffles for ears, mushrooms and olives for eyes, and it rests in lavish garnish of wild rice and *pâté de foie gras*. Spectacular, yes. But the sauce tastes of catsup and store-

Just off the beaten path of Grant Avenue, Nam Yuen is favored by well-to-do Chinese and other residents of the city. Included in the dishes shown above are jumbo prawns and chicken giblets with liche nuts and water chestnuts

The great Italian food, the wine cellar, and the boundless charm make Oreste's one of this city's most appealing restaurants

When San Franciscans crave superb food and superb food only, their thoughts turn to Tadich Grill, whose only atmosphere is its age



bought seasonings. This is dishonest cooking—food that looks far better than it tastes.

Honest cooking may be found at La Bourgogne. Although open less than two years, it has become San Francisco's high temple of *haute cuisine*. Its appointments are as elegant as its food. Satin draperies cover the walls. Waiters wear white tie and tails. A silver plate is at each diner's place. Chafing dishes wheeled to the tables serve food piping hot.

Even with so trivial an item as the sautéed potatoes that garnish a kidney dish, the chefs take the trouble to brown each tiny, round spud to an even toast color on all sides. Waiters are schooled in the kitchen and each is responsible for no more than three tables. This gives them the background and time to describe the various dishes to the diner who is trying to make up his mind.

One waiter helped me discover the *quenelles de homard en feuilleté, façon du chef*. Pieces of shelled lobster, precooked in a subtle sauce, are baked inside a zesty-flavored yet air-light pastry. These *feuilletées* float on a shallow lake of sauce, delicately blended of fish stock, cream, white wine, and seasonings.

Although Jean Lapuyade, host at La Bourgogne, keeps an American behind the bar to satisfy his customers' tastes in martinis, it is advisable to limit cocktail consumption. Even without a pre-dinner highball, I consumed nearly half of my *rognons de veau Masséna* before gaining full appreciation of the accompanying red wine sauce.

For a table-side spectacle and equally spectacular taste sensations, order the pressed duck (usually not listed on the menu). The *soufflé Grand Marnier*, which is prepared before your eyes and takes half an hour, makes a memorable dessert.

Jack's Restaurant, founded in 1864, is still run by a French (Alsace-Lorraine) family, the Redingers, who have been in charge since 1903. The place exudes the same quiet elegance as does Antoine's in New Orleans, yet it is devoid of affectation. The same cane bottom chairs, the same type of plain, printed menu, have been used since the 1906 earthquake. There is no hat check girl, no foyer.

The chicken with artichokes and

mushrooms at Jack's has a sauce beyond compare. Yet the dish is prepared rather simply: the disjointed fowl is sautéed in butter, following which shallots, sherry, and other ingredients are added. Other superlative items here are mock turtle soup with sherry and sole Marguery with shrimp and crab.

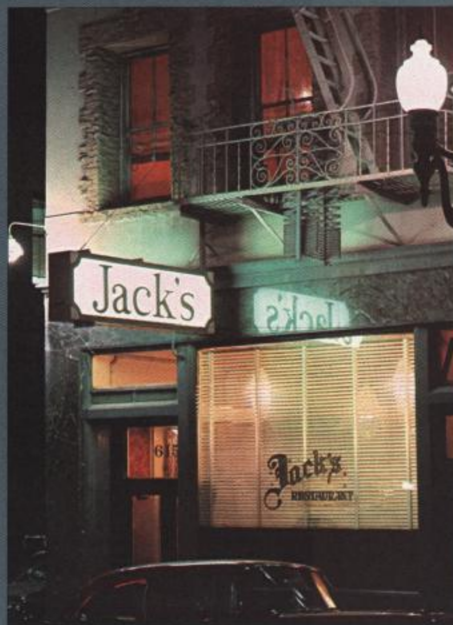
A San Francisco restaurant specialty is fried cream, little squares of custard fried and then flamed with brandy for desert. Nowhere is it better than at Jack's. The best California vintages are found in the wine cellar here. This is a good place to sample the White Pinot from the little Souverain Vineyard, rarely repplesented on the city's wine lists.

The Tadich Grill is so utterly lacking in atmosphere that only its fine food can explain its fame. The best sea food of San Francisco is found here in this century-old restaurant that remains unconcernedly dowdy. A kitchen fire here several years ago, at a time when several other old-time restaurants were redecorating with crystal chandeliers and red carpets, gave the Buich brothers an opportunity to do likewise, but they restored Tadich's exactly the way it was. The fish is usually treated in the "purist" manner, broiled or fried to perfection. Rex sole, which is to San Franciscans what Dover sole is to Londoners and Parisians, gets breaded and crisply browned, yet its moist, delicate, white flesh is brought only to the flaky stage.

A hearty masterpiece is the sea bass baked in casserole with crab, rice, and mushrooms. Portions are so enormous that waiters actually discourage you from ordering a first course. If you say you want to sample the chowder and sea food salad, they advise you to return for lunch.

There are scores of good Italian restaurants in the San Francisco Bay area, but the best of them in my opinion is Oreste's, a small establish-

The Japanese authenticity of sitting shoeless on the floor while the food is being prepared at the table is optional at Mingei-Ya



Jack's channels its many talents towards food alone (Pacific lobster and sole Marguery shown above) and leaves the atmosphere to others

A small place, La Bourgogne's food, wine, and service give it rank with many of the finest French restaurants

Kan's, without peer for Chinese food, is also celebrated among diners-in-the-know

ment decorated with oil paintings of European scenes, wine bottles, and baskets. Its food is of northern Italy and is plain by comparison with the heavily garlicked, tomato-sauced and olive-oiled dishes found elsewhere.

At Oreste's, one enjoys the light touch. The *scampi* are to dream about. These large shrimp, as juicy as though they had just been fished out of the Mediterranean, are gently sautéed (not browned) in butter, white wine, and lemon juice with a little chopped parsley – a perfectly balanced combination of these ingredients. That king of pasta dishes, *fettucine*, here gets a simple but regal anointing with cream, butter, Parmesan cheese, and a touch of nutmeg.

In the field of scallopines, Oreste's chef applies a tender touch to his *piccata*, thin slices of milk-fed veal that are cooked in butter and lemon juice to just the right degree of tenderness and piquancy. The dish is served with a mountain of freshly sautéed mushrooms.

I've heard it said that the Chinese were developing their culinary skills while our ancestors (including our French ones) were still up in trees. At the Nam Yuen Restaurant, even the lowliest vegetable exemplifies skill developed through the centuries.

A certain dish served here has been described as lobster with Chinese broccoli. That is a masterpiece of gastronomic understatement. Steamed morsels of the shellfish float in a glazed sauce with crisp, long branches of the vegetable. Here also is the place to taste Mongolian lamb, which by Cantonese standards is unusually spicy and includes hints of ginger and curry in a slightly sweet onion sauce. Black mushrooms with shredded crab are another specialty. It is well to ask the manager, Donald Mar, for help in ordering a dinner to balance the spicier foods with the blander items. And insist on eating in the wood-paneled dining room.

In choosing places to dine, one ought not to be especially influenced by trappings hung on a restaurant's walls, or by exquisitely gardened entrances. But no appetite can help but be favorably alerted by the charm of the Mingei-Ya, a Japanese country-style restaurant with a white-pebble garden in the antique-shop neighborhood of Cow Hollow.

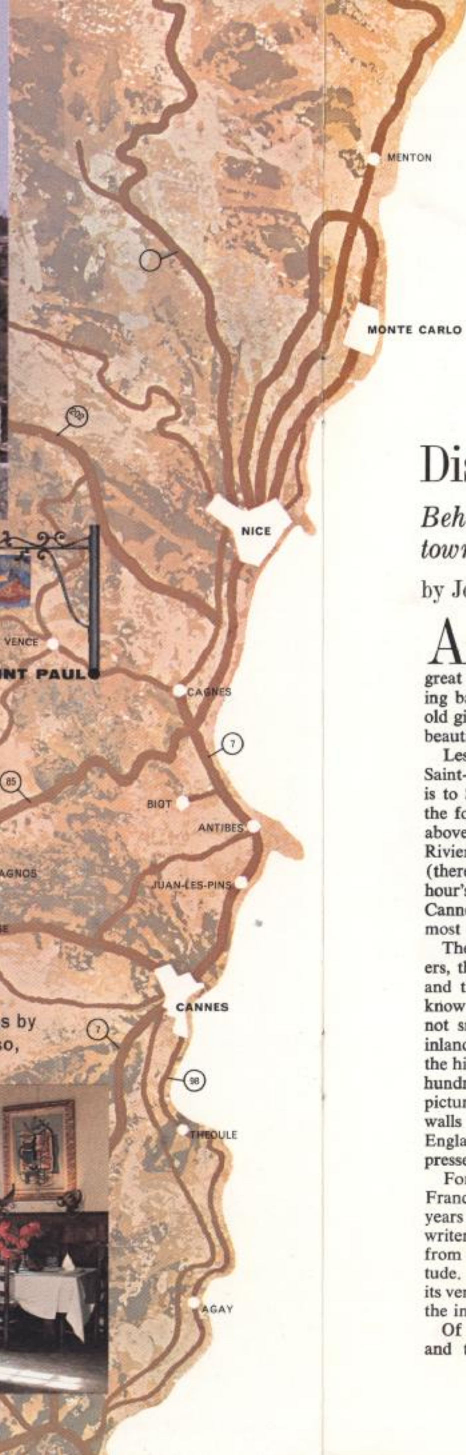
Miyo (who is of Japanese-Irish ancestry) and her husband, Russ Rudzinski (who is of Lithuanian background), learned Japanese cooking when he was stationed overseas with the Navy. The flavor of their *o-mizutaki* is unlike anything in the ordinary Sino-Japanese menus. It is a delight to watch its preparation. The costumed waitress prepares a broth of beef, mushrooms, bamboo shoots, bean cake, and spinach or chrysanthemum leaves on a brass charcoal stove by your table. When the ingredients are cooked, she serves them in an exotically flavored sauce. Another specialty here is the way Miyo and Russ prepare *sashimi*—thin, raw slices of white tuna which you dunk in a sauce of grated fresh Japanese radish and green mustard. Mingei-Ya closes during February to enable its owners to enjoy a month of skiing.

Johnny Kan is a leader in the campaign against chroming and neon-lighting San Francisco's Chinatown. He has been just as active in acquainting the Occidental community with the delights of classic Chinese cuisine, adapting his menu for greater comprehension by Westerners and including on it a huge variety of delicacies.

Kan's offers the most elegant atmosphere in Chinatown and the best service (lazy susans on each table). The Peking duck, a crackly-skinned fowl that has been barbecued with honey and spices, is Kan's specialty, but must be ordered in advance. Any dish prepared with his black bean sauce is bound to be superb, whether the chef adds this to rock cod, lobster, or crab. Try to visit here during early spring when both the local crab and asparagus are in season, for these two foods attain their highest glory in the hands of a fine Chinese chef. Kan's dish labeled Gourmet Vegetables is mouth-watering.

Here you have my seven favorite restaurants in San Francisco and a few of the reasons why they were chosen. There could easily be twenty such lists, without duplication, and no doubt they could be fervently defended. For myself, however, I want no contention. After the Herculean job of making selections by actual ordering, I wish only for a culinary vacation of, perhaps, a boiled egg and some tea.

Above the old walls, the tower of a thirteenth-century Gothic church dominates the skyline. The sign says: "No speed. No noise"



The dining terrace of The Golden Dove

In the dining rooms are pictures by Braque, Léger, Rouault, Picasso, and other modern masters

A Braque mosaic looks down on the swimming pool; at right is a Léger mural

Discovering the Splendors of Saint-Paul

Behind the Riviera the sophisticated motorist will find a medieval town with splendid rewards in food and art

by John Burton Brimer photographs by Everett E. McGuire, Jr.

A letter from a tourist in Europe said, "Saint-Paul is one of the great experiences of France, and going back is like visiting some grand old girl and finding that she is just as beautiful as ever."

Lest anyone be startled to have Saint-Paul called a girl, the reference is to Saint-Paul-de-Vence, a town in the foothills of the Alpes-Maritimes, above the Côte d'Azur on the French Riviera. This particular Saint-Paul (there are others in France) is an hour's drive from either Nice or Cannes and is so tiny that only the most detailed maps show it.

The most sensitive kind of travelers, those with an eye for the subtle and the profound and the enduring, know that the best of the Riviera is not smack on the water's edge, but inland among the medieval towns in the hills, where there are olive groves hundreds of years old, tiny farms with picturesque stone buildings, stone walls so old they make those of New England seem raw, and somber cypresses bent into beauty by the wind.

For all practical purposes southern France was discovered some fifty years ago by painters, sculptors, and writers, who began coming down from Paris in search of sun and solitude. They have made little dent on its venerable appeals, despite cars and the increase in population.

Of all the towns that lie this way and that among the ancient hills, basking in age and splendors, none is more appealing than Saint-Paul. The creative people who have settled here feel at home, reestablishing the town as the cultural center it was before the French Revolution. Nobility favored it, a fact attested to by the armorial bearings that surmount many doorways. Today the sun gilds the orderly jumble of houses, flowing with loving warmth over fortified walls which were completed by Francis I in 1540 and glistening on tinkling fountains which spout into age-old basins.

You will stroll through this town. Cars are not allowed. They couldn't get in, anyway—the streets are too narrow. Besides, only pedestrians have the time to appreciate the delicate geometric motifs or daisy-petal patterns of the pebble mosaic paving, the greatness of the architecture, the tiny squares where the fountains whisper, the overwhelming wonders that result from the preservation of buildings both beautiful and old.

From the town gate in the wall you will wend your way to the church on the hill and by the time you reach it you will be in a mood to appreciate the thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Gothic building, which has been designated a historical monument and is protected by the state. Within its seventeenth-century chapel are a good many religious paintings, eight silver reliquaries, a fifteenth-century figure of the martyred St. Sebastian, and a magnificently-sculptured black Virgin.

The return to the town gate should, of course, be by a different route, to admire other sights, or possibly to browse in one of the town's art galleries, where paintings by local contemporary artists are on view — paintings that may some day be classics of French art.

Assuming that the stroll has taken place before lunch or dinner, the return is to another of the splendors of Saint-Paul, the *Auberge de la Colombe d'Or*—the Inn of the Golden Dove. Here, in a very old setting, the visitor will sample two aspects of modern French culture: great food and great art.

The Colombe d'Or was established by the late Paul Roux some forty years ago in a few old houses at the town gates. Painters summering or living nearby ate here or stayed at the inn. If all the names of the great ones were listed on the door of the *auberge*, it wouldn't be big enough to hold them all.

As the artists talked and theorized, argued and practiced, M. Roux listened and watched and became their friend. He came to understand the paintings and began to acquire some

Medieval houses frame a view of the valley beyond the old walls

of them. The collection is one that any museum would be proud to own.

It includes Matisse, Picasso, Chagall, Léger, Hartung, Braque, Laurençin, Dufy, and many others. Part of it, valued at $600,000, has the distinction of having been stolen and returned—the first in a series of fine arts thefts which have plagued the police of Europe and America in recent years.

It was on April 1, 1960 (but no joke), that three men broke into the darkened inn and made off with twenty paintings. Ransom notes came, demanding money and threatening destruction of the paintings. Young François Roux, the present owner, turned all the notes over to the police, and soon, in a hideaway in Nice, the three were rounded up and put under arrest.

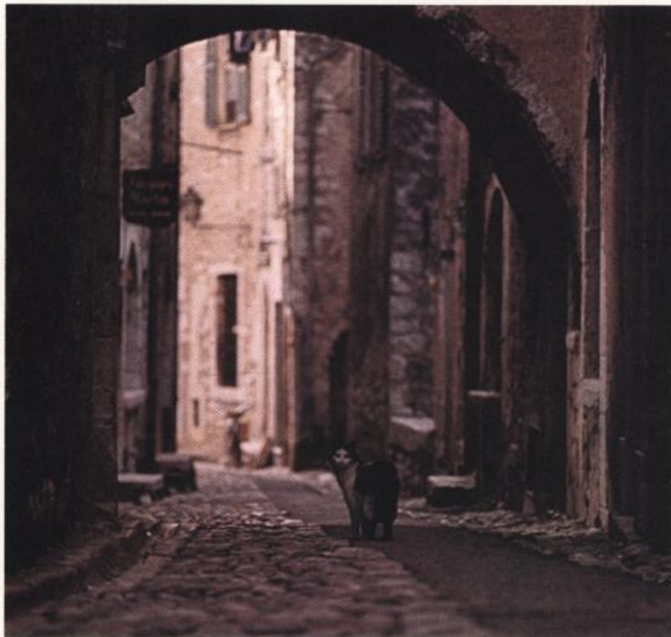
But there was no trace of the paintings. Then, one morning ten months after the theft, the police commissioner at Marseille got a baggage check in the mail with a note telling him to go to the railroad station checkroom and "get a surprise." He was indeed astonished. Nineteen of the paintings were in a large package, but the twentieth was missing and still is.

The paintings are now on view again, well protected with an alarm system, vying for the visitors' attention with a glorious view of hills, vineyards, and orchards—and with the food.

The Colombe d'Or is a great restaurant which specializes in Provençal food. Its cuisine is not complicated but consists of traditional neighborhood dishes which the chef has transformed into gourmet dishes by enhancing the piquancy of simple, natural flavors. The *volaille de Bresse rotie à la broche de feu de bois*, or the *omelette Provençale*, and the *tarte de la mère Roux* for dessert—these are memorable foods.

If you have stopped for dinner, you can stay on the terrace and watch the hills change color from moment to moment as the twilight deepens, and you will realize without doubt, as the letter said, that Saint-Paul-de-Vence is one of the great experiences of France.

In Saint-Paul's pebbled streets a cat emphasizes the silence



Some of the streets are so steep that they were built in steps

The Second Careers of Charles and Ruth Thompson

They gave up security for the kind of life they really wanted

by Charles Pennington
photographs by George Hull

On the evening of Thursday, June 11, 1953, Charles Thompson said to his wife, Ruth, "I'm not going to work tomorrow."

She was pleased, "Good," she said. "We can take a weekend trip somewhere."

"As a matter of fact," Charles continued, "I'm not going to work Monday, either, I handed in my resignation today."

It was a momentous announcement for two people well into middle age. Ruth paused as she put dishes into the dishwasher. She had entertained thirty women that evening at a bridal shower and Charles had dined downtown to avoid the hen party. Her husband's news was important but it did not come as a shock to her because they had discussed it from time to time for a couple of years.

But it meant a turning point in their lives, the end of an era. It meant giving up their home in fashionable Bloomfield Hills, a suburb of Detroit, and many friends. It meant starting life all over again probably in a different income bracket, in a different locale, doing entirely new work—at Charles' age of 59. It was something they both wanted, however, and looked forward to with a sense of adventure.

For eleven years Charles had been a top executive at Parker-Wolverine Company in Detroit. He was cost accountant, office manager, and a member of the executive committee for the company, which produced a variety of parts for the automobile industry. He had held a number of other posts in the industry dating back to 1919. Now he was tired of it. He foresaw the absorption of Parker-Wolverine by Udylite Corporation and decided the time had come to embark upon his second career.

Their friends couldn't understand it, but actually the Thompsons were bored with their way of life. They were restless with a desire to make some more positive contribution to life in their remaining years.

Now Charles Crawford Thompson is an assistant professor of economics and business administration at the University of Chattanooga. He likes teaching immensely and maintains an easy, informal relationship with his students.

"They say the business world couldn't possibly be as tough as I paint it," he says with a grin. "But I spent a lot of years in that world and I know there is a lot to be learned about it that isn't printed in the textbooks. I couldn't send those youngsters out there in good conscience without teaching them all I can about the rough spots. There's a lot of satisfaction in watching them gradually comprehend the economic facts of life."

Ruth Thompson has made a second career of her own in Chattanooga. She and five of her friends, recognizing a great need for an organized effort on behalf of the elderly, launched a movement known as Senior Neighbors two years ago. Ruth, as president of its council, devotes much of her time to its five-day weekly program, which includes classes in foreign languages, crafts, bridge, dancing, and other subjects. There are now more than 1,200 members and the list is growing steadily.

"More than money, more than medical care, these people need to feel useful and wanted," Ruth says. "Their big battle is against loneliness, and Senior Neighbors helps them win that battle."

Formerly a commercial artist, Ruth has taken up painting again and now has more demand for her oil portraits than she has time to fill. She has contributed some outstanding murals to Chattanooga's Children's Hospital and to the university.

The transition to their new life was not easy for the Thompsons. They had considered it many times

The Thompsons at home. Ruth's portrait of Charles is on the easel

Skilled with his home tools . . .

. . . and with his students at the University of Chattanooga

and both knew they wanted a change, but they hadn't decided to what and where. In October, 1952, they attended a weekend Episcopal retreat at Parishfield, a church-owned farm about twenty-five miles from Detroit. It was there that, arriving at their decisions separately, they determined to embark upon a new life.

When some of their friends among the Episcopal clergy learned of their decision they urged them to accept lay posts in the church organization. Blue Ridge School, operated by the church in St. George, Virginia, asked them to be house-parents in a boy's dormitory, with Charles also to serve as a teacher or staff accountant.

But Charles, born September 23, 1894, at Newton, North Carolina, the son of William Haven and Emma Lewis Clapp Thompson, had not finished college and he wanted a degree. World War I interrupted his studies at the University of New Hampshire and when it was over he didn't return to school.

A month before he resigned his job at Parker-Wolverine he had written to the University of Chicago, inquiring about the possibility of obtaining a degree. His thirst for knowledge had made him an inveterate night school student through the years, and after considerable negotiation with the university, he was accepted as a student.

He took a comprehensive examination, and his grades, based on his former college work, night school and his business experience, qualified him for a bachelor's degree in all but two subjects. He made them up while studying economics and business administration. He was graduated – with his two daughters and their families present—in June of 1955, receiving his bachelor's and master's degrees at the same time.

Ruth, who had spent the two years at Chicago working as the university's information director, received her bachelor's degree in the same ceremony. A native of Haverhill, Massachusetts, she had majored in art at the Massachusetts Institute of Art, but had left before she graduated to marry Charles. She completed her credits at Chicago.

Charles and Ruth had sold their home in Bloomfield Hills and divided most of their household furnishings between their daughters. They were ready for a new life and second careers. He had decided to have a try at college teaching. He wanted to go back to the South, so he mailed printed inquiry forms to a hundred colleges—state universities excepted—in Southern states. He narrowed down the replies to five schools—two in Tennessee, two in North Carolina, and one in Kentucky. With Ruth, he set out to visit them, but after reaching Chattanooga, their third stop, they decided immediately to accept that offer. They liked the town, they liked the people, and they liked the university.

A year ago the Thompsons built a home on Lookout Mountain. They designed it themselves as a "functional house for old people" as well as a lovely residence. They delight in working around the place and have made it attractive and bright with a profusion of summer and fall flowers. Although he is now sixty-eight, Charles rigged up a block-and-tackle and hauled huge stones up the mountainside to make a terrace wall and to line two lily ponds. This past summer he laid a brick patio and he has just completed the addition of a second bathroom and a garage-workroom to the house. He did all but the plumbing himself.

"I could make a living with my hands if I had to," he says, eyeing his handiwork with pride.

Peter Fingesten discusses Picasso's "Femme dans un Fauteuil" at Perls Gallery

Vivin's "La Noce Bretonne" at Perls and (below) a tour entering the Carlebach Gallery

Now you can take an authoritative tour of New York's finest galleries thanks to

GALLERY PASSPORT, LTD.

by Felice Lee
photographs by Richard Saunders

One of the most valuable developments in the art world, from the tourist and buyer point of view, has been the appearance in New York in the past year of an organized and intelligent tour of the city's privately-operated art galleries. It is called Gallery Passport, Ltd., and it is the first attempt to bring order and satisfaction into an area that, up to now, has been often haphazard and disappointing.

Each year increasing numbers of people go to New York with art in mind. Art-consciousness is

Mrs. Wilbur Steele and Mrs. Francis Reinus before a sculpture by the French contemporary, Hadju, at M. Knoedler

Gallery Passport tour among contemporary Italian paintings at the IBM Gallery

Five varied tours of the art world

growing at a huge rate, and in New York, the art capital of the country (and possibly of the world) they can visit the many public museums to look at paintings and sculpture and can go to the galleries both to look and to consider purchases.

There are, however, more than three hundred galleries in New York, and without some sort of guidance, visits may become very much a hit-or-miss affair. It is this situation that Gallery Passport has set out to correct. It was established by Caroline Lerner and Helene Kaplan, two Manhattan residents who shared an enthusiasm for gallery-hopping and a frustration over its complexities.

The tours they have organized go far beyond the familiar art lecture in which the guide does little more than identify a picture and its painter. Being resourceful and imaginative, with sophisticated tastes and well-defined interests in art, they have devised tours that are in reality perambulating art appreciation courses. The Gallery Passport guides educate, do it delightfully, and leaven their erudition with informality and a measure of personal opinion. Moreover, they presume an active interest in art on the part of the patrons.

Over a year was devoted to research and preparation before the first tour set off. Word-of-mouth publicity arising from the original tours had prospective patrons calling even before Gallery Passport gained real public notice. Now in existence a little more than a year, it has acquired a nationwide reputation among enthusiastic people who have discovered what a boon it is for lovers of art on a visit to New York.

The regular tours cover five different areas of painting and sculpture and each runs to about three hours. The most popular is built on the art of the twentieth century. This provides a look at the choicest exhibits in the galleries of Manhattan's east side, and offers the greenest fields for potential collectors. In addition to one-tour visits, it is also being conducted as a series of four sessions spreading over a month.

Another tour is based on primitive art. It includes New York's Museum of Primitive Art as well as a number of galleries which specialize in the arts of remote civilizations. The guide on this tour is trained in archeology.

A third tour centers around the *avant-garde* galleries that are clustered in the eastern section of Greenwich Village. These are explored under the theme of "The New Spirit" and the tour includes the "activists," some of whom mold with tin cans or sling the paint at canvasses from the other side of the studio. A modern artist is the guide.

Afternoon tea at "La Fonda del Sol"

Mr. Fingesten talking about a Picasso shown in New York for the first time

Oriental art is the subject of the fourth tour, with a look at some of the excellent but little-known galleries that have collections of Asian fine arts. The fifth tour looks at the tried and true, the galleries exhibiting the works of known masters of the past, such as Goya and Courbet and even Rembrandt when one can be found. A part of this tour is a visit to the Frick Collection, a lesser-known New York museum which harbors a world-renowned collection of Old Masters.

In addition to these regular tours, Gallery Passport will work out custom tours for groups of ten or more persons who have a special interest—let us say in modern Scandinavian paintings or Italian sculpture of the thirties.

On occasion, Gallery Passport is even able to provide that real rarity, a visit to the Barnes Foundation near Philadelphia. Here is one of the greatest collections of late nineteenth and early twentieth century French paintings in the world, but in accordance with the will of its late founder, unlimited public admission is prohibited. Nevertheless, Gallery Passport provided three or four visits last year.

The staff of lecturers employed by Gallery Passport includes men of many talents and covers all professional fields in the fine arts—critics, painters and sculptors, teachers, writers on art, and art historians. They have been selected for their ability to communicate their own enthusiasm in the field of art on which they are commenting.

The owners and directors of many New York galleries have welcomed the patrons of Gallery Passport and have arranged special courtesies for them. Recently, Duveen Brothers, perhaps the most celebrated art dealers in the world, invited a group to view normally-closed galleries housing the famed collection of Boucher tapestries. Julius Carlebach, owner of the Carlebach Galleries, greeted a group and spoke of his own guidelines for developing an art collection.

Here the tour is shown through a normally-closed gallery at Duveen Brothers

There is an intimacy about these tours that the patrons always find pleasing. One optional feature is a lunch or tea following the tour. Whenever possible these little repasts are held in a setting appropriate to the tour. For example, the visit to the "far out" galleries in the Village is followed, naturally enough, by a visit to a coffee shop where the table talk can be accompanied by cups of espresso coffee.

Not only are the tours fun, but there is always the possibility that a person will make some great discovery of his own, a painting that will enrich a home and possibly be rated a masterpiece in the future.

People interested in a Gallery Passport tour may write to Gallery Passport, Ltd., 220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS, II

This sleek Continental is America's only four-door convertible

Crowder & Freeman, Inc.
1157 Bland St.
Bluefield, West Virginia