


the
Continental
magazine

Volume 3, Number 3



Superb Dining at Home
Lincoln Continental for 1964
The Wonderful Inns of Virginia

Memo to our Readers:

Because we think the cover of this issue one of the handsomest we've ever published, we offer a few notes on the photographer, WILLIAM WARD. He has a fine-arts background (as the still-life quality of the food picture might indicate), having been student and practitioner of both art and architecture. For the past twenty years he has been a photographer, specializing in fashion, food, and automobiles.



The central figure in the story which Mr. Ward's photography illustrates ("Continental Dining at Home") is Mrs. Bartley Crum. The reader will know immediately that Mrs. Crum is an authority on fine dining, but here are some more facts: She is co-author of "Menu Passport," a food guide for sixteen countries of Europe (it is for sale in 300 stores throughout the U. S.). She has been consultant in "Au Gourmet," a shop in Bloomingdale's in New York. She has prepared food material for *Vogue* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. And, beside the point but interesting, she has written a best-selling novel and won cups in four golf tournaments.

One more item about "Continental Dining," the author, NAN ICKERINGILL, is a food writer on the *New York Times*.



She was working her way around the world six years ago when, having arrived from her native England, she landed the job and has been too contented to continue the journey. "I probably came by my interest in food," she writes, "from having been brought up to a lack of it during the war."

THOMAS D. CHURCH, who designed the garden which he discusses in this issue, is regarded as one of America's foremost landscape architects. His book, "Gardens Are For People," is avidly read by persons interested in learning how private gardens can be developed to increase the pleasure of living outdoors. While Mr. Church's practice is mostly with private gardens, he has also done large-scale projects at the University of California, Stanford University, and the Mayo Clinic.



CAROL SPICER, who visited the wonderful inns of Virginia for us, lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and includes among her published work many editorials in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Like the subject of his story, ROGER BUTTERFIELD has been badly bitten by the book collecting virus. He is pictured here in the library building on his family estate in Otsego County, New York. A self-described "journalist-historian," his outstanding achievement to date is a one-volume pictorial history, "The American Past." He has been on the editorial staffs of *Time* and *Life* and has published articles in many leading American magazines.



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Volume 3 Number 3

September-October, 1963

Contents

| | |
|---|----|
| The Wonderful Inns of Virginia..... | 1 |
| <i>Carol Spicer</i> | |
| A Yacht of Your Own by the Week.... | 5 |
| <i>Franklin M. Reck</i> | |
| New Market in Ancient American Art..... | 8 |
| Lincoln Continental for 1964..... | 10 |
| <i>Burgess H. Scott</i> | |
| Continental Dining at Home..... | 14 |
| <i>Nan Ickeringill</i> | |
| The Many "Rooms" of a San Francisco Garden..... | 17 |
| <i>Thomas D. Church</i> | |
| The Second Career of Clifton Waller Barrett..... | 20 |
| <i>Roger Butterfield</i> | |
| Continental Speaking..... | 21 |
| <i>Cleveland Amory</i> | |

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FRONT COVER—The courses of an autumn dinner as suggested in "Menus by Mail"—story on page 14. Photograph by William Ward.



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The Wonderful Inns of Virginia

by Carol Spicer

*Unhurried motorists heading south
can depend on the Old Dominion for
lodgings that combine style
and elegance with comfort and hospitality*



paintings and drawings by Horace Day



The Homestead at Hot Springs—"oldest and most patrician"

THERE IS SOMETHING to be said for motoring southward in a leisurely way when the days grow shorter. There is beauty along the way, the promise of a summer that doesn't end, and the gradual and restful easing into winter quarters.

And there is a great deal to be said for including Virginia in the route. Virginia has quality. It is a green and gracious land, a country in itself, where the talk is of breeds of horses and patterns of silver, the age of boxwood, and first cousins once removed on Mother's side.

It is a land of honeysuckle and bourbon and crab recipes and—to the everlasting joy of the motorist who

expects the best—good manners, comforts, and service at hotels and inns where these qualities are bred right into the surroundings.

Five of these superior places are described below. Virginia has others. Altogether, they are a guarantee that the Old Dominion will give a good account of itself to travelers who take the finest for granted.

The Homestead, Hot Springs

Just as Virginia is a world unto itself, so is the Homestead, with its three eighteen-hole golf courses, its spas and stables and tennis courts, its dairy and sheep and poultry farms. The oldest and most patrician of our

The comforts and pleasures are infinite

five, it is the be-all and end-all of this green mountain valley.

Despite its magnitude, the Homestead looks like the place one's parents might have visited on a honeymoon. There is a homey sort of dignity: backgammon boards in cozy alcoves of the white-columned "great hall"; fresh flowers everywhere; buckboards jogging along the valley road to Warm Springs where the bath houses are just as they were when Thomas Jefferson was there.

The towering Alleghenies obstruct TV and isolation cuts off the outside world. Guests must make do with the magnificent golf, trout fishing, dancing, and the indoor

and outdoor pools. The Homestead is run on the American plan and is open all year, but fall is probably the best time because of the leaf color and the grouse and turkey to be hunted.

The Cavalier, Virginia Beach

To travellers, the Cavalier Hotel and Virginia Beach are synonymous. The latter, a town strung along the sand, is a little like an old-fashioned British watering place: weatherbeaten frame hotels face sea and boardwalk in a prim row. The Cavalier, however, does not mingle. The great red-brick structure sits on a hill, looking down on the town and dominating it.

From the hotel, guests walk down green slopes to their own quiet separate Beach and Cabaña Club where the umbrellas and cabañas make a gay little resort on the sand. Above the beach, sun decks surround a large oval swimming pool and a smaller children's pool.

Swimmers say that September and October are two of the loveliest months here. The water is warm then, and the beach wider than at any time of the year. And if the Atlantic and the beach pools aren't enough, there is another pool practically in the Cavalier's lounge—

glass-covered and a focal point for winter guests. Another item for winter: there is an eighteen-hole championship golf course which can be played all year.

The Cavalier is on the modified American plan: you're on your own for lunch.

The Tides, Irvington

Guests at the Tides Inn could not do without *Miss Ann*, their yacht. *Miss Ann* goes out daily on luncheon cruises into Chesapeake Bay or up the Rappahannock River; on fish fries to a sandy swimming beach in the bay; and every Saturday to Urbanna where guests replenish their stock of beverages for the weekend.

The Tides has personality. It calls itself "One of the world's finest small resorts." Golfers have a choice of a par-three nine-hole course, or they can board a gondola with a fringe on top to be ferried across the river by Cathy, daughter of a neighboring Colonel, to the more rugged eighteen-hole course designed by Sir Guy Campbell, who laid out St. Andrew's in Scotland.

Every Tuesday night since the Inn was built there has been a Honeymoon Party (and, needless to say, honeymooners) at which the bride and groom toast each other from antique silver wedding cups and guests drink to the health of the young couple with champagne. On Saturday afternoons there is a cocktail party in the pool, with drinks dispensed only to those who swim out to the floating bar.

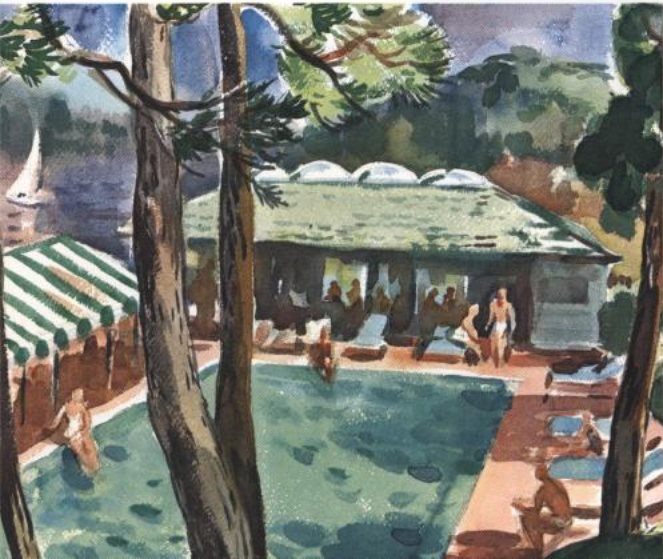
The American plan rates include luxurious rooms, gourmet meals, salt water pool, and tennis. The Tides operates from April 1 to December 1.

Big Meadows Lodge, Skyline Drive

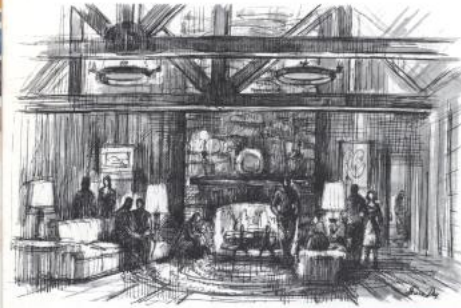
You are plum next to nature at Big Meadows Lodge, which is on the Skyline Drive in the Blue Ridge Mountains, 3,600 feet above the valley floor. The mountain



The Cavalier at Virginia Beach—the Atlantic, swimming pools, and all-year golf



The Tides at Irvington—"one of the world's finest small hotels"



Big Meadows Lodge on the Skyline Drive—living first-class on the heights



air, the mountain moonlight, the fragrance of "mountain honeysuckle" (or azalea) pour through the open windows by night; by day there are the mountains, and nothing else *but* mountains, for the National Park Service believes in leaving nature as it is.

Consequently, Big Meadows guests walk or ride the trails, fish for trout, feed their souls on the really glorious views from the private cabin porches, and feed roaring appetites in a rustic dining room whose huge windows frame the mountains and the tiny settlements far down in the valley below.

The Lodge is open May 20 to November 4 but Octo-

ber is the beautiful month. The azalea and laurel are gone by then but the hardwood forests are on fire with color, and in both the cabins and the lodge wood fires crackle hospitably.

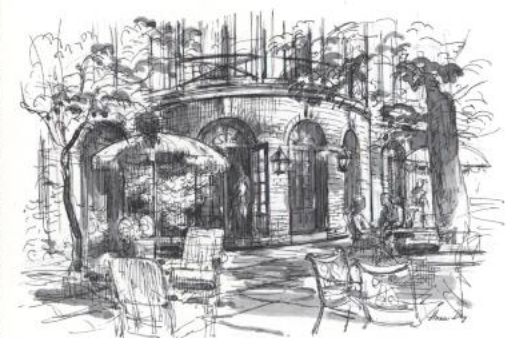
The Williamsburg Inn, Williamsburg

Like Peter Standish in the play "Berkeley Square," you have the feeling here of living in a bygone century. You may be put up in a little 200-year-old Colonial guest house, one of several—operated by the Inn—which has been restored with Rockefeller perfection and still has the low ceilings and doorways, the wide floorboards and chaste woodwork of eighteenth-century buildings.

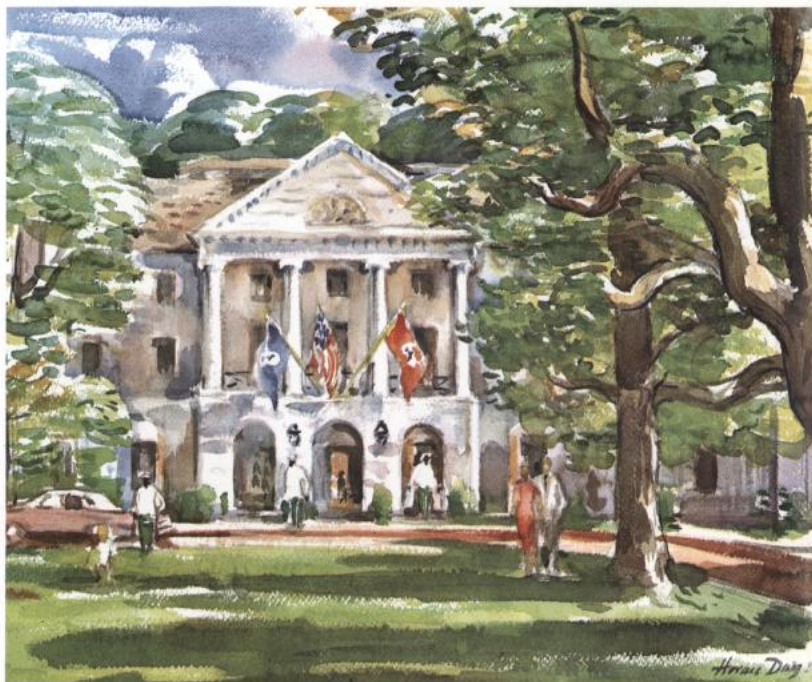
From Orrell House you walk down a boxwood lane to the Inn and sit on the flagstone terrace sipping champagne cocktails while watching a party congregate on the lawn under a canopy of Japanese lanterns. Inside, candlelight flickers in the Inn's dining room.

But the Inn isn't all eighteenth century. Near the south terrace is a strictly twentieth-century swimming pool, handy to an eighteen-hole golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones, and handy to the tennis courts.

The Inn is on the European plan so that guests may sample the wonderful taverns in town. It is open all year, but the fall months, when the crowds let up, are the nicest. Christmas is special, with all the Inn's Old South traditions, but Mr. Thomas Moyles, the soft-spoken Virginia-gentleman host, warns that rooms are reserved far in advance for the holidays.



The Williamsburg Inn at Williamsburg—the best of twentieth-century living in the eighteenth



Shipbuilders turn out beautifully crafted yachts in Camden Harbor, Maine



A Yacht of Your Own by the Week

by Franklin M. Reck

J. P. Morgan was wrong when he said you couldn't afford one if you had to ask the price—today you can rent blue-water boats everywhere

CHARTER ketch 40', fully found,
sleeps six, \$400 per week . . .

This classified ad appeared in the magazine *Yachting*. Similar ads may be found in *The Skipper* and in *Rudder*. These, plus the display ads of the yacht brokers, are some of the clues pursued by people who like to spend their vacations cruising the Eastern Seaboard in their chartered yachts, exploring snug harbors and tiny fishing villages, going ashore for beach picnics, discovering the incomparable New England coastline and the subtle delights of the Chesapeake

and our more southerly waters from water level and under sail.

More people each year are chartering yachts for their vacations, and this is how they do it: Following up the ads in the yachting magazines, they send out letters to brokers and private owners, seeking the craft that will suit their party and their time. They will find available to them sloops, ketches, yawls, and schooners ranging in length from twenty-five to a hundred feet, capable of sleeping from four to a dozen people.

For example, recently a party of

four men chartered a ketch for a two-weeks' cruise of the Chesapeake. It was a sleek forty-footer. The spacious cabin with ample headroom contained two double beds, one of which converted into a dinette during the day. In the forecabin there were two single beds. The cabin contained a stainless steel galley with four-burner stove, an ice-and-electric refrigerator, plenty of storage space, a shower, and a fully enclosed head.

For auxiliary power the yacht had a forty-horsepower diesel capable of shoving her along at seven knots.

Yachting vacationers may come upon the three-masted tour schooner *Freedom Chimes*, in a Maine harbor



She carried aboard a dinghy with outboard motor for fishing and going ashore.

Since two of the men were experienced yachtsmen, they chartered "bare boat," that is, without a skipper. They could have chartered her "fully found," meaning with all equipment and conveniences and skipper as well. The charter price was \$300 per week; food and fuel were extra. Yachts can be chartered with skipper for from \$400 to \$500 per week, depending on the size of the craft. Split two or three ways, such a price becomes highly reasonable.

Adventure begins with the signing of the charter, which may read: "For a consideration of ___dollars, receipt of which is acknowledged, the owner herewith charters the diesel auxiliary ketch *Yankee Clipper* to John Doe, Omaha, Nebraska, for two weeks beginning . . ."

Now the excitement of planning begins. Even if the yacht carries all necessary charts and publications you may want to acquire your own. The U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey publishes accurate and comprehensive charts showing every depth and buoy, the shoals, reefs, sandbars, harbors and marinas. You also buy guidebooks to the regions to be covered.

With this material in hand, you plan your stops. You decide to make a leisurely ten to twenty miles per day, always ending up at a safe harbor before nightfall. You check each stop for such facilities as grocery, restaurant, shower, laundromat, historic interest, or scenic beauty. Naturally, not all these facilities have to be available at every stop.

In the landfalls lie the special thrills of charter cruising under sail. A fast rundown on two sample cruises—Maine and the Chesapeake—will make this clear. First, Maine.

You and your companions decide to cruise from Camden, on the western shore of Penobscot Bay, through

the rocky offshore islands, up into Frenchman Bay and return. This part of the coast includes Acadia National Park and Mount Desert Island. The total distance logged will be perhaps three hundred miles, just about right for a leisurely two-weeks' cruise.

Camden, where you board your yacht, is your first thrill. The mountains here rise behind the town from water level to 1300 feet. Camden has a shipyard where craftsmen, following a venerable tradition, have maintained yacht building as a fine art.

You power out of the harbor, make sail, shut off the engine, and let the sails fill out. The days that follow will haunt your dreams on many a winter night: Buck Harbor—a tight little bay with an island in the middle . . . Sunshine—a lobster village tucked in a small cove on Deer Island, where you pick up a lobster fresh from the chill, clear water for your evening dinner . . . Pulpit Harbor—there's no town here, but fine hills on which to stretch your legs on long strolls through

aisles of tall pines . . . Northeast Harbor—here you find a laundromat where you get a fresh supply of dungarees and T-shirts, a shower by courtesy of the local Chamber of Commerce, a nice town, and a restaurant where you can have beer with steamed clams dipped in melted butter.

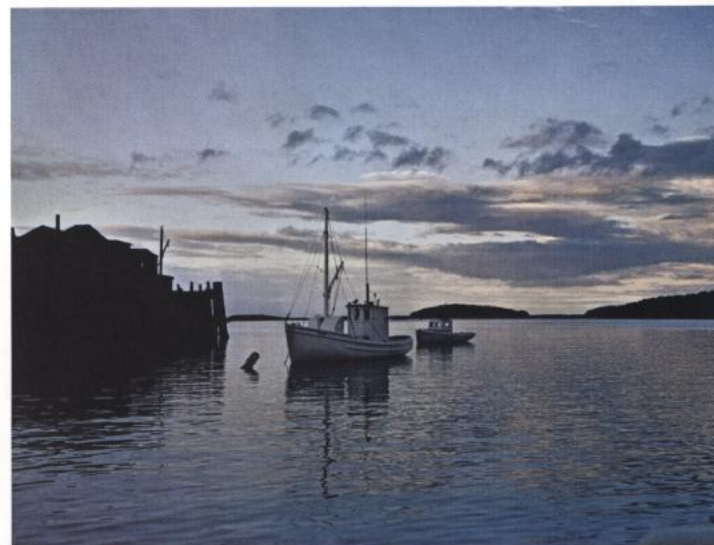
As you cruise past the rugged islands, stopping each night in a sheltered harbor, you become fascinated by the names on the charts, each name commemorating an event, an accident, a trait. There's Drunkard Ledge, Toothacher Bay, Roaring Bull Ledge, Lazy Gut Island, Fiddler Ledge, and Dumpling Island. You read them in wonder and ponder their history.

In sailing, it is a matter of pride to use your engine as little as possible. There are days of light wind when you're ghosting lazily along, your sails barely filled. Then there are those memorable, tumultuous hours when

Landfall at a fishing village may mean fresh cod or lobster for dinner that night



Lady in straw hat watches while husband powers into harbor



Coastal scene: lobster pots on shore, yacht moored for the night

the breeze is stiff, and you're beating up Eggmoggin Reach under jib and mizzen, with the lee rail under and the white spray flying.

A cruise on the Chesapeake is a different experience in a different world. The Maine coast is sharp rocks, blue water too cold for swimming, high tides, and mountainous coastline.

The Chesapeake is flat country, with soft, sandy bottoms under the keel, warm water for swimming, excellent fishing, with ports and harbors that breathe Colonial history. The Chesapeake is the land of the blue crab, the oyster, the rockfish, and flounder.

Your memories will be equally

haunting, but different: a swim on Belly Button Beach, followed by steak broiled over a wood fire . . . Georgetown—you stroll to the Kitty Knight House for dinner, and reflect on the historical note that the British in 1812 spared this brick tavern "through gallantry to its fair occupant," lovely Kitty Knight . . . St. Michaels', the great sport fishing center—here you have a dinner of steamed clams and broiled flounder, and recall the canny Colonials who fooled the British by darkening all the houses and hanging lanterns high in the trees, thus causing the enemy artillery to overshoot the dwellings . . . Annapolis—with its Naval Academy, the tomb of John Paul Jones, Carvel Hall, noble archi-

ture, and streets named after English royalty.

For every yachtsman who vacations under sail, there are a dozen who tour the ports swiftly and noisily in high-powered, comfortable cabin cruisers. But the harbormasters, and even the skippers of the cabin cruisers (whose craft are inelegantly called "stinkpots" by the sailing fraternity), accord a special respect to the skipper of a sailing yacht. His, they grudgingly acknowledge, is the greater art.

The language, the mood, the pace of sailing are different. The man who has felt, through his hands on the wheel or tiller, the temperament and personality of his yacht, who has stood long watches before or against a stiff wind, who has laid a course for a destination many miles away and hit it on the nose—this man knows that going under sail is like no other vacation under the sun.



Zapotec urn, thirty inches high, from the present site of Oaxaca. Pieces like this look like the important person with whom they were buried

New Market in Ancient American Art

For capital gains in beauty and investment, look at the pre-Columbian sculpture of the Americas

by Lee Kollins
photographs by William R. Holz

ART EXPERTS and collectors of good art and art objects for the home have only recently discovered the ancient art works of Mexico and Central and South America. While this new interest in sculpture of the time before Columbus may take on the characteristics of a fad, it is never likely to pass out of style, for it is founded on a secure base, namely, indisputable esthetic merit.

The consensus among art historians and experts is that pre-Columbian art ranks with that of any era that has come to our attention from the past, Greek and Chinese included. Persons astute enough to have acquired such sculptures as the ones shown on these pages have had both the pleasure of living with fine art and of realizing a significant increase on their original investment. It is likely that pre-Columbian sculpture acquired even now will appreciate in value.

Anyone interested in collecting pre-Columbian art would do well to study it first. It is beginning to take its place in the great museums of Europe, Asia, and the Americas, and can be seen in many locations, including the National Gallery in Washington and (the greatest collection of all) at the Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City.

Like collectors who have become thoroughly familiar with pre-Columbian art, students will be astonished at the range of emotional attitudes expressed in the sculptures that represent human figures. The artists, through an inventive and expressive control of clay, have created faces that show fear, joy, sickness, neurosis, hatred, love, worry—in fact, the whole gamut of the human soul.

Individual pieces of this sculpture may be found in the better galleries of the U. S. and can be bought in shops in Mexico and further south. Adventurers may even seriously consider finding their own, for there are undoubtedly gold mines of it in unexplored jungles of Central and South America.

It would be well to bear in mind, however, that getting them out of some countries may be difficult. In many countries, pre-Columbian art works are regarded—rightly—as national treasures and can be removed only under certain conditions, if at all.

Tarascan figures from the west coast of Mexico have a characteristic earthiness. This arrangement could represent a game



Maya tomb figures from Yucatan represent priests or important persons in government and reflect Mayan interest in the ritualistic aspects of daily life.



The headdress and ear plugs of this Totonac figure may indicate that he is a god-king



Totonac figures from the Vera Cruz area, about 900 A.D. Figures from this area are noted for their smiling faces



All the pre-Columbian figures shown here are in the celebrated collection of the American artist Millard Sheets of Claremont, California. Behind Mr. Sheets are Tarascan figures from Colima and Nayarit

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL FOR 1964

*The most beautiful car
in the world continues
its classic styling
and superb engineering
while increasing its interior size
and trunk space*

by Burgess H. Scott



photographs by Robert Boram

WHEN YOU look at the 1964 Lincoln Continental for the first time, you are not likely to notice any great difference between this car and the Continental models of the past few years. The lack of difference is intentional. The distinguished profile of the '64 car and its classic styling are the same—evidence that the car's designers have continued the breeding of blue-ribbon blood lines.

The fact, is, however, that important changes have been made, and the most

significant of these relate directly to interior size and passenger comfort; both have been increased.

The 1964 Continental is longer than its immediate predecessors and its roof is wider and higher. While these alterations may not sound vastly important, the way in which they have been used to add to the passengers' pleasure in the car is very important indeed.

In the new Continental the wheel-base has been lengthened three inches and the length of the car itself from

bumper to bumper has been increased by the same amount. This extra length has not been used frivolously. It has gone into a larger back passenger compartment. Coincidentally, there is more room in the trunk for luggage.

The roof of the car has been widened, which has not materially altered the unique Continental look but has added much to interior roominess.

Finally, there is a third alteration: the center-opening rear doors have been widened three inches.

None of these changes were made just for the sake of change (there are less expensive ways to make a car different) but solely to enhance the pleasure that the owner and his passengers get from the Continental.

Other changes made in the 1964 Continental affect the interior appearance of the car and belong in the category of conveniences. The instrumentation and the driving and accessory controls have been redesigned for better accessibility and ease of oper-

ation. A toggle switch is employed for the heater and air conditioning vent controls, and the hand effort required has been carefully calculated to give a remarkable sensitivity—not so hard as to cause your hand to slip off and not loose enough to make you lose confidence in your adjustment.

The air conditioning outlets have been incorporated in the instrument panel, one at each end and two in the center, each with toggles to direct the cooling currents up or down, or to left

or right. The end vents can be directed along the inner side of the car, so that the driver or passengers sitting on the sunny side will be comfortable.

Several other changes underscore the fact the Continental provides every possible first-class luxury. One is a new parking brake release that works automatically as soon as the car is put into gear with the engine running—no possibility of driving with the parking brake engaged. Another is an interior reading light for the back seat. A third



The car has been enlarged for greater interior space, but it is still the classically handsome Continental

Two Power Seats in Front

A convenience option available on the 1964 Continental is individually adjustable front seats. This gives the driver and his passenger freedom to make the seat adjustment that is best for each without regard for the other. A spacious console is located between the seats to hold personal articles and is fully padded on top so that a third person can sit in the front compartment.

is a map light in front. A fourth is a fuel warning light that comes on when the tank runs down to between three and four gallons.

Possibly the most important way in which the 1964 Continental has *not* changed is the fact that it still comes in only two body styles: sedan and convertible (both are four-door cars and the latter is still the only four-door convertible made in the U. S.) There are no "cheap editions." You can't buy the name "Continental" without buying all that the name implies.

The 1964 Continental's power plant is still the largest in an American pas-

senger car—a four-barrel V-8 with 430 cubic-inch displacement.

Except for the new conveniences, the list of standard equipment in the Continental is unchanged. This includes automatic transmission; fully powered steering, power brakes, power windows, power side vent windows, and electrically-powered antenna; six-way power seat; transistor radio; remote control rearview mirror; and a fully automatic convertible top which releases itself and tucks itself away in the trunk section.

The new Continental, like the preceding models, is more thoroughly tested than any other car. Each Continental goes through 189 performance tests on the road, as well as thousands of examinations and inspections during manufacture. The extremely high standard of manufacture and the integrity of its engineering are among the reasons why it is regarded as the finest automobile in the world. Also, it stands out as a styling triumph in a class with the great automotive styling achievements of the Twenties and Thirties.

The car was designed as a modern interpretation of its beautiful ancestors. This idea of *permanent* beauty in a fine car is a philosophy somewhat



Knee room to spare, and greater ease of getting in and out

rare in American automotive styling. It gives the buyer not only proven design but more lasting value while he owns the Continental and high resale value when he decides on a newer model.



THE FORD BOOK OF *Styling*

—a history and interpretation of design from earliest times to the Continental car

Readers of the CONTINENTAL magazine are being offered a copy of The Ford Book of Styling, recently published by Ford Motor Company. It is a definitive, 72-page picture story of man's achievements in designing beauty into the things he uses. Profusely illustrated in color, it traces the influence of artistic skills on practical objects from prehistoric times to the present, with special emphasis on the automobile as an expression of modern design.

A limited number of copies are available (see coupon).



THE FORD BOOK OF STYLING

LINCOLN

Continental

P. O. Box 5368
Milwaukee Jct. Sta.
Detroit 11, Mich.

I enclose \$1 to cover handling and mailing of *The Ford Book of Styling*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

*A unique mail service brings you fine recipes,
wonderful menus,
and detailed shopping aids
to set the stage for*

Continental Dining at Home

by Nan Ickeringill
photographs by William Ward



THERE ARE unmistakable signs that Americans are becoming more sophisticated about food. For one thing, good cuisine is talked and read about more than ever before, and it is constantly sought out. Slowly but surely foreign fare is invading restaurant menus all across the country, partly, no doubt, because hordes of us are returning from the restaurants of France and Italy with a new perspective, our appetites anxious for more.

One need go no further than the recipes published in our periodicals to note changes. For example, they constantly use all sorts of herbs and spices in a way that would have made many a housewife nervous twenty years ago. And wine is used in and with food, almost as a matter of course. Wine has, in fact, become a symbol of civilization rather than a corruption—and rightly so.

In the past few months there has been definite evidence that culinary awareness is still on the increase. It lies in the success of a unique service called "Menus by Mail." This service is a good deal more than its name implies, for it provides not only the menus for such lunches and dinners as one might choose in very good restaurants, but it includes the recipes, the how and where of shopping for ingredients, the wines, and a wealth of just plain common sense about food. It even considers the seasons, for connoisseurs of food don't eat the same things in summer as in the fall.

"Menus by Mail" was begun a few

months ago by a New York resident, Mrs. Bartley Crum, who has lived in the presence of good food since early childhood. Her father set a very high standard for the family table, sometimes going so far as to oversee the marketing himself. As a young woman, Mrs. Crum studied cooking at the celebrated Cordon Bleu in Paris and lived with a French family. Since then she has traveled all over the world, made friends with hotel chefs everywhere, and collected recipes and culinary experiences that seem to be inexhaustible. Her mail service reflects this background.

The picture on the cover of this issue of the CONTINENTAL magazine and that which illustrates this story show the courses in the first menu that Mrs. Crum is sending out in her fall and winter series.

It features pheasant, in honor of the game season. The birds will be roasted and accompanied by red currant jelly, puréed chestnuts, and braised celery. This elegant main course will be preceded by borschok (see recipe on page 16) and succeeded by *oranges orientales*. For a wine to set off this meal, Mrs. Crum suggests that a fairly big Burgundy is in order. She recommends a 1959 Bonnes Mares or, as an alternate, a California Pinot Noir.

The shopping hints that accompany the menu include recommended brand names for the canned chestnuts, the cheese straws and currant jelly; instructions to the butcher on preparing the pheasant; recipes for the borschok, pheasant, celery, chestnuts, and dessert; and stores at which the wine and any unusual ingredients may be purchased. There are also other helpful tips, such as best sizes of vegetables to select and a recommended type of Madeira for the soup.

The second menu of the new series is for an after-theatre supper. It features steak tartare or, for those who shrink from this magnificent raw meat

Fall menu: at left, puréed chestnuts; center, roast pheasants; front right, borschok soup, with cheese straws, currant jelly, and braised celery arrayed behind; heaped in glass dish, oranges orientales. Framed in background is an early eighteenth century still life of food painted on velvet (from Mrs. Edith Halpert's famous collection of American Folk Art).

dish, the Basque omelet piperade. For dessert, crescents of Persian melon with lime are suggested. As an accompaniment to the steak, Mrs. Crum proposes the glorious champagne Laurent Perrier 1955 or, as a less expensive alternative, California Korbel brut. For those dining on piperade, a Loire wine, Quincy 1960, is recommended.

An example of how interesting and thorough Mrs. Crum is can be gained from examining one of the menus she sent out during the past summer. It began with *Caviar Mousse*, went on to steak *au beurre d'Echalotes*, had *Escarole à l'Etuvé* as one of the courses, and finished with a dessert of spring strawberries with raspberry sauce and chocolate leaves.

Here are excerpts from Mrs. Crum's bulletin on the ins and outs of preparing for this dinner: "Order individual steaks cut ½-inch thick. Your steaks will then be *Steak Minute Aplaté*. If you do not like small thin steaks order individual thick filets. *Steak Minute* is called in meat markets either New York cut, Shell, or Strip... *Escarole* is the fluted head of a wonderful green that should not be confused with Chicory, which is curly and slightly bitter."

The shallot butter that accompanies the steak is described explicitly and with due regard for persons new to fine cooking: "½ cup of butter, four shallots finely chopped. Melt butter in small pan. Add shallots and cook very gently. Butter will turn brown quickly, so watch that it does not become black."

In naming the wine to accompany the steak, Mrs. Crum hints at the reason for her choice: "Nuits St. George 1959 is not too heavy a Burgundy for the steak, or Louis Martini's fine California Pinot Noir will serve nicely for the same meat."

Throughout her bulletins she caters all sorts of culinary wisdom. She describes the difference between Bermuda onions and yellow onions and tells how the difference affects a dish. When she calls for Spanish melons, she makes it clear that what we have available in this country are Spanish type melons and she provides the subscriber with their trade names and country of origin.



BORSCHOK

1½ cans College Inn Chicken broth
1 can Campbell's Beef Broth (Bouillon)
1¼ cups beet juice
salt
white pepper
1 tsp. dill seed
dry Madeira to taste (about ¼ cup)

Mix all ingredients except wine. Bring to boil and simmer about 15 minutes. Strain out dill seed. Add salt and pepper to taste. Lastly, add Madeira to taste. If you are preparing this in advance, add wine just before serving so that you get its full flavor. Garnish with small twist of lemon peel and sprig of fresh dill. Accompany with paillettes (cheese straws). Serves 6.

Following the recipe for an escarole dish, the bulletin has this note: "Escarole is not only fine in a salad, but when used cooked in this way is perfect insurance against banality."

All Mrs. Crum's recipes seem to be insurance against banality, from the *Billi-Bi soup* (cream of mussel—and wonderful) that opens one dinner to

the *ananas au Kirsch* that ends it. Along the way she suggests the wines, usually a

French or German wine first and an outstanding American substitute second. Thus the subscriber not only gets a whole meal laid out but a liberal education in food and wines as well.

When Mrs. Crum sent out her first announcements the results were very gratifying.

Mothers have subscribed for daughters, a daughter for her father, a number of men for themselves, including, of all people, a chef in California. "Menus by Mail" is now going to half the states in the union.

It does not require any unusual background in kitchen skills on the part of a housewife or her cook to get the most out of Mrs. Crum's service. Her food does not demand that the cook have the ability of master chefs who hone their genius on years of apprenticeship under other master chefs. On the contrary, it is rather simple food whose only prerequisite is a love of eating well and some self-confidence about knowing what's good.

"Simplicity," Mrs. Crum says, "is the hardest thing to achieve in a menu as a whole and in a recipe specifically. Yet many of the simplest dishes are the best, and the simplest menus are by far the most attractive and satisfying."

One hindrance on the road to culinary progress is that people often equate greatness with richness. Those who are not gastronomically educated tend to choose too-rich dishes when traveling abroad and so they come to think of foreign food as rich.

In her menus, Mrs. Crum has tried to concentrate on foods that are neither too rich nor too heavy, and her sauces generally complement, rather than mask, the flavor they accompany. In her own words, "I have tried to make sure that all the dishes blend together to form a whole that is esthetically as well as physically satisfying."

As a credo for fine dining at home her statement seems faultless.

* * *

For more information about "Menus by Mail," write to Mrs. Bartley Crum, 430 East 56th Street, New York 22, New York.

The Many "Rooms" of a San Francisco Garden

To adapt the grounds to a large family's way of living, the architect surrounded the house with a series of courts

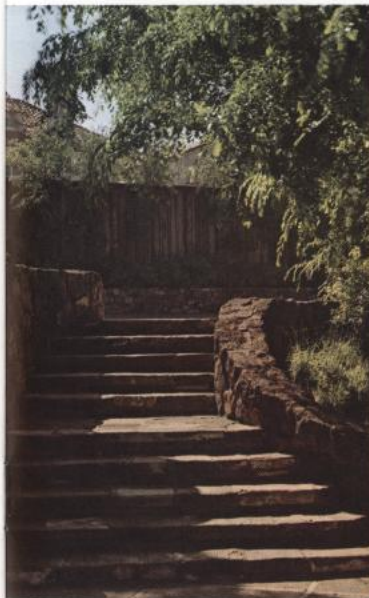
by Thomas D. Church

photographs by Bruce Harlow

BEFORE they became history, the gardens of French chateaux, English manors, Spanish villas, and Japanese palaces were part of the lives of the people who used them. Whether enormous and complex or small and subtle, they expressed the spirit of the age in which they were created. We visit them now because they are part of our heritage and because they teach us

valuable lessons about proportion, scale, and house-and-garden relationships. They help us learn how to make our own gardens an expression of our age and the way in which we live.

The garden whose "rooms" are shown on these pages reflects a particular family's way of living. It also illustrates how one of the architectural legacies of the



After descending the flight of stone steps (1), guests reach the entrance court (2), which was purposely made simple so that the elegant restraint of the architecture can be enjoyed without distractions

(Garden diagram on page 19)





The redwood deck (3), spanning the slope of the hillside, adds to the flat space needed for entertaining large groups. It uses

the filtered shade of the existing oak trees and gives a vantage point from which to enjoy a view of the terrace and the house

region—in this case the influence of the Spanish hacienda—was brought to bear on the solution of the owner's problem. This was done by adapting the Spanish idea of walled private courts to create a series of little gardens for a family which includes five children.

Other problems imposed by this garden—and solved by it—are fairly typical of modern times: we don't have much space for gardens but want a great deal from them; we want to entertain out of doors; we want plants; we need space where children and their pets can play in safety; and we must park our cars and those of our guests.

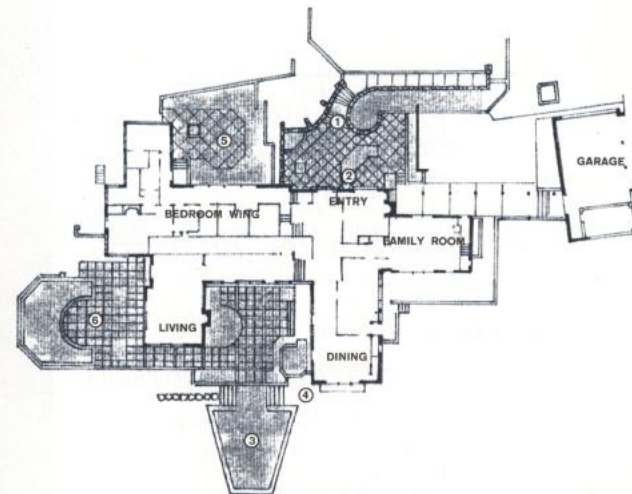
Having no rain in this part of California for half a year, we must water the grass and design our lawns so that a small patch is as effective as a large one. Lacking seasonal changes, we concentrate on spring color, using

deciduous trees in key spots. Knowing that gardens change hands many times before maturity because our technical society is so mobile, we use quick-growing plants. We move porches as decks into the garden so as to enjoy a shaded hillside, often capturing and capitalizing on our live oaks. We have learned to add texture, color, and pattern to concrete paving.

A successful garden harmonizes with the architecture and with the way in which the occupants live. Without such compatibility there is no gratification for the designer and no peace for the owner. This garden in California gives a large family a way to enjoy trees, open space, outdoor living, and a quiet retreat only thirty minutes away from the metropolis via freeway.



Small Japanese garden (4), which can be seen only from the dining room, was designed by Frank Shinoda of Berkeley



Secluded court (5), reached easily from the bedroom wing, was planned as a peaceful area for sun bathing and simple gardening



Off the living room, this is the most formal court (6), and the only one with a lawn. The concrete wall which supports the terrace is capped by a cantilevered seat—a modern interpretation of the classic balustrade.

Clifton Waller Barrett in his celebrated library before the only known likeness of Stephen Crane

The Second Career of Clifton Waller Barrett

While a young shipping executive he started his great collection of literary Americana on a lunch-hour visit to a bookstore

by Roger Butterfield

ONE SUMMER DAY in 1939 Clifton Waller Barrett wandered into a secondhand bookstore in downtown New York to while away part of his lunch hour. His eye lit on a handsome red morocco slipcase labelled with the name of a Booth Tarkington novel he had never heard of. The book inside the case was *Cherry*, published in 1903, long before Tarkington wrote his Penrod stories. A clerk assured Barrett the book was an authentic first edition, and could be bought for the sum of \$4. Barrett happily made the purchase and walked back to his office at the North Atlantic and Gulf Steamship Company, of which he was cofounder and president.

At that moment, by his own account, the second career of Waller Barrett began, even though he was still under forty and very much in the full swing of his first. Many men of affairs have found book collecting an agreeable hobby; with Barrett it became such a challenge that he retired from business at fifty-three in order to make it a fulltime occupation. Almost from the beginning he had a clear idea of what he wanted to create: a unique library of strictly American literature, including the earliest editions of the most important books in the finest condition, along with working manuscripts and letters, portraits, and memorabilia of all significant American authors down to the present day.

Now, at the age of sixty-two, he has handsomely achieved his goal: the Barrett Library, dedicated in 1960, is a major treasure of the University of Virginia, Barrett's alma mater. In it are upwards of 300,000 items ranging from Revolutionary poems and plays and the two finest copies of the first American novel—*The Power of Sympathy*, by William Hill Brown, published in 1789—to a first edition of J. D. Salinger's *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters*, published in 1963.

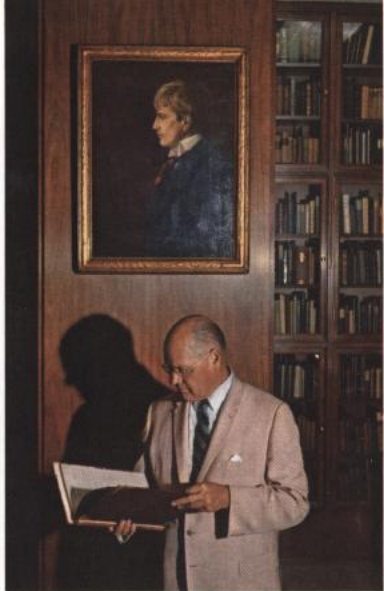
In between are such remarkable rarities as the earliest surviving manuscripts of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, a complete set of Poe's first editions, including the fabulous *Tamerlane*; the authors' manuscripts of such outstanding works as Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, James Branch Cabell's *Jurgen*, and Tennessee Williams' *Glass Menagerie*. There is also a copy of Mark Twain's first book, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, which was inscribed by the author and presented "To My Mother, the dearest Friend I ever had & the truest."

In 1920, when he graduated from college, Waller Barrett went to work for the Munson Steamship Line, as

assistant to the vice-president, specializing in sugar transport. He mastered the job so well that in 1932, at the bottom of the depression, he and a friend were able to charter a ship and start hauling sugar on their own. The company was operating some sixty vessels when Barrett sold out his half-interest in 1954.

"I had always planned to retire at fifty-five," he says, "but the book-collecting virus speeded things up by two years." When it first bit him he was living on Long Island in a small suburban home which was already filled with five growing boys. (A daughter has since arrived.) He had shelves for the two hundred books he already owned. But once he decided what his second career would be, he applied to it the same stubborn persistence, the same intense devotion to detail, the same shrewd and often daring initiative, which had made him a steamship tycoon.

He had always been a "voracious" reader but he realized now that he was woefully weak on the techniques of publishing and book manufacturing, the dates and places of publication, and factual data about authors' lives. By a process of self-education which was both fun and hard work he became an expert in all these fields. Today he is president of the learned Bibliographical Society of America, chairman of the Council of Fellows of the Pierpont Morgan Li-



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARGUERITE JOHNSON

brary, and a trustee or associate of a dozen other leading institutions—all positions he has earned by solid competence and scholarly know-how.

The kind of problem he had to solve is illustrated by his search for Robert Frost's first book of poems, *Twilight*. Only two copies were printed, at Frost's expense, by a job printer at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1894. The aspiring young poet planned to give one to his future wife, Eleanor White, but (as Frost told the story) her parents warned her not to see him and she received him coldly when he called with the book. So he walked away tearing up her copy. Years later the one remaining copy turned up at Phoenix, Arizona, after Barrett—with Frost's assistance—had traced it to Chicago and California. Barrett bought an entire collection to obtain this one book. At the dedication of the Barrett Library, one of the high spots, Barrett recalls, "was the sight of the silvery head of America's great poet bent down to contemplate his little production of sixty-six years before."

This year, to be near his books, Barrett and his wife have given up their Park Avenue apartment and moved into a brand-new home in the Farmington Country Club section near Charlottesville, Virginia. The house was designed for a booklover who is also an active outdoor man—the golf course is almost next door, and there is an early American "Jeffersonian-type" garden, along with a swimming pool. (One position Barrett has not retired from is president of the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks, where he spends his summers golfing, boating, and, inevitably, overseeing the club's large library.) In his new Virginia home there is a circular library, skylighted through a central dome, which houses his personal reference collection.

In recent years he has added up to 25,000 items a year to the Barrett Library, but this rate is falling off sharply because, he says, the collection is "reasonably complete," and the supply of rarities is drying up. However, there are still some things he will be watching for—the manuscript of Melville's *Moby Dick*, for instance, or Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. "I have no idea whether they still exist," he says, "but I would hop a plane and go anywhere to get them."



Continently Speaking

by Cleveland Amory

Homage to Southern Belles

*I propose to tell you of all the fine things
That are here to be seen at these fine
Sulphur Springs:
First there's a bell in the morning that rings
To awaken the other belles at the springs;
And the belles fix their ribbands and tie up their strings
And look very beautiful here at the Springs . . .*

So runs the poem written by none other than Francis Scott Key, author of *The Star Spangled Banner*. In the old days the fall was the season of the springs—from Saratoga Springs in the North all the way to the Virginia springs in the South—and at the latter, whether at the White, the Hot, the Sweet, or the Warm, the belles were the great attraction. "The South," says Perceval Reniers, "in its contemplation and adoration of its belles, got as much satisfaction as the North got from counting the cost of Cornelius Vanderbilt's horses or Jay Gould's yacht."

Curiously enough, the great age of belle-dom was not ante-bellum, but later—from the end of the War Between the States to the beginning of the new century. And the code was stern. At the old White, for example, there was an "awful night" when it became known that a beautiful young belle from the West was actually a divorcee. A dowager from South Carolina sounded the voice of doom. "She should have gone," she said, "to the Warm."

The Cost of a Kiss

On another occasion a beau, who had been unable to make any impression on a belle, determined, one fateful afternoon along "Lovers' Walk," to win her by strategy. When she was, as usual, cool as a julep to his intentions, he stopped and started talking with her. Another couple approached and, just as they came in sight, he suddenly kissed her. Although the witnesses immediately turned back, in half an hour, it is recorded, "the whole Springs knew of the compromise." No explanations were possible. But fortunately the belle was game as they come. "That evening," Charles Dudley Warner wrote solemnly, "the engagement was announced in the drawing room."

Over one of the greatest Springs belles, Richmond's Mary Triplett, a duel was fought. Loved by two Richmond journal-

ists—McCarthy, a brilliant Irishman, and Mordecai, the young man in whom she was supposed to be most interested—she was the subject of some verses in the paper, anonymously published but obviously written in anger by McCarthy:

*When Mary's queenly form I press
In Strauss' latest waltz
I would I could those lips caress,
Although those lips be false.*

Immediately, Mordecai challenged McCarthy and was mortally wounded. Miss Triplett, it turned out, had no intention of marrying either of them; some time later she married a textile man.

But if it was the man who sometimes paid, the code was at times no more of a *belle ideal* than it was a *beau ideal*. There was, for example, the case of Nellie Hazeltine from St. Louis. A reigning Springs belle of both Saratoga and Virginia, she was forced by an ambitious mother into an engagement with Samuel Tilden, Democratic nominee for President and a man old enough to be her father. Returning to St. Louis after a gay summer at the Springs, she attended the opera, and when the tenor, a handsome youth, cast an eye in her direction, according to several people present, she returned the glance. The next morning Tilden broke the engagement, and Miss Hazeltine was never again a belle of the White.

Most Springs' old-timers today believe that belle-dom was killed by the emancipation of women and the removal of the pedestal on which they stood. But the chances are that even a modern glamor girl has a sneaking fondness for those days. The pedestal may have been at one time an uncomfortable place to be, but somehow, without it, many a modern romance seems, in comparison, pedestrian.

Even the chaperonage of those days had its charm. Mrs. Lavalette Keiley, greatest of the belles of the Old Sweet Springs, once told this writer the story of a memorable morning's chaperonage—one at the Homestead when the Memphis belle Ada Norfleet was breakfasting with a man from Paris. The couple was spotted by an eagle-eyed chaperone, who not only promptly broke up the repast but also, at the door, in a slow Southern drawl, delivered a lasting ultimatum. "You may have any meal you wish with any man you wish," she said, "but you may never have breakfast with a *Frenchman!*"



Like the 1964 Continental sedan, the exclusive 4-door convertible has larger interior space